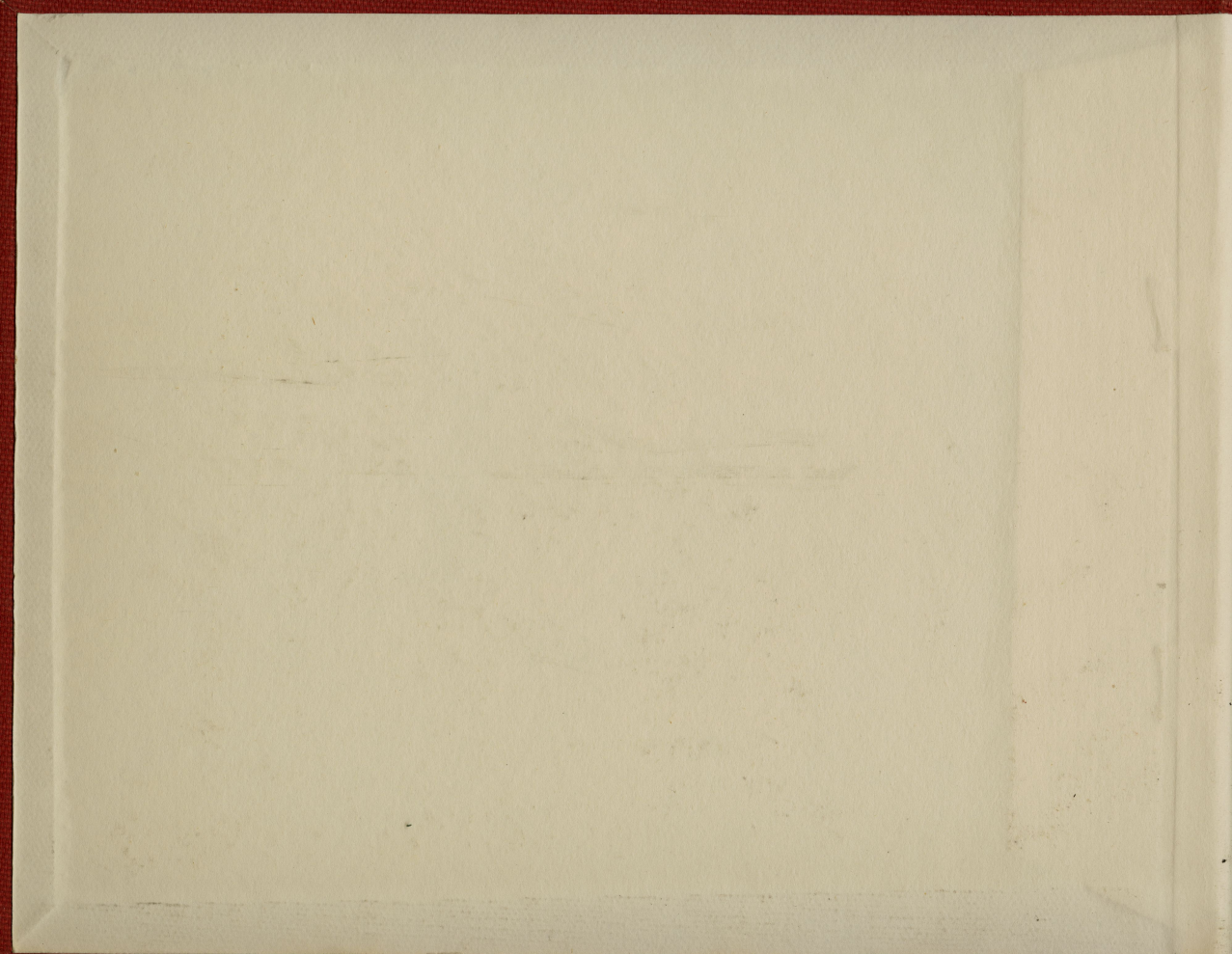
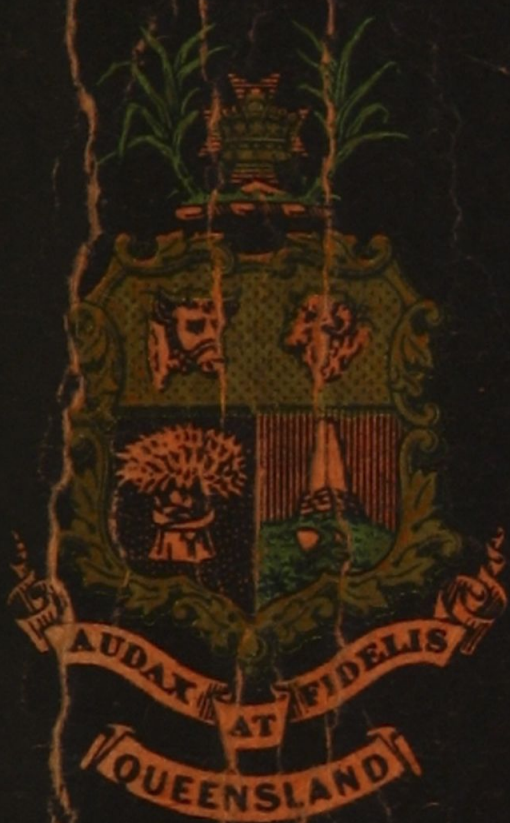


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Queensland Journey

OFFICIAL GUIDE
of the
QUEENSLAND
GOVERNMENT
TOURIST BUREAU



QUEENSLAND JOURNEY

by

C. B. CHRISTESEN

Queensland Government Tourist Bureau

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PREFACE

QUEENSLAND JOURNEY has been compiled mainly as an official guide for visitors. In addition, however, it embraces several features of the modern travel book, inasmuch as personal commentary, anecdote, and historical incident are introduced into the narrative. It is sincerely hoped that the following pages of this publication, a departure from usual travel literature, will prove as interesting and informative as an account of the Queen State should warrant.

We are indebted to an infinite number of people for assistance in the compilation of "Queensland Journey"—far too many names to acknowledge in this foreword—but particularly to Dr. F. W. Robinson, M.A., Ph.D., who has kindly written the introduction; Mrs. Emily Bulcock, who provided original verse for the colour pages; Mr. H. J. J. Sparks, Secretary of the Oxley Memorial Library (the principal source of historical data in Queensland); to the officers of the various Departments of State; also to public bodies, including Beaudesert Chamber of Commerce, Tweed Heads Urban Committee, Burrum Shire Council, Maryborough City Council, Gladstone Harbour Board, Gladstone Town Council, Bowen Town Council, Wangaratta Shire Council, Bowen Harbour Board, Townsville City Council, Hinchinbrook Shire Council; also to advertisers who, by their financial support, have made possible the publication of the Guide.

Every endeavour has been made to present authoritative information, whether it be economic, historical, or merely descriptive. If errors have occurred, we ask forbearance; they are not the result of carelessness. In some instances the compiler, Mr. C. B. Christesen, has quoted freely from various books and journals on Queensland and from articles and paragraphs which have appeared from time to time in the "Courier-Mail" and the "Bulletin." Whenever possible, the source of information has been given. A complete bibliography may be obtained from the Publicity Department of the Tourist Bureau, or the Parliament House and Oxley Libraries.

In "Queensland Journey" we have endeavoured to emphasise, as in all our publicity, the glorious winter climate, bright warm sunshine, wealth of colourful flowers, trees and shrubs, wide diversity of scenery, and the amenities of holiday travel in this Northern State.

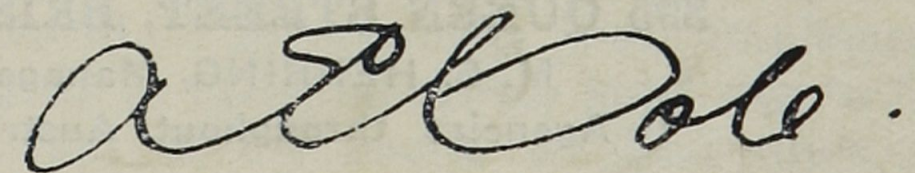
Queensland can offer the visitor so much. There are happy playgrounds north and south of the Tropic of Capricorn by shore and summit, island, reef and cay, which are so strikingly different from holiday regions in other States of the Commonwealth, and all within easy reach of the principal cities.

It is that very difference, that intangible quality, a distinctive ethos, character, temperament, atmosphere—call it what you will—which annually attracts visitors along this fascinating Queensland Journey—

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DISCOVERING QUEENSLAND.

QUEENSLAND has not yet been discovered, not even by Queenslanders! No doubt the same assertion is true of Australia in general, true in a measure everywhere. Yet Queensland is well worth discovering. Some visitors from abroad know this, and in their books we can see ourselves and our land better than before. Notable among these is that humorous philo-Queenslander, Dr. Thomas Wood—of “Cobbers” fame—whose words are quoted, “in evidence,” in the following pages. Our State Governors also, although they have come from overseas, very soon enrol themselves among the most travelled and convinced praisers of this Northern State, with all its significant marks of “difference.” It is not merely in compliment that Point This and Lookout That bear their names, for often enough they have first made us conscious of the beauty or interest within our borders.

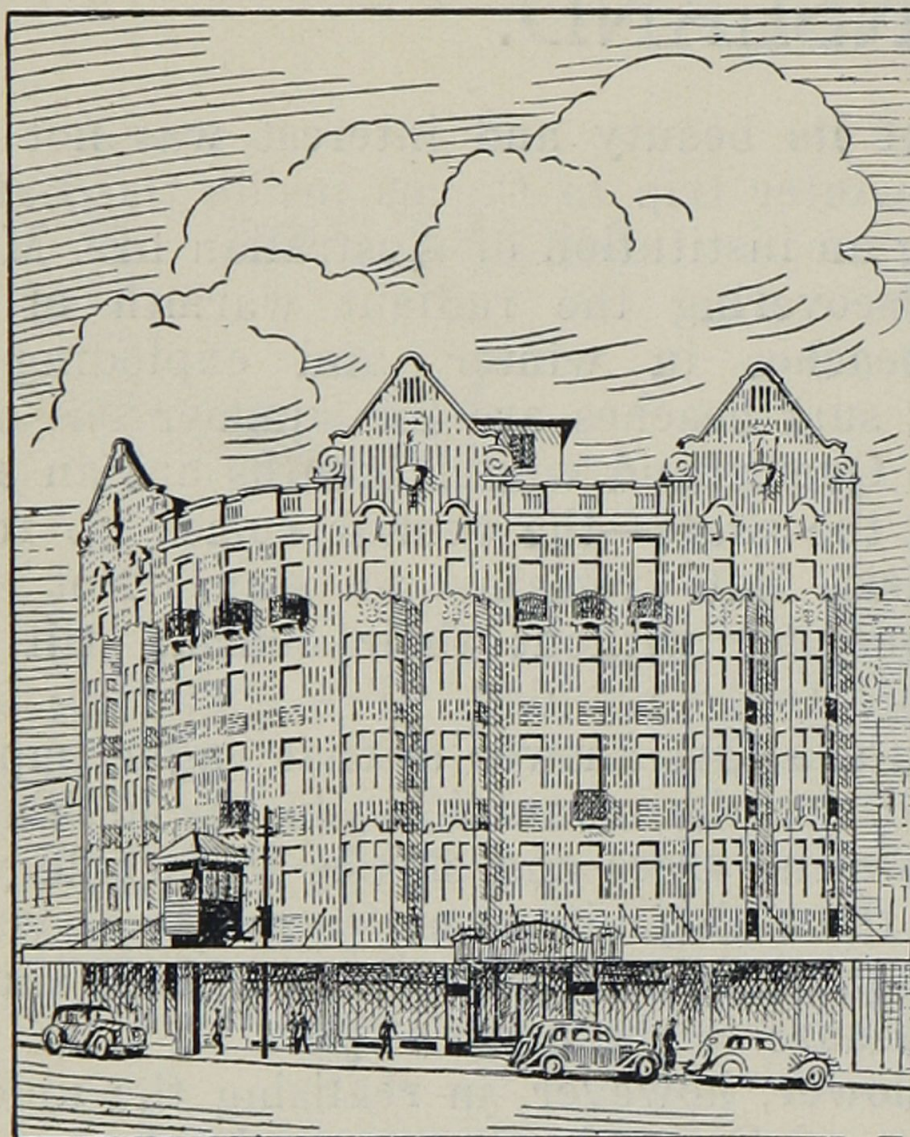
Indeed, some Queenslanders have already discovered Queensland. Banfield of Dunk Island, McLaren of Cape York Peninsula, Randolph Bedford and E. J. Brady, of, shall we say, Australia, Ion Idriess, with Essex Evans and Mabel Forrest among many verse writers; some, too, of our painters have gone far in this discovery, first to themselves, and then to us.

To speak more generally, there has been during the last few years a distinct awakening to the scenic beauties of Queensland, the attraction of its climate, its colour and sunshine, its friendly winter, and the abundance of its opportunities for the tourist bent on sport and pleasure.

The Great Barrier Reef has a world-wide reputation, but the visitor who actually sees it still finds

that half of its beauty and interest was not told him. The winter trip to Cairns inside the Barrier is becoming an institution of Australian life. Many, too, are discovering the radiant warmth of our southern beaches in winter, and exploding the notion that surf beaches are for summer use only. Indeed, the Queensland winter months are an asset throughout the State—the tourist comes up for a passing visit, but remains to stay. Not that other seasons are without their charm, still less that they are to be avoided. The sparkling summer beaches are part answer to that vague impression; so, too, are the mountains and the highlands, and the flowering trees and shrubs the whole year round, and the rich fruitage of Queensland, whose massed and piled colours make even a fruit shop a thing of pleasure to the artist's eye.

We are slower, however, in realising the uniqueness of some of Queensland's natural phenomena, although scientist and explorer have impressed the fact repeatedly upon us. The exception in this field is no doubt the Barrier Reef, but we are only slowly learning that such things as the Australian Koala—the world's plaything—is better left alive than dead, and still slower in appreciating the age-old botanical survivals in Queensland, the splendour of its forest giants, the all but unique wealth of its orchid life and butterflies. Least of all do we realise the privilege of having still in Queensland an aboriginal life more primitive than anywhere else in the world. The weapons and implements that ethnologists in other countries must dig to find in age-old strata of the earth, we find upon the earth's surface, or in the very hands of primitive man himself.



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Nevertheless, there has been, I say, a marked change in recent years. The mere returns from tourist traffic are sufficient evidence of that. The traveller in Queensland, whether from abroad, from the South, or from Queensland itself, has an embarrassment of choices as to what he shall see or do. He may travel magnificent distances, or may find natural beauty and grandeur within an hour or two of the larger centres. For that is one characteristic of travel in Queensland when compared with the southern States of Australia. The tourist, however comfortable his outlook may be, always likes to feel that he is not merely following a beaten track. In Queensland the tracks are still fresh; they traverse the unspoiled Natural, often, indeed, the untouched Primitive; beyond them is adventure, tempting achievement. The sophisticated, the regulated in Nature, has so far come in but few places in this northern State, and tourist travel has still all the exhilaration of exploration—of discovering Queensland.

This must not be misunderstood. One of the amusements of the “naturalised” Queenslander who came originally from the South is to observe the surprise of his visitors when they too come up North. Things are better than they expected, buildings finer, and so on. Then, as the Queenslander himself goes further north, he repeats the same feelings with the coast towns—they are so much better than he expected. “Unsophisticated” does not stand for the impossible in living conditions or the uncomfortable in travel, but it does mean that from your window you may look directly into the jungle or down into the waters of a crater lake 350 feet deep. Or it means again that within sixty miles of Brisbane there are untrodden gorges and a lost world

of mountainous cliffs and streams, only just discovered to the community at large by the tragic fate of an aeroplane, although for years past there has been accommodation for tourists in their very midst.

The book which follows contains probably more than enough for any one reader, but certainly something for all. It is “official” of course, but that term no longer connotes a cold compilation of facts, or the equivalent of a highly coloured advertisement of outsize fruits and vegetables. It attempts to describe, and to describe faithfully. Then you will find here also the added touch of history and reminiscence, “yarns”, and the typical joke about such and such a place which often best reveals its essential character. Add to these things the mere facts about local industries for those who want them, although, as is rightly emphasised, there is often also romance indeed in these pioneer developments. I like best the chapter on the Magic Northlands—Ingham to Cairns, with the Tablelands behind. It might be read as a substitute for actual travel. The writer has been hard put to find enough and correct colour words for the variety of the North. The check of memory suggests that he has succeeded surprisingly well.

By the way, just what is the attractive power of the North? Colour, light, lazy warmth, open-hearted kindness, prodigal forest wealth, spendthrift beauty, jungle-green deepening to very blackness, fierceness of growth, Nature’s cruelty, not in the animal, but in the vegetable world, mystery . . . ?

But I forbear! To each, and to each in his own way, is the high pleasure of discovering Queensland.

—F. W. ROBINSON.

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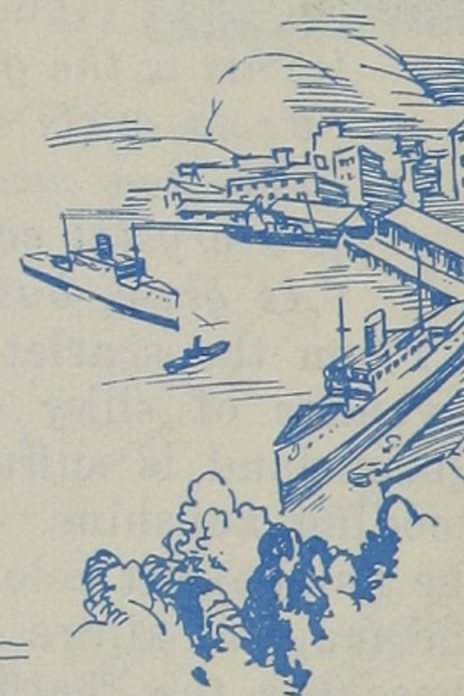
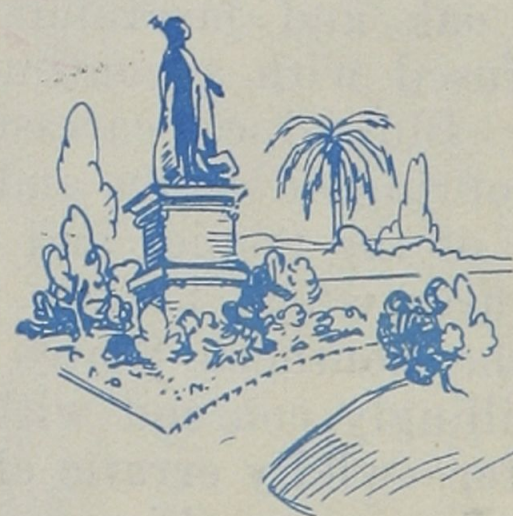
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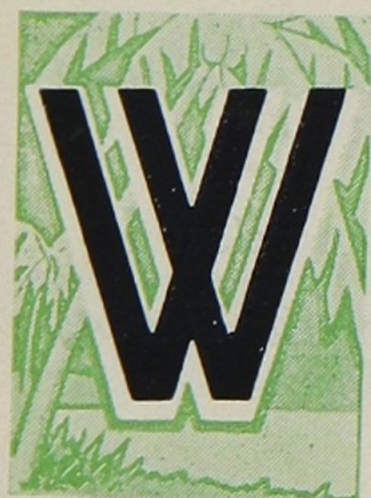
*Blithe Brisbane, set on her seven hills like
Rome.*

*Clear sunshine, steeping roof, and tower and
dome.*

*Proud circling river; gardens glancing down
From heights, where Queen Poinsettia flaunts
her crown.*



BRISBANE . . .



WHEN the poinsettia flaunts its scarlet gonfalons a great pilgrimage yearly sets in to Brisbane—Gateway to Tropical Australia. These colourful flowers—Brisbane's floral emblem—herald the approach of winter and the coming of the tourist.

*"This is the gentlest season of the year . . .
From mists of pearl and gold
The slow sweet hours unfold
To crystal colours, still
As glass, but not so chill."*

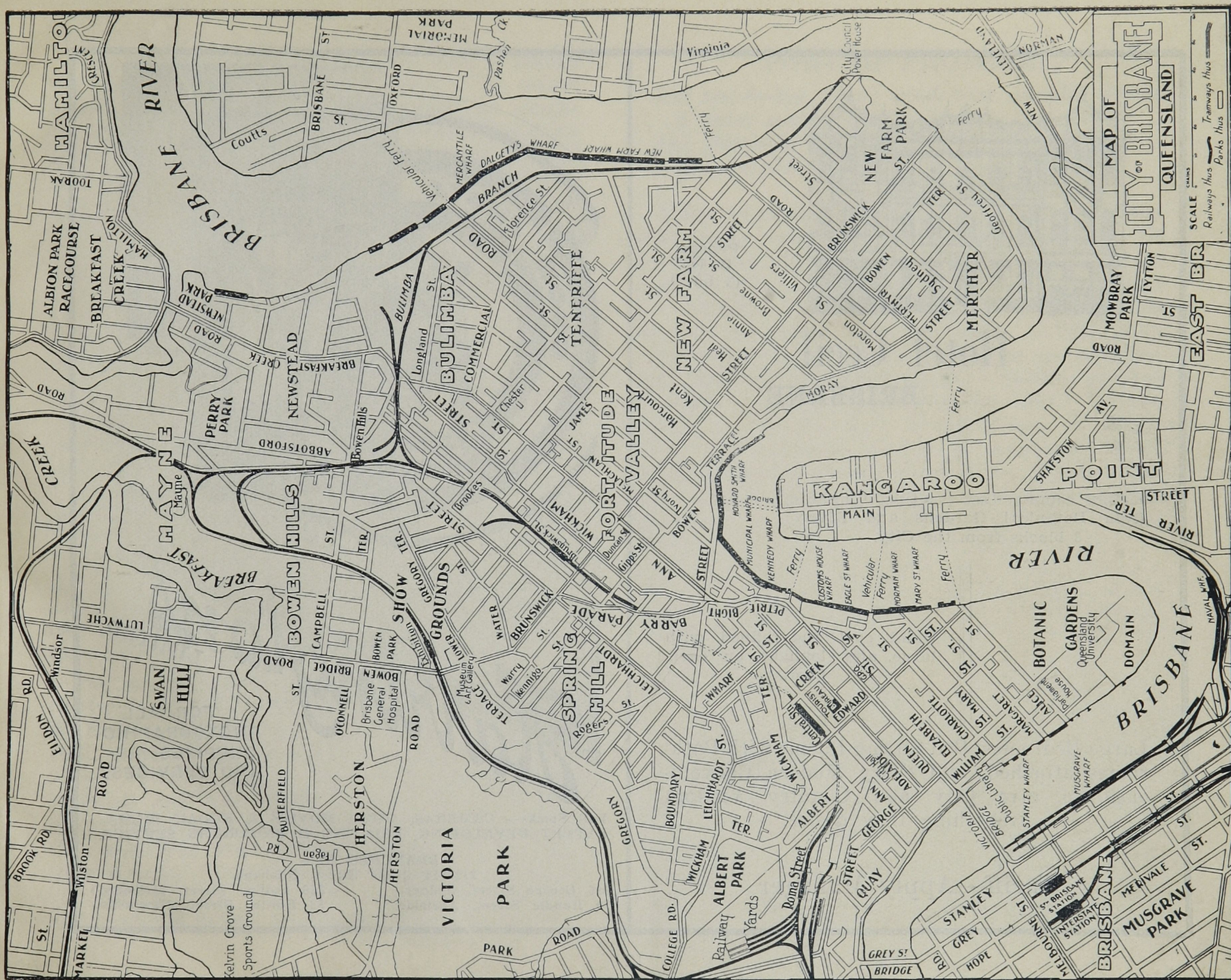
From the scarlet glory of May to the gold and lavender of silky oak and jacaranda in October, Queensland is suffused with a continuous glow of flooding sunshine. Blue skies, caressing sunshine, the flamboyant colouring of shrubs and flowers, and the magical allure of the tropics and sub-tropics—these are the features which beckon to thousands of visitors from the Southern States and abroad. For who would willingly contend with the rigours of a Southern winter—wildly erratic climate, biting winds, sleet, and slate-grey skies—when days of

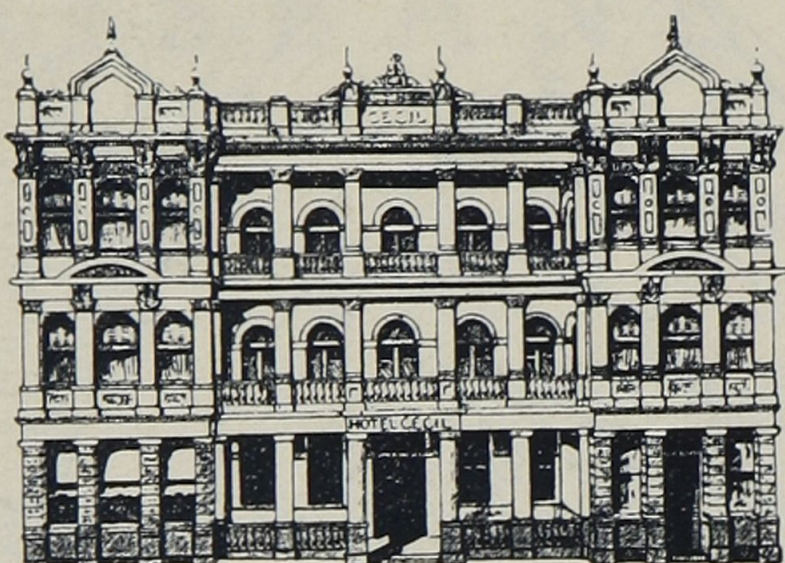
"Gateway to the North"

gold and quicksilver are to be enjoyed in the Northlands, distant only a few days by rail or sea?

* * *

It was an early June afternoon, and the mantle of a typical Queensland "winter" lay like a spell upon the earth. Deciduous fruit-trees were loaded with their luscious sun-kissed dowry. Peach blossoms were opening, on every stream sailed a leaf as red as blood or as yellow as gold, and every garden seemed a riot of sweet-pea and marigold. The red banners of the poinsettia were unfolded over the landscape, and soon I knew, the golden wattle would burst into bloom, followed by tumbled, frothing cascades of bouganvillea, telling the time of the year as surely as the calendar. Strawberries were beginning to decorate the fruit stalls, and plums and nectarines, too. (How delightful it is to watch for the first fruits of the season!) The heady scent of early stocks drifted among the softly threshing palms, while the shadows of the bunya pines were lengthening across the lawns. Evening was descending with all the delicate softness of a Hilder landscape . . .





Hotel Cecil BRISBANE

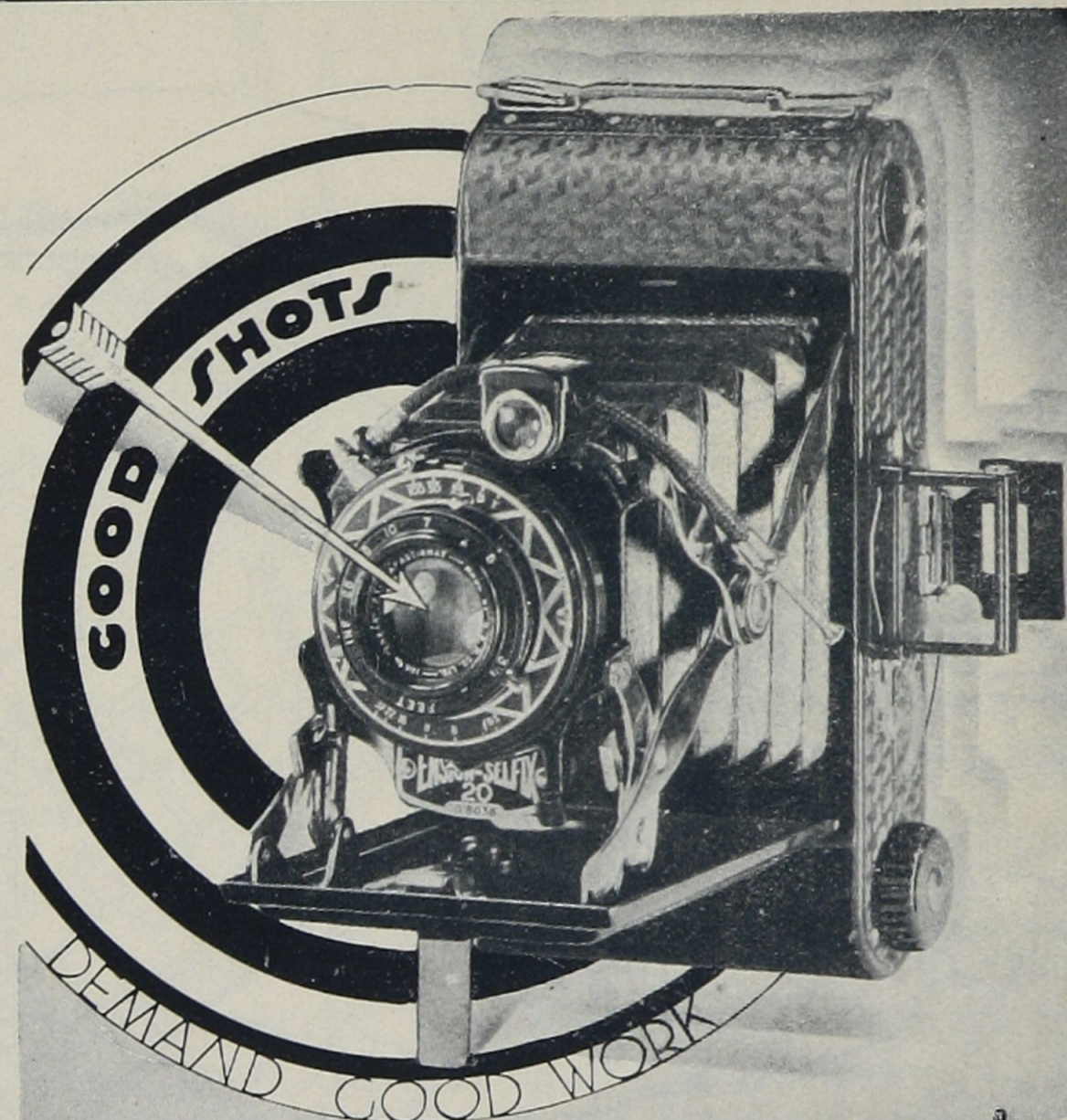
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I turned the car off the bitumen road in among the island gardens on River Terrace. The tallest buildings of the city stretched before me caught the last of the western gold. The river away down below was silver-grey, broken by vagrant breezes. Training fours were rounding the Gardens Reach, and from the Botanic Gardens themselves I faintly caught the excited cries of birds and animals, for it was their feeding time. The long line of sapphire-misted hills scalloped the skyline, behind which the sun had changed through various subtleties of red to delicate rose. A group of students from one of the University Colleges strolled along the Terrace smoking a last pipe before the evening meal, their gowns billowing behind.

A man was sitting under a wide-spreading jacaranda tree. I took him to be a visitor (tweed hats are scarce in Brisbane!), and wondered what he was thinking about this northern scene. For a long time he sat there, very still—so long that the highest cloud galleons lost their rose tint, and the crests of Taylor Range were etched in pale lemon. And then shyly catching my eye, he said: "Glorious, isn't it! I had no idea Brisbane could be like this . . . Different altogether from what I expected!"

And so we talked about Brisbane and her extensive hinterland, listening to the Angelus from St. Stephen's Cathedral, the rich tones of the City Hall chimes, and the more strident ringing of King's College dinner bell. We talked about Brisbane and her varied charm, her short but interesting history, and of her future. By the time the twinkling multi-coloured lights of the city were striving to outshine the laburnum lustres of the heavens, we were both convinced that her future should indeed be a happy one . . .

PORT OF PROMISE.

*"And see, to-day, where winds that splendid stream,
A sweet young city laughing in the sun;
Ah! gloriously fulfilled is Oxley's dream—
Rare trophies Progress has so swiftly won."*

—Emily Bulcock.

THE Victorian Visitor told me of his impressions when entering the Port of Brisbane. He told of how the liner had moved quietly up the river, twisting and turning along reach after reach for twenty miles, the throb of the engines scarcely noticeable. On the banks of this noble waterway were attractive houses of an architecture different from the South—"houses perched on stilts"—was the description he used. He saw stately palms, the dark green foliage of mango trees, and touselled clumps of bamboos. Every terraced garden seemed ablaze with flowers which had stolen their colours from tropic sunsets. Splashes of blood-red poinsettias, the crimson canopies of "flame trees," exuberant trellises of bignonia venusta and scarlet and mauve bougainvillea, clusters of crotons and acalyphas, showy bushes of hibiscus, and lakes of smaller flowers.

He watched the water turned back from the ship's bow in long green wings which sped like miniature rollers to break upon the retaining walls and violently rock yachts, launches and dinghies. A girl in a white dress waved from a balcony which sported a colourful awning, and two small boys attempted, amid much happy laughter, to out-pace the liner in their 16-footer. A little ferry boat bustled out of the way, and a speedboat streaked past in a smother of spray like a gigantic dragon-fly. Tourist liners and cargo boats of all types and nationalities were berthed alongside the miles on miles of wharves—oil tankers from

America, merchantmen from Germany, squat-funnelled French freighters with holds tight with bales of merino wool; frozen beef and mutton, wool and butter in proud British craft—and timber, sugar, fruit, hides, cotton, and ore in half a dozen coasters and foreigners. Immaculate luxury liners, and salt-caked lighthouse vessels; doughty tugs, and trim schooners from Thursday Island or some forgotten corner of the world. . . . Indeed, this Port of Brisbane harbours a cosmopolitan lot of craft. And a busy port it is when the Wool Fleet is loading—modern argosies which carry our incomparable fleeces to London Pool and the teeming marts of the Old World.

And so the liner slowly crept up this broad waterway, which is one of the main roads of Brisbane commerce, past a huge meatworks, a picturesquely situated golf course, past terraced Hamilton, historic Newstead House, the sugar refinery at New Farm Park, the J. D. Story Bridge construction—ever following in the wake of Oxley's whaleboat—and then berthed right at the portals of Brisbane as the ground tone of the city took on a deeper, faster note.

The Melbourne Man—he told me that he stepped down the gangway with a smile on his face. The early morning voyage up the river had left indelible memories. Happy, and enthusiastic as a schoolboy to see what manner of city was this, he entered Brisbane in high spirits. And that is how you should make acquaintance with this northern capital. For it is a happy city, sun-kissed and green-scented.

The Government Tourist Bureau is anxious to make your Queensland Journey as pleasurable as possible. Officers will arrange itineraries and relieve you of all travel worry.

CITY OF SUNSHINE AND FLOWERS.

*“A smiling city, one
Happy in rain and sun.”*

CITIES have as many moods as men—or, as H. V. Morton has it—as women. Some cities hide behind hills and show themselves to the traveller on the high road only at the last moment, as if unwilling to be discovered. You turn a corner, and there they are. Other cities prefer to surprise you; they spring out at you from an apparently innocent landscape. Brisbane is one of these. The river carries you right into the heart of the city almost before you are ready. Brisbane is a city of hills, but it is the river which lends it character; and that, among other reasons, is why Brisbane is more like Perth than any other city in the Commonwealth. Certainly this city beautiful, as Dr. Downey, Archbishop of Liverpool, was aware, has an intangible quality, a distinctive ethos, character, temperament, atmosphere—call it what you will—of its own, quite unlike anything to be encountered elsewhere in Australia. Rev. John Dunmore Lang was aware of the possibilities of Brisbane's situation away back in 1851, for he wrote: “There is no place I have ever seen in all our Australian colonies, with the single exception of Sydney, in which there is so great a number of beautiful and interesting villa sites.”

There is more than a touch of Hawaii or the West Indies in Brisbane's appearance. Visitors are immediately impressed with the wealth of rich floral colourings, and the bright sunshine—much brighter, they affirm, than in the Southlands.

Dr. Thomas Wood writes in “Cobbers”: “You are on the threshold of the tropics, in Brisbane, and a little of the tropics comes over the threshold to meet you. None of the teeming, pulsating life of



VIEW OF HAMILTON REACH
FROM NEWSTEAD PARK.

weathers except the rains. Then you want a diving suit."

On the whole that is an excellent description. But, of course, in Brisbane the rains are during the Summer—mainly in December, January and February—and then they are nothing like the torrential downpours experienced in the coastal areas between Ingham and Cairns. That, indeed, is the beauty of winter in Queensland. There are no extremes in temperature, rain and thunderstorms are absent, the seas are

the East, not all its colour and its smells; but the heat and the fruits and the flowers, the velvety nights, the stars like lamps in the sky. You sleep under a mosquito net; drink orange juice when you wake; start breakfast with papaw and a slice of lime. You have a shower bath whenever you can get one, and find you can tolerate the unceasing hum of refrigerators since their produce is so welcome. Winter and summer, wet and fine, you can wear your thinnest clothes. They suit all

calm. It is interesting to record that during our winter months—June, July and August—Brisbane revels in approximately 628 hours of bright, warm sunshine, compared with 395 hours for Melbourne, 384 hours for Auckland, and 569 hours for Sydney. Although Winter is officially from June to August, the climate in the Queen State is delightful from April to October—the main tourist season.

William Hatfield, an Australian author, tells us in "Australia Through the Windscreen" that he

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fell under Brisbane's charm. Its natural beauty enchanted him, and he felt at home in its easy-going friendliness. "Brisbane, through its close contact with the man on the land, retains the pioneer spirit, a legacy from the times when to every colonist another colonist was a possible friend and ally in case of emergency, not a fierce business competitor who must be outwitted . . . So I always like returning to Brisbane. Anyone looking for what is known in England as the Australian spirit should make for Brisbane." He says its delightful principle of "manana"—a Spanish word meaning "there's always to-morrow"—appealed to him as he strolled round the city. (Remember, Thomas Wood said: "No one hurries in Queensland except the emu!"). The beautiful river "with its undecided windings through this lovely Eden" seemed to offer a clue to Brisbane's psychology. "The sea lies east, but the day's young yet, and there are pleasant spots off the track, north, south, and even back west a bit, so why hurry? And the river gets to the sea eventually."

"But the river never minding, still is winding, still is winding"

THE GENESIS OF BRISBANE TOWN

*"Then swift a village sprang as convicts toiled,
And through the scented wilds the roads were made;
The sweet bush sanctuary by man despoiled,
Woke to the noise of barter and of trade."*

—Emily Bulcock.

RED earth and blue sky met in the jagged line of a near horizon. In the middle of this vault stood the settlement—a prison within a prison. Shanties built of black bark twisted by the fierce sun, with crazy-shaped doors and glassless windows.

Gaol and barracks of stone. A yellow stone windmill. A long, dusty, empty street. Sheep, a few cows, pigs, wide patches of yellow Indian corn. At one side of the valley a river simmered in the sunlight; at each end of the valley the bush. Into illimitable blue distance it faded, across unexplored mountains and plains, grey, motionless and silent."

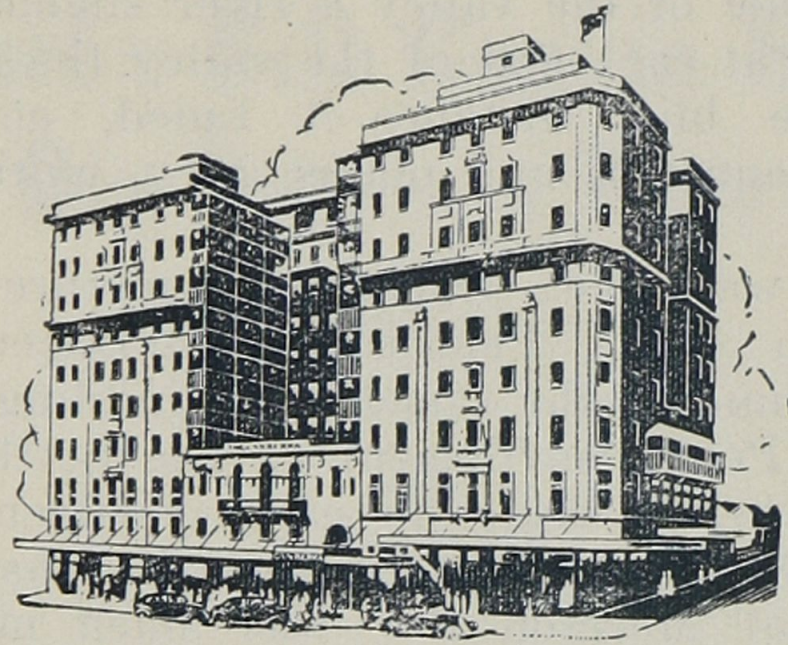
Such was the devastating picture seen by Cabell in Brian Penton's "Landtakers" as he glared round at the ramshackle buildings of Moreton Bay Penal Settlement. "The Settlement was a living hell," wrote an early commentator, and in 1832 Allan Cunningham recorded that the punishment at Moreton Bay was much more severe and the labour heavier than at Norfolk Island.

The genesis of Brisbane Town . . . It is the history of all the early penal settlements—a dismal record of degrading servitude, of merciless punishment, and all the nameless horrors and atrocities of an iron system which tended to the demoralisation alike of those who administered the punishment and the unfortunates by whom it was received. (Some recent historians, however, question the severity of the commandants).

Brisbane for a short time was known as Edenglassie. The native name for the settlement was Mee-an-jin, or Meeginnchin.

If you care to look, you can still find traces of early Brisbane—old buildings and queer crooked streets haunted by the ghosts of the departed years. Brisbane streets are paved with anecdote—street corners most of all; for where roads divide, good-byes are said. In your history book you can learn of how Governor Brisbane sent Surveyor-General Oxley northward to discover the site for another penal station; of how settlement in the

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territory now called Queensland began in September, 1824, when Moreton Bay became the third penal station on the east coast of Australia; of how in December of that year the first party of convicts from Redcliffe Point arrived on the spot now known as Petrie's Bight, and started to clear the land on the site of the Government Printing Office; how from then until May 20th, 1839, the locality was occupied as a penal settlement for the second worst types of offenders; and of all the subsequent development and progress.

But the history books will not give you the intimate story of Brisbane. For that you must refer to old records—such as the treasures in the Oxley Memorial Library—or yarn to aged residents. And thus armed, as it were, you might sally forth and discover for yourselves some of the early landmarks. You might search for the Government Stores in William Street, the Observatory on Wickham Terrace, and the stone wall which slopes down to Queen's Wharf and the excursion launches at North Quay. The sloping laneway was known as Queen's Walk, and was indeed Brisbane's Street of Adventure. These are the oldest relics of Brisbane Town. Most of the first buildings of Brisbane have been demolished to meet the exigencies of a ruthless age which venerates not that which is old. It is, therefore, almost with a sense of veneration that one can point to a building in the heart of the city which seems to have defied the ravages of time and "improvements," and which to-day, if the neighbouring structures could be "lifted" out of the landscape, presents much the same appearance as it did in 1829, when it was the pivotal point from which the metropolis grew. Such a building, for instance, is the Government Stores in William Street. It owes its origin to Captain Patrick Logan, who on March 6th, 1826, was detached with the

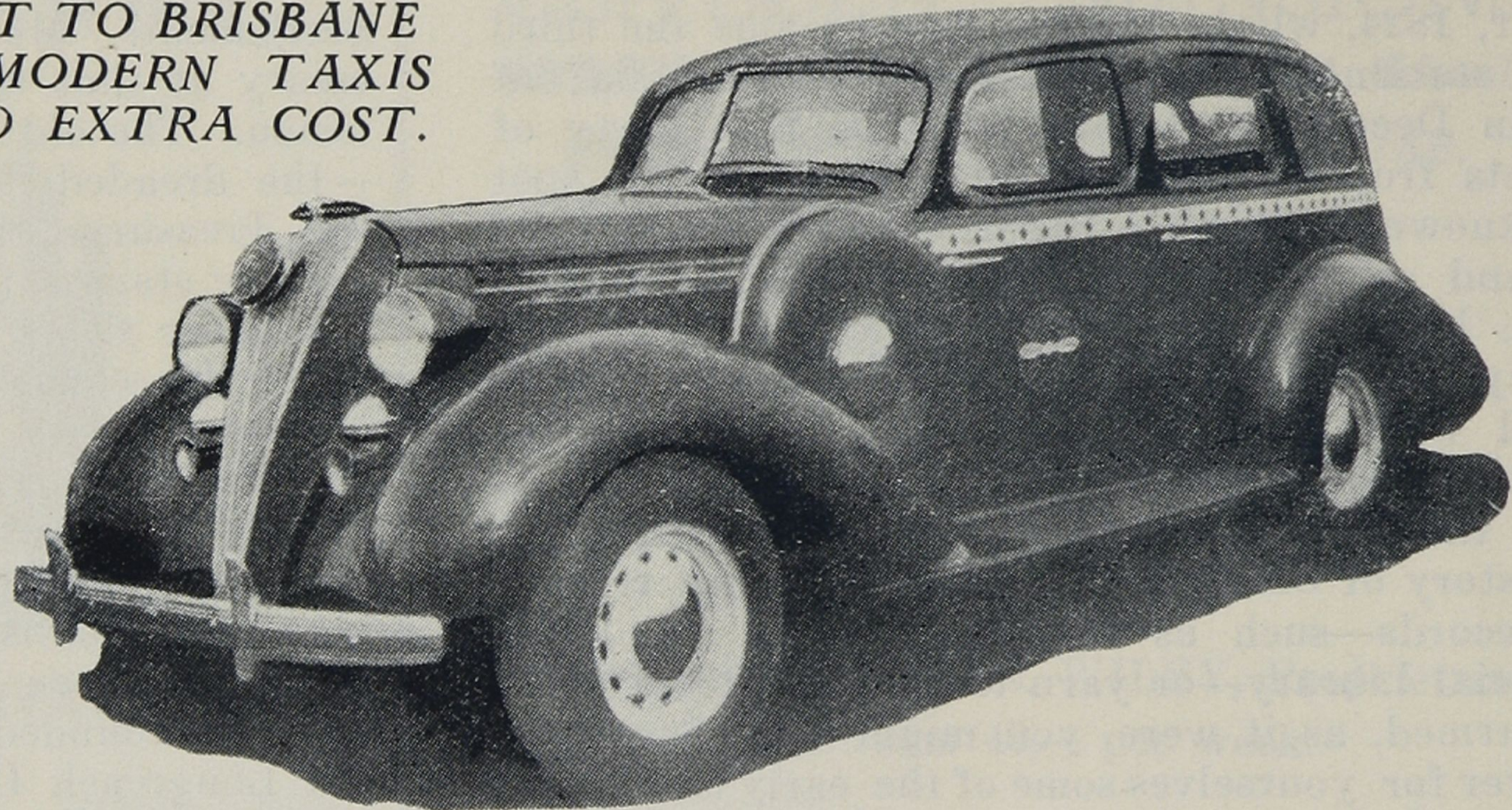
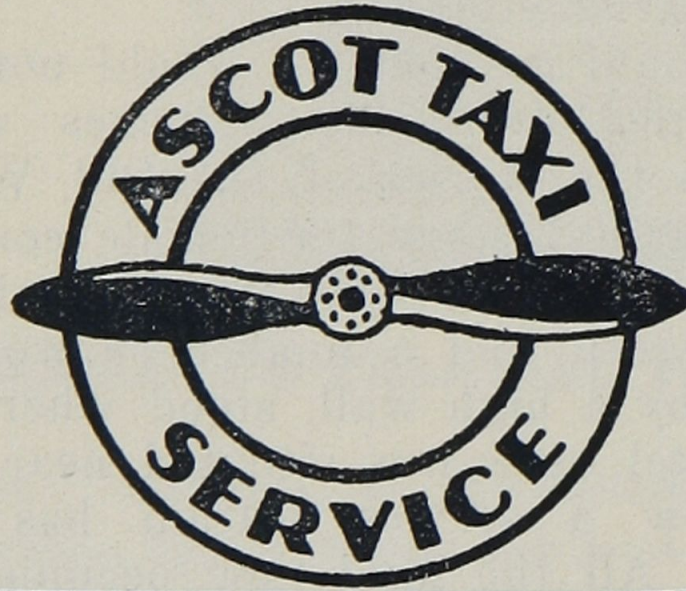
57th Regiment to take charge of Moreton Bay Settlement. Most of the buildings deemed necessary at that time were erected under his supervision. The old barracks for his red-coated militia—the dreaded "Diamonds"—stood on the site of the Treasury; the Observatory was his windmill (at one stage a treadmill worked by convicts), and the lower floors of the early building in William Street his commissariat stores.

Exploring we would go—but we would not find time-hallowed castles or ancient shrines which mellow and enrich the stories of the Old World. We may recall that a factory for female convicts once was established on the site of the General Post Office in Queen Street, and a lumber or working yard, surrounded by a high wall, stood where the old Longreach Hotel once was situated near Victoria Bridge. Now a service station has been established there. All the land now occupied by the Botanic Gardens, Parliament House, Technical Colleges, and University (once Government House) was at one time under maize. The Commandant's House was next to the Government Printing Office, and a convict hospital was on the site of the Supreme Court. Water was carted from the springs at the quarries near the Boys' Grammar School, Gregory Terrace, and the Roma Street railway yards and produce markets nearby were the scene of countless corroborees. Many prominent residents, in boyhood days, have perched on the rails of the old stockyard which was once in the heart of modern Brisbane. The first racecourse for steeplechasers started where the kiosk stands in the Botanic Gardens, crossed fences and ditches in Frog's Hollow, and ended at the winning post near the G.P.O.!

But one could continue indefinitely in similar strain. For every building, every street recalls

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some anecdote or story of the early days. The changing face of Brisbane . . . her skyline is altering daily. Harsh outlines are being softened, and while in certain areas the old blends picturesquely with the new, the city is rapidly assuming all the contours of a modern metropolis. Especially is this noticeable at night, when Queen Street is one of the most brilliantly lighted and colourful thoroughfares in the Commonwealth.

CAPITAL OF BOUNTIFUL STATE.

"I love capitals. Everything is best at capitals."

—Lord Chesterfield.

BRISBANE is the worthy capital of a beautiful State, enthroned on a score of hills and straddling a river so deep and broad that great liners and freighters are berthed at the city wharves 20 miles from the mouth. "Our city is the largest in Australia" Brisbane people will laughingly tell you. They mean, of course, in area. With the creation of Greater Brisbane a little more than a decade ago the municipal boundaries embrace 385 square miles. Quick mathematics reveals the fact that there is an average of about four-fifths of an acre for every one of its 306,154 residents. But Queensland, with almost eight times the area of the British Isles or Victoria, can afford plenty of space for its capital. Brisbane is one of the most widely spread cities in the world for the population it contains. There are still 200 square miles unoccupied within the suburban limits. This could house a further 1,184,000 people, it is claimed. Even if the population were to continue to increase as fast as previously, the available building land would be much more than was required.

And this "centre of a thousand trades," situated in the south-eastern corner of the State, taps a vast hinterland which extends from the sheepwalks

of the Far West to the pearl-studded waters of the Tropic North—an area of some 670,500 square miles. From this thriving industrial, commercial and legislative metropolis radiate a closely-woven network of railways and highways—indeed, the greatest mileage of railways in the Commonwealth.

And yet another chapter has been written in the romance of our transportation by the development of air mail and passenger services. Almost the whole of the State is now linked up by airlines. At Archerfield, on the outskirts of Brisbane, is situated the finest airport in the Commonwealth—the Antipodean terminal for the giant London-Australia liners. Incidentally, tourists may now have breakfast in Sydney, luncheon at Brisbane, and dinner in Cairns.

Brisbane lives principally on returns from cattle, sheep and sugar. Queensland is Australia's greatest cattle producing State, more than 5,500,000 beef stock ranging the pastoral regions of the West and North-west. The prime dairy herds of the Darling Downs and coastal districts produce a largess of butter, cream, and milk. More than 2,000,000 sheep roam the unending horizons of the vast "paddocks," the wool clip last year realising more than £7,000,000. It is Queensland that satisfies the sweet tooth of Australia. It is estimated that more than 5,000,000 tons of sugar cane were harvested during the last season. For the first time in about five years the total value of the season's products exceeded £11,000,000. Thus the sugar refinery at New Farm Park handles the raw sugar from many of the State's thirty-five crushing mills, and the meatworks along the river are busy processing meat products that come from the hinterland.

Queensland consolidated its position as the second greatest coal producing State in the Common-

wealth with a substantially increased yield for 1936 compared with the production for the previous year. It is estimated that the State's gold will yield 115,000 ounces, compared with 102,990 ounces for 1935. Minerals other than gold are expected to realise £2,500,000 against £2,050,195 in 1935. The total mineral production for the State should be worth £3,500,000, an increase of more than £500,000.

Queensland is essentially a primary producing State, but secondary industries are increasing in an encouraging manner. They have already reached a standard of efficiency and a wealth of output that makes them not only an asset to the State, but a source of great value to the producers on the land. The prosperity of the State depends upon the welfare of those two sets of industry, for each is essential to the other. The Premier (Mr. W. Forgan Smith) has emphasised time and again that a great State such as Queensland can never rest content with success in the primary field and failure in the secondary. Queensland, with a population of less than a million persons, has manufacturing industries with a net annual production of nearly £15,000,000. Since 1931-32 the value of secondary production has increased by nearly £2,500,000. The total value of the output (a term which includes the sum of costs of production) for 1934-35 was £46,021,303 an increase of more than £3,500,000 over that of the previous year, and more than £9,000,000 greater than the output of 1931-32—truly a worthy achievement.

The districts surrounding Brisbane comprise the Moreton Division—a fertile area of some 8,688 square miles, with a population of 125,130, which together with that of Greater Brisbane area (306,154) makes a total of 431,284. This Division embraces such cities and towns in order of

population as Brisbane (385 square miles), Ipswich (12½ square miles, 23,315 people), Southport, Redcliffe, Nambour, Ccolangatta, Laidley, Beaudesert, Caboolture, Gatton, Boonah, Rosewood, Toogoolawah, Goodna, Crow's Nest, Palmwoods, Woodford, Kilcoy, Esk and Beenleigh. In 1935 there were 241,035 acres under cultivation and 210,696 acres under crops. The total value of agricultural production was in the vicinity of £1,700,000. The Moreton Division is proud of its 8,497 dairying establishments and 311,210 prime dairy cattle. Sixteen butter factories made 38,591,889 lbs. of highest quality butter. The total value of butter, cheese and milk was approximately £2,046,000. The livestock returns for 1936 disclose that there were 572,136 cattle, 10,534 sheep, 109,370 pigs, and 50,969 horses. The only mineral of any importance in the Moreton Division is coal, which is produced at Ipswich. During 1935, 496,411 tons were valued at £308,394. There were also 397 ounces of gold valued at £3,487 in Australian currency, produced from Brisbane fields.

CHILDREN OF THE SUN.

“The people are the city.”

—*Shakespeare.*

BRISBANE is above all a city of happy people—a people who work and play enthusiastically. It is not a city of a hurrying million, such as Sydney, but here there is striking evidence of a great city in the process of development.

The streets of Brisbane are full of men who have travelled long distances, who know the solitude, the mystery, the beauty of the Bush. They are the sheep men, the cattle men, farmers, miners, timber-getters, opal-fossickers, sugar-planters, and trepang-fishers. Distances to them are of little account. In the one day you might meet an en-



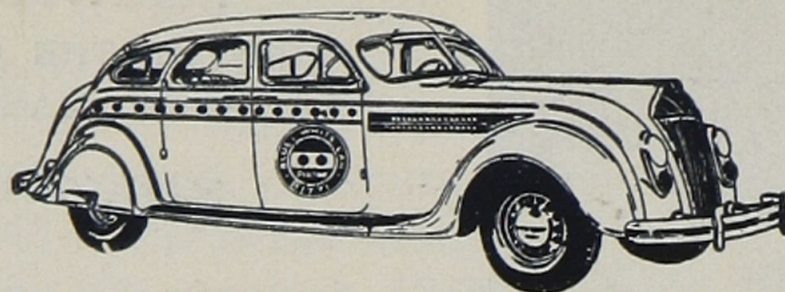
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VIEW OF THE CITY FROM
ST. MARY'S.

❖≡❖≡❖

gineer from Mt. Isa silver-lead mines, a squatter from Cunnamulla, a wheat baron from the Downs, a pearler from Torres Strait, a cattle king from "the Territory," a parson from Alice Springs, and a commercial traveller who no doubt lost count long ago of the number of miles he has travelled! Some of these lean, sun-tanned men have ridden over more country than you or I are likely to travel by train—and know the "outback" as only bushmen can know it.

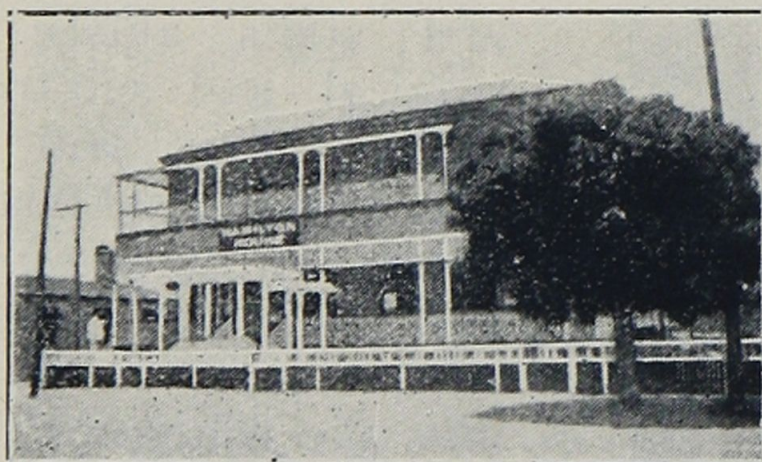
You will see fire-flecked opals in jewellers' windows, glorious displays of flowers in the theatres (newly cut from Montville, Blackall Range), and stalls ablaze with tropical and sub-tropical fruits. You will have papaw for breakfast, and salads for luncheon. And don't—if you wish to have a rare treat—don't pass the fish-shops! Moreton Bay oysters, crabs and lobsters are deservedly acclaimed as being among the world's delicacies.

Truly, Brisbane is the sport-loving city. During the week-ends and holidays it seems as though the whole of the population turns out of doors. Every sporting field is a hive of robust activity. The course of the Queensland Turf Club at Ascot is one of the prettiest in Australia. Like a flock of white winging gulls, sailing craft tack and skim over the beautiful reaches of the river. At the Pacific-laved surfing beaches hundreds shoot the breakers and frolic on the silver sands during



BEWARE OF IMITATIONS.

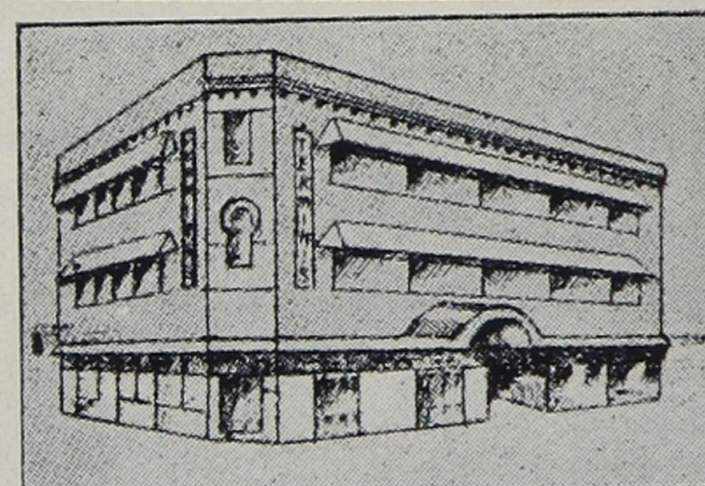
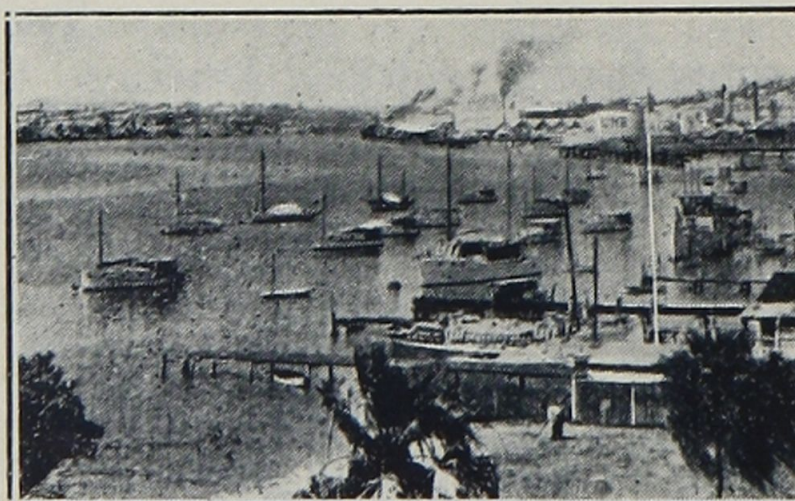
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summer and winter. A hardy, bronzed lot they are, these laughing Children of the Sun. There are a number of golf courses within easy access to the city, picturesquely laid out, while riding parties will be met cantering along some fragrant bush track. And every second man you meet seems to be a fisherman of no mean repute!

Brisbane's climate during the winter months is ideal for dancing, and some social function seems to be held every evening. But it is during Show Week in early August, when the Royal National Exhibition is staged at Bowen Park and units of the Australian Navy visit the Port of Brisbane, that this northern city really goes gay. The principal balls of the year and most of the big sporting fixtures are held during that merry week. Country people flock from near and afar to the metropolis to participate in the festivities.

Of course, the Royal Show itself is an event of the year. Bowen Park is then the richly-dressed Show Window of the State, the Mecca of thousands of pastoralists and agriculturalists from all parts of the Commonwealth. Pridefully the Queenslander dwells upon this annual spectacle which represents a pageant of the indestructible and constantly replenishing rural wealth of the State.

NORTH OF TWENTY-EIGHT

*"Nature's scheme of colour in Queensland
is blue and gold."*

ROADS of enchantment radiate in every direction from this City of the Sun—green ways that wind in among the foothills of Taylor Range, roads that lead to shimmering bayside resorts, highways that stretch away to playgrounds by shore and summit in the South Coast, to the

fruitful Blackall Range and the North Coast beaches, or away inland over the mountain city of Toowoomba to the smiling Darling Downs. Indeed, it would be difficult to find a similar area in the whole of the Commonwealth in which there are so many easily accessible holiday locations, each possessing distinctive features. The Government Tourist Bureau conducts tours of the city and environs and to the various resorts which are inexpensive and highly interesting. You will find fuller information attractively set out in other publications.

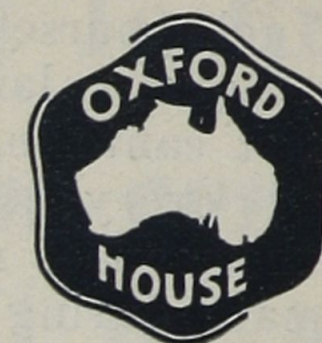
But to see the city first. Brisbane has many fine buildings and public institutions of which her people are justly proud. Unless you have lived all your life in some unfrequented Erehwon or Far-away you will most certainly have heard of our City Hall! It is a magnificent structure built in Italian Renaissance style from Queensland granite, freestone and marble, cost £1,000,000, occupies more than two acres in the heart of the city, and is the seat of municipal administration. It is interesting to recall that on this site black men camped by what was then a swamp and chain of water-holes! From the vantage point of its lofty tower one can gain a splendid bird's-eye view of the city and encircling suburbs and hills, with the river curving in and out to form a succession of long, placid lake-like reaches upon which ride the ships of Brisbane's commerce. Down below are King's Square, Adelaide Street, and Queen Street, the city's main business thoroughfare along which are many of the newest and tallest buildings, some of them built to accommodate future growth, as is the City Hall. It is interesting to stroll down George Street to the University which last year celebrated its silver jubilee, and Parliament House, where magnificent examples of our priceless cabinet-woods are

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THE CITY HALL.

displayed. Specimens of Queensland timbers are also exhibited to advantage in the Forestry Show-room in George Street. Adjacent to the seat of government is the Botanic Gardens, a realm of pleasure where many delightful hours can be occupied. The Queensland Club is nearby, the town-house of the early squatters, which is comparable with the clubs at Colombo and Singapore. The Oxley Memorial Library, in the Public Library, is the principal source of historical information in this State. Here will be found a wealth of interest, for this splendid collection of Queensland and Australian literature is fast approaching in value to the State what the famous Mitchell Library is to New South Wales. The Queensland Museum, "the treasure house of the State," should not be passed by on any account. In the Art Gallery is exhibited a representative collection of Australian art, including selected works by the distinguished Queensland artist, the late George Randall.

If you have an imagination and are partial to a little romance, take your seat in the gallery of the Wool Exchange during the sales. There you will see foreign buyers, representatives from Bradford, Australian milling groups, and local wool-scourers fill the amphitheatre on each sale day. At the auctioneer's call for bids, bedlam reigns. Feverish, noisy bidding as the buyers jump to their feet barking seemingly incoherent figures, and signalling wildly with their hands. "T'ree!" "Ha'f!" only a fraction of a penny, but millions change hands. The romance of the Golden Fleece. . .

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tralia set in a jewelled park below Central Railway Station—the Shrine of Remembrance. It typifies remembrance, the concrete expression, in architectural form, of the remembrance of things as old as human thought itself. The winding stairways suggest the toilsome road for high endeavour to achievement. The central crowning structure—pure Grecian Doric—is a symbol of the ultimate achievement, an apt emblem of the Spirit of Anzac. Within this circular temple burns the Eternal Flame.

The Government Tourist Bureau and the offices of the Commissioner for Railways are situated adjacent to Anzac Square. Visitors are cordially invited to inspect these handsome buildings, in the construction of which have been used our incomparable timbers, marbles, granites and freestones.

The visitor will also be impressed with the imposing list of institutions in Queensland dedicated to the services of the community and the individual, whether it be for the alleviation of bodily suffering and the restoration of health, or the cultivation of the garden of the mind, planting in fertile soil a love of literature and the Arts. Queensland possesses the champion choirs and bands in the Commonwealth, and it is justly claimed that the eisteddfod movements also take an active part in the cultural life of the community.

PICTURESQUE ENVIRONS.

It is an interesting fact, well worthy of emphasis, that more and more people are visiting this Land of Continuous Sunshine expressly to “winter” in Brisbane. Not merely to make a tourist trip for a few weeks, you understand, but to reside in the capital for three or four months. That of course can readily be understood. With her golden days, crisp evenings, colourful sub-tropical flora, and

scenery which is “different,” Brisbane offers many inducements to escape the comparative rigours of winter in the capitals “down under.” Cost of living is lower; the region is singularly free from epidemics of minor ailments which crop up every winter in the South, especially among children; and here will be found an ideally situated headquarters, a pivotal point from which trips can be made to Cairns and the Far North, the coral-girt islands of the Barrier zones, or the multitude of scenic attractions nearer the metropolis.

For the tourist possibilities are not confined to the northern part of the State. Visitors are realising that an equable climate throughout the year makes the south-eastern sea-board and adjacent highlands a veritable Riviera suitable for holidays and tours in summer and winter. South from Brisbane the oceanside is scalloped by a series of glorious surfing beaches from Southport to Coolangatta. Behind, towering to 4,000 feet, are the rugged escarpments of Lamington Park and adjacent peaks and plateaux. The near North Coast also possesses surfing beaches and mountains within easy access to each other. Seaside resorts extend from Caloundra to Noosa Heads, and inland are Montville, Maleny and Mapleton on the Blackall Range, and Buderim Mountain. One hundred miles west from Brisbane are Toowoomba and Stanthorpe on the crest of the Main Range, and the incomparable Darling Downs.

The short tours around Brisbane and environs are deservedly popular. When you run up to Mt. Coot-tha—from which vantage point a memorable panorama of the city and coastal plains is unfolded—you will be able to nurse native bears (koalas), and eat dainty scones and wild honey. At picturesque Lone Pine—a delightful trip by river or

Direct all Road Through Motor Service to Brisbane's Premier Seaside Resorts.

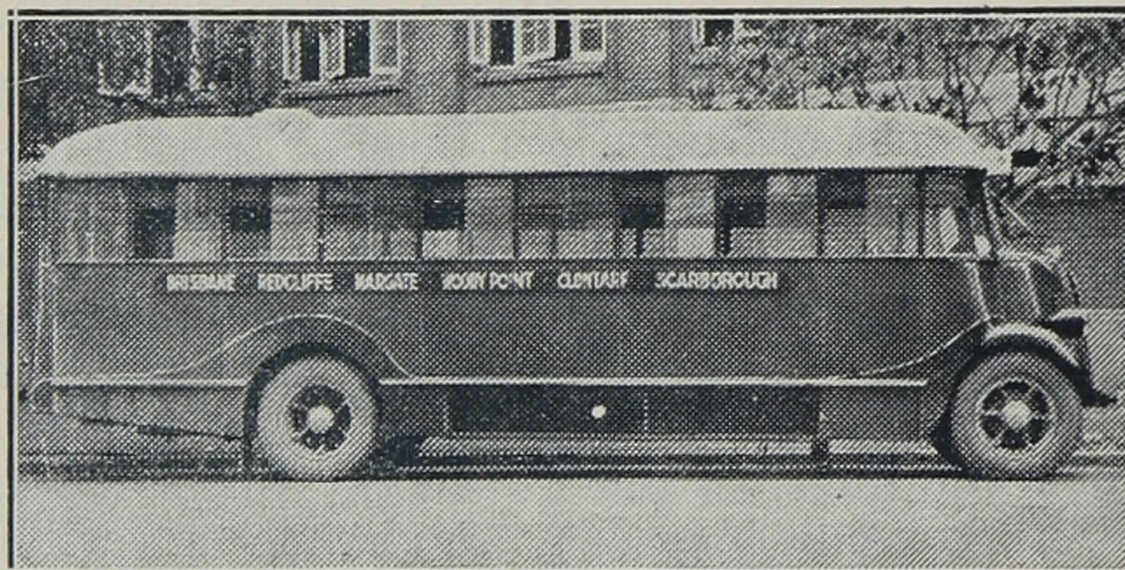
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Mon. to Fri.	Saturday.	Sunday.
8.45 a.m.	8.45 a.m.	9.20 a.m.
10.15 a.m.	10.15 a.m.	10.15 a.m.
1.15 p.m.	12.15 p.m.	11.30 a.m.
3.15 p.m.	1.15 p.m.	1.15 p.m.
4.30 p.m.	3.15 p.m.	4.15 p.m.
5.40 p.m.	6.15 p.m.	7.15 p.m.

9.20 a.m. Sundays, 10.15 a.m. Monday to Saturday,
via Clayfield—Nundah.

All others via Kedron.

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Mon. to Fri.	Saturday.	Sunday.
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8.10 a.m.	8.10 a.m.	2.30 p.m.
10.30 a.m.	10.30 a.m.	4.0 p.m.
12.45 p.m.	12.15 p.m.	5.30 p.m.
2.15 p.m.	4.10 p.m.	6.50 p.m.
4.10 p.m.	5.45 p.m.	8.15 p.m.

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road—you will also find “Teddy bears” and other native fauna. The Australian native bear is the most lovable of animals. Nothing like them are to be found elsewhere in any other lands. They are as peculiar to Australia as the lyre-bird and platypus—a challenge to the curiosity of the naturalist and a piquant delight to every woman and child. Indeed, no one can resist taking these furry bundles of solemnity in their arms. Although the koalas are in danger of extinction in New South Wales and Victoria they are increasing in number in Queensland—especially in the Central West, St. George and Burnett districts.

River and Bay excursions are pleasures visitors should not miss. Moreton Bay is studded with an archipelago of islands, and cruising along the dancing waterways is a popular recreation. Steamers and large comfortable tourist launches leave regularly for Redcliffe, Bribie Island, St. Helena Island, and Amity and Dunwich on Stradbroke Island.

Redcliffe, the historic site of Oxley’s first settlement (later named “humpybong” by the blacks—“the place of dead houses”), and Sandgate are popular Bayside watering-places north of the Brisbane River. The new Hornibrook Highway across Hayse’s Inlet—the longest viaduct in Australia—provides a shorter route from Sandgate to Redcliffe, Woody Point, and the North Coast. South of the river are the resorts of Manly, Wynnum, Lota, Wellington Point, Cleveland, and Redland Bay, each possessing varied charms.

By no means fail to visit the tropical fruit-growing districts of Redland Bay and Cleveland. According to the seasons, you will see farms where custard apples, papaws, pineapples, bananas, mangoes, granadillas, passionfruit, and other tropical fruits grow to perfection in the rich blood-red soil.

Further afield is Mt. Tamborine, a sub-tropical paradise, with waterfalls, palm groves, and “rain forests” wherein you might search for the “oldest living thing,” a *Macrozamia* palm. Mt. Glorious, along the Mt. Nebo scenic highway, also is a highland retreat well worth visiting. Other publications issued by the Tourist Bureau give fuller details about the various short tours in and around Brisbane.

THE CONNING-TOWER OF BRISBANE.

*“City of the seven hills and the high-lord Sun,
Cool with jade gums, hot with poinsettia’s flame-
tongue blooms,
Circled by sheening river, as a cool arm flung
Over a lover sleeping in the white glazed noons.”*

—Brian Vrepon.

WHEN you go adventuring in search of Brisbane’s beauty spots do not miss Mt. Coot-tha, “the place of honey,” to give its name the picturesque aboriginal meaning. Here, in the days long past, the tiny stingless native bees were wont to gather the honeyed wealth of wild bush blossoms and store it in the hollows of hoary old trees, where it was eagerly sought by the blacks.

A wonderful panorama unfolds from this vantage point, looking north-east over Sandgate to Cape Moreton, southward to the Macpherson Range on the New South Wales border, and westward to Cunningham’s Gap and the Main Range. Enthusiasm is always awakened by this memorable panorama and many and extravagant have been the tributes paid to it by world-travelled visitors. Far below can be seen the river making its silver loops towards Moreton Bay, twisting and turning, bending back on its course, as though reluctant to leave so fair a land and lose its identity in the sea.

But the panorama from One Tree Hill, wonderful as it is throughout the day, savours of enchantment as "withers once more the old blue flower of day." The far-stretching plains are wrapped in the grateful dusk—soft and misty blue. One by one the lights of the city and suburbs wink through the evening veil, which soon resembles a damask cloth sprinkled with a myriad twinkling diamond points. Magical dusk breezes scatter perfume of wattle and gum, and perhaps you will catch the sleepy calls of animals in the nearby zoo. Truly, "the poetry of earth is never dead." Mt. Coot-tha is reached with ease within a few minutes by tourist cars which regularly leave from the Bureau, or by taking a Toowong tram to the cemetery gates and connecting with the motor bus service. In addition to the fascinating views of the city, the winding reaches of the river, and the surrounding country, there is a new and spacious refreshment kiosk, and a zoo and aviary. The koalas, or native bears, and other fauna prove a great attraction to visitors. Within easy walking distance are The Dams, The Summit, and other points of interest.

ARCHES OF THE YEARS.

*"Whence the wondrous transformation
Till of late a silent shore
Now the home of a young Nation,
Growing stronger evermore;
Busy streets retreats of leisure
Solid, shapely homes of men
Fanes of worship, haunts of pleasure,
Wondrous contrast now and then."*

—Geo. Essex Evans.

AS he sits under the Moreton Bay figs on the crest of Mt. Coot-tha, a man, if reckless may permit his imagination a little rein.

The year is 1823.

Two whaleboats, with scarlet-coated soldiers and pig-tailed sailors, are slowly pulling up the river to the head of the "Sea Reach." Lieut. Oxley is continuing his survey, accompanied by Lieut. Butler and Mr. Cunningham. September sunshine silvers their wake. Along the shores rise beautiful virgin forests. A number of blacks, surprised in the act of surrounding a shoal of mullet with their heart-shaped towrow net, dash wildly off through the bush, and soon the banks are lined with jabbering natives who follow the boats until they dig their bows into the mud where the Custom House now stands. The friendly tribes excitedly watch the strange proceedings as the evening camp is prepared. The following day, when waiting the return of Allan Cunningham with botanical specimens, Mr. Oxley notices two of the blacks examining his hat, barometer and surveying instruments. Suddenly they pick them up and decamp. Shouts, and the ear-splitting report of Mr. Butler's musket . . . One of the natives drops the instruments, dances about, and then clears into the bush, followed by the other wildly waving the hat!

The scene changes. The year is 1859. Brisbane Town is agog with excitement, for the first Governor of the new Colony of Queensland has arrived. A large crowd has gathered at the Botanic Gardens to welcome Sir George Ferguson Bowen and Lady Bowen as they disembark from the small man-o'-war "Cordilia." Tired and jaded they look, after a rough voyage in so small a vessel. Almost overcome by the sweltering December heat, they are escorted by the procession along George Street and Queen Street to Dr. Hobb's house in Adelaide Street, which has been leased by the New South Wales Government as a temporary Government House at a rental of £350 a year. Through the heat haze the vice-regal visitors gaze at a magnificent ensign

on a tall mast which combines the British and Greek colours—a graceful compliment to Lady Diamantina Bowen, daughter of Count Candiano Roma. Cheering enthusiastically, the citizens follow the procession, trying to ignore the fact that the mercury has risen 88 degrees and that their nice new black coats are brown with dust

The next day, after the Governor had recovered from his sea-sickness, he was formally sworn in, and the State of Queensland was born.

PREPARING FOR THE CITY BEAUTIFUL.

*“Brisbane sits, a proud young city, on her seven hills
like Rome,
And in this enchanted weather calls her truant
children home.
And they come to share the magic of her air like
tonic wine,
And she spreads a glowing canvas where barbaric
colours shine.”*

—Emily Bulcock.

AND so the scenes change in quick succession through the arches of the years. What can be said of present-day Brisbane? One has only to look down upon the city from this lofty vantage point and notice the ever-extending termini of suburban tram services. One has only to walk through the bustling city streets and notice the building operations and crowded footpaths. What a far cry it seems to the days when grass grew in Queen Street and stray goats were proving a grave menace to coach and dray traffic! But in reality it is little more than half a century.

Much progress has been made since 1859, when the New South Wales Government left the infant

State of Queensland with only 7½d. in the Treasury—and sent in a bill for £20,000. Brisbane, backed by a wealthy hinterland, has risen to the proud position of third city of the Commonwealth.

From One Tree Hill we can pick out St. Lucia, where the new University will be built. Plans for the University have already been published. May not this be numbered among the march of events? For here we have the beginning of a big step forward in the cultural and material development of the State. Translated to a new and spacious home, the University cannot but expand in status and value to the State. More and more it will become the intellectual dynamo of Queensland. And let it not be thought that the costly group of halls and colleges bound by the beautiful reaches of the river will be disproportionate to the size of the city. Brisbane, as already indicated, is just beginning to grow up. It is destined to emerge from the little awkwardnesses and crudities into a truly great city. And the University, built with a vision of to-morrow, will be in keeping with the metropolis of the future.

The citizen of Brisbane, gazing down from the elevation of Mt. Coot-tha, is entitled to a feeling of pride in the city stretched beneath. It is not so long ago that the “smoke of settlers’ fires ascended from the thickets where crowded trams now clang their way to the various termini; swollen tides of traffic flow down the old bush tracks; villas stand where the black men once camped in bark gunyahs; and busy shoppers crowd in modern department stores built on sites where once the golden wattle spilled its haunting perfume.” Fifty years is only the turning of a leaf in the Book of Time, and there are many living to-day who will see even greater changes in the decades to come than have taken place in the preceding years of our history.

This city of the future, with its population of a

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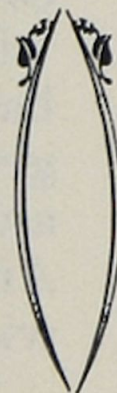
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million, with its beautiful suburbs, its broad streets lined with ornamental trees, its spacious boulevards, need be no fanciful picture, a flight of the imagination. If long views be taken and effect be given to ideals of beauty and utility, Brisbane should grow steadily into a proud and spacious city, containing within its borders all the civic amenities and cul-

tural advantages which a modern metropolis should be able to offer its inhabitants.

*"If towns were maids
And wild winds wooers on a bridal quest,
Laurelled with lotuses from Capricorn,
Sea-dewed from Orient islets of the Blest"*

ISLAND-STUDDERED MORETON BAY.

MORETON BAY, studded with picturesque islands, many of which are rich in historic associations, is one of the most beautiful stretches of water to be found anywhere in Australia. It is a happy hunting ground for the fisherman and the yachtsman, but apart from the week-end excursionists who visit Redcliffe and Bribie in the Bay steamers, its tourist possibilities have not been, up to the present, exploited to the fullest extent possible.

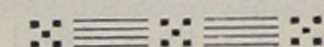
The very winds that blow across Stradbroke and St. Helena are romance and adventure-laden with the memories of early Colonial days, when the mournful song of the treadmill and the lash of convict taskmaster provided the prelude to the great drama of Queensland's development. The shores of the Bay have been strewn with wrecks for forty years—from 1847, when the paddle steamer "Sovereign" was pounded to pieces by the roaring surf on the South Passage Bar with the loss of 44 lives, to the wreck of the "Mystery" steamer on the Southport bar in 1897.

Bribie Island, with its ocean beach on one side, and on the other the calm waters of the Bay, is today one of the most popular holiday resorts of Brisbane folk, who are always assured of excellent bathing and fishing. The island, we are told in Tom Petrie's reminiscences of early Queensland,

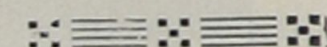
was named after a prisoner called Bribie, who made baskets for the Government.

The most beautiful island of the Bay is Stradbroke, which teems with bird and plant life, and offers delightful seascapes and landscapes to the visitor, while its waters abound with every variety of deep sea fish. Stradbroke, which is 39 miles in length and seven miles broad at its widest part, was the name given the island by a proclamation of the Governor of New South Wales in 1827, in compliment to Captain J. H. Rous, commander of H.M.S. "Rainbow," the first British man-o'-war whose anchor stirred the sand of Moreton Bay. Captain Rous was the second son of the first Earl of Stradbroke, his second title being Viscount Dunwich, and was the uncle of the Earl of Stradbroke who was in recent years the Governor of Victoria. At the same time that Stradbroke was named, the name of Dunwich was given to the convict post established on its shores, and Rainbow Reach and Rous Channel were also officially named.

On the heights of Stradbroke, Dunwich, the benevolent asylum for the aged, looks over the sunlit expanse of the Bay towards Peel Island and the distant coast of the mainland, with St. Helena showing like a faint shadow on the horizon. It is a spot of rare beauty, making an ideal location far from the hurly burly of modern life, where the aged



A BIRDS EYE VIEW OF
IPSWICH.



vict era, Dunwich was proclaimed a quarantine station, and the little cemetery overlooking the sighing sea contains the graves of many of the passengers of the immigrant vessel "Emigrant," which dropped anchor in Moreton Bay in 1850 with the dreaded typhus raging aboard.

Many stirring tales are told of the early days of the Dunwich settlement, when the convicts toiled in their canary-coloured jackets, and the scarlet-coated soldiers of the 57th Regiment kept

and the infirm may live out the twilight of their days in peace and tranquillity. Dunwich began its history as a penal settlement in 1828, four years after the first shipload of convicts from Sydney had been brought to the infant colony of Moreton Bay by the brig "Amity." Historic reminders of the early days are the stone jetty leading to the township, and the main wing of the superintendent's residence and other buildings, all of which were built by convict labour. With the close of the con-

guard.

From the summit of Stradbroke, a glorious panorama is spread before the eyes. To the left there are steep ridges and deep valleys, purling brooks that become running creeks roaring in spate when the rains pelt down, valleys thick with eucalypti and cypress, with an occasional glimpse of marsupials feeding, and here and there heather in flower. If it has been a late season, the flowering wattle gilds the bushland with its golden splendour, and birds

sing their madrigals in the tree tops. Before your eyes, like a shimmering carpet of diamond points, stretches the expanse of Moreton Bay from Bribie to Canaipa. To the south, Mount Warning rears its gloomy rampart of stone like a giant finger from the heaved shoulders of the Dividing Range. To the north lies the city, with One Tree Hill plainly visible, and following the ranges behind Brisbane to the North, the Glass Houses rise like great stone monoliths of a vanished age. It is almost possible to trace the passage from Caloundra to Toorbul Point, and from thence the vista takes in the rolling ocean, away north to Noosa, with the wide passage between Skirmish Point and Cape Moreton. Seen from this height Moreton Island is a long and flat expanse,

IPSWICH—OLDEST PROVINCIAL CITY.

ONE hundred and ten years ago, three years after a tiny settlement had sprouted into being on the shores of Moreton Bay at what is now Redcliffe, and while Brisbane was still a tangled wilderness of primeval forest and jungle, Captain Logan made an exploration of the higher waters of the Brisbane River and its tributaries, and the glistening oar-blades of the commandant's cutter disturbed the lonely reaches of the Bremer with the first ripples of advancing civilisation.

Pausing at a bend in the river, at a spot now in the heart of Ipswich, Logan decided he had found an ideal spot for the establishment of the second settlement in that part of Australia which since Separation has been known as Queensland.

Such was the genesis of Ipswich, Queensland's oldest provincial city, the centre of a wealthy agricultural district, and the most important industrial city outside the capital.

Since those early pioneering days the history of Ipswich is a fascinating tale of the development of

but St. Helena, Green and King Islands, and further to the south, Peel Island, are clearly defined in the sparkling sunshine. Sandgate and Woody Point loom in the distance. Beyond Peel Island, Coochie Mudlow, McLeay, and Russell point the way to Southport.

Another beauty spot in the making is St. Helena. For many years, and until quite recently, the island was a penal settlement, where long-term prisoners were incarcerated. The dilapidated buildings still remain as mute evidence of the former existence of a gloomy, fortress-like prison. St. Helena would be an ideal tourist resort, and it is likely that the island will eventually be developed on these lines.

the district's varied industries, and of the exploitation of the rich natural resources of the West Moreton district. While Ipswich has largely depended on its secondary industries the last two decades have seen the expansion of rural pursuits which has made the name of West Moreton a house-hold word far and wide. Side by side with the development of agriculture there has been a sound concentration on the manufacturing side of West Moreton's activities, the industries ranging from the manufacture of woollen goods, pottery, bricks, and engineering products, to soaps, foods, ice, axe handles, gas, furniture, clothing, joinery sawmill products, and leather goods.

The fame of Ipswich as a musical centre has spread far and wide. It has the best claim to the honour of originating the Welsh Eisteddfodau movement in Queensland, for it was among the sturdy miners of Wales who made a home for themselves in this district that the historic festival was first revived more than 50 years ago.

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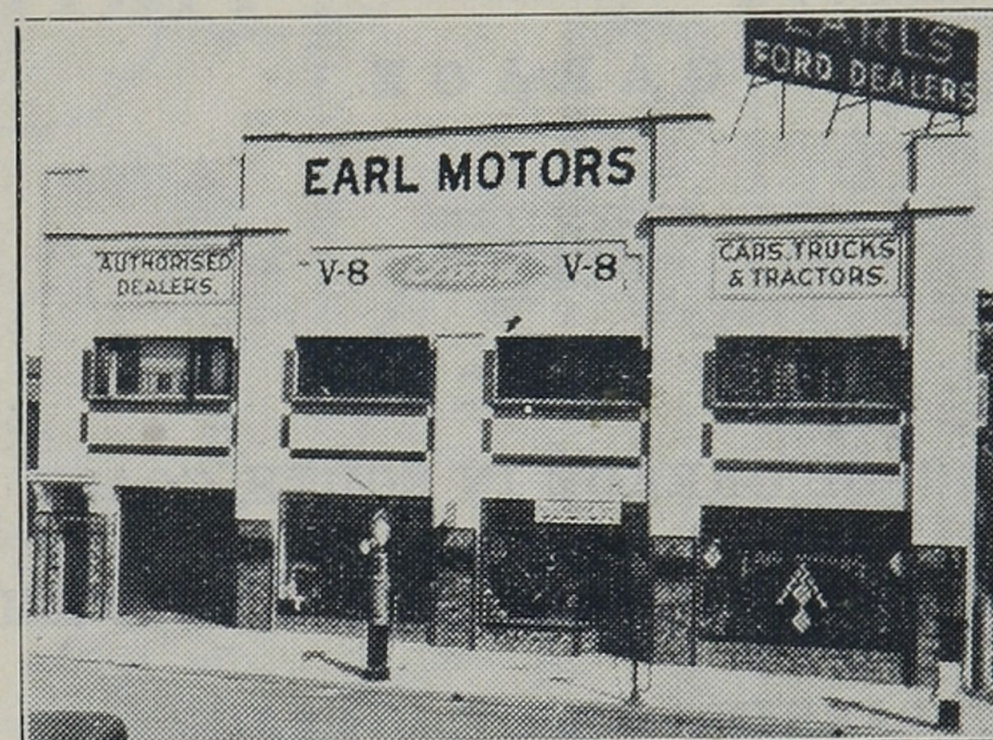
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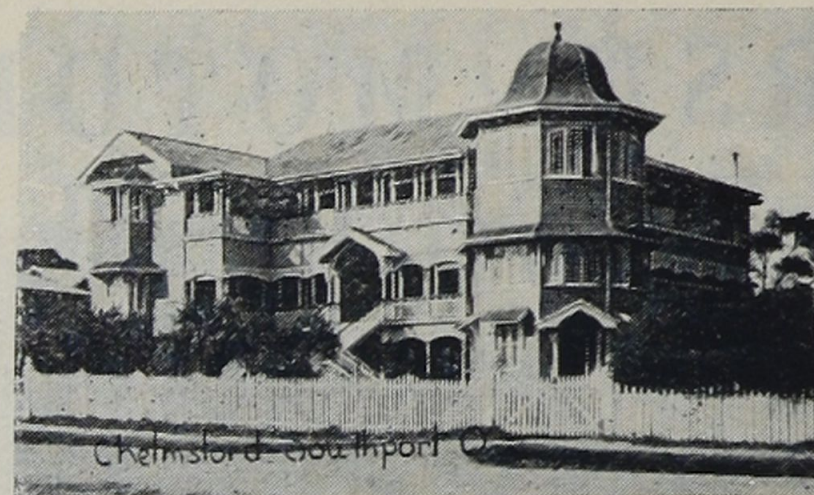
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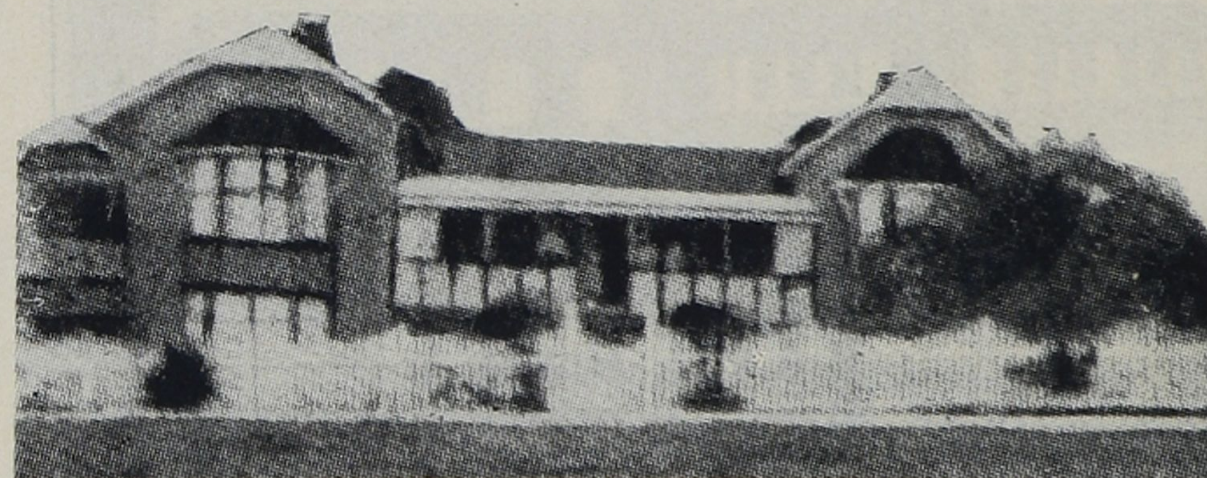
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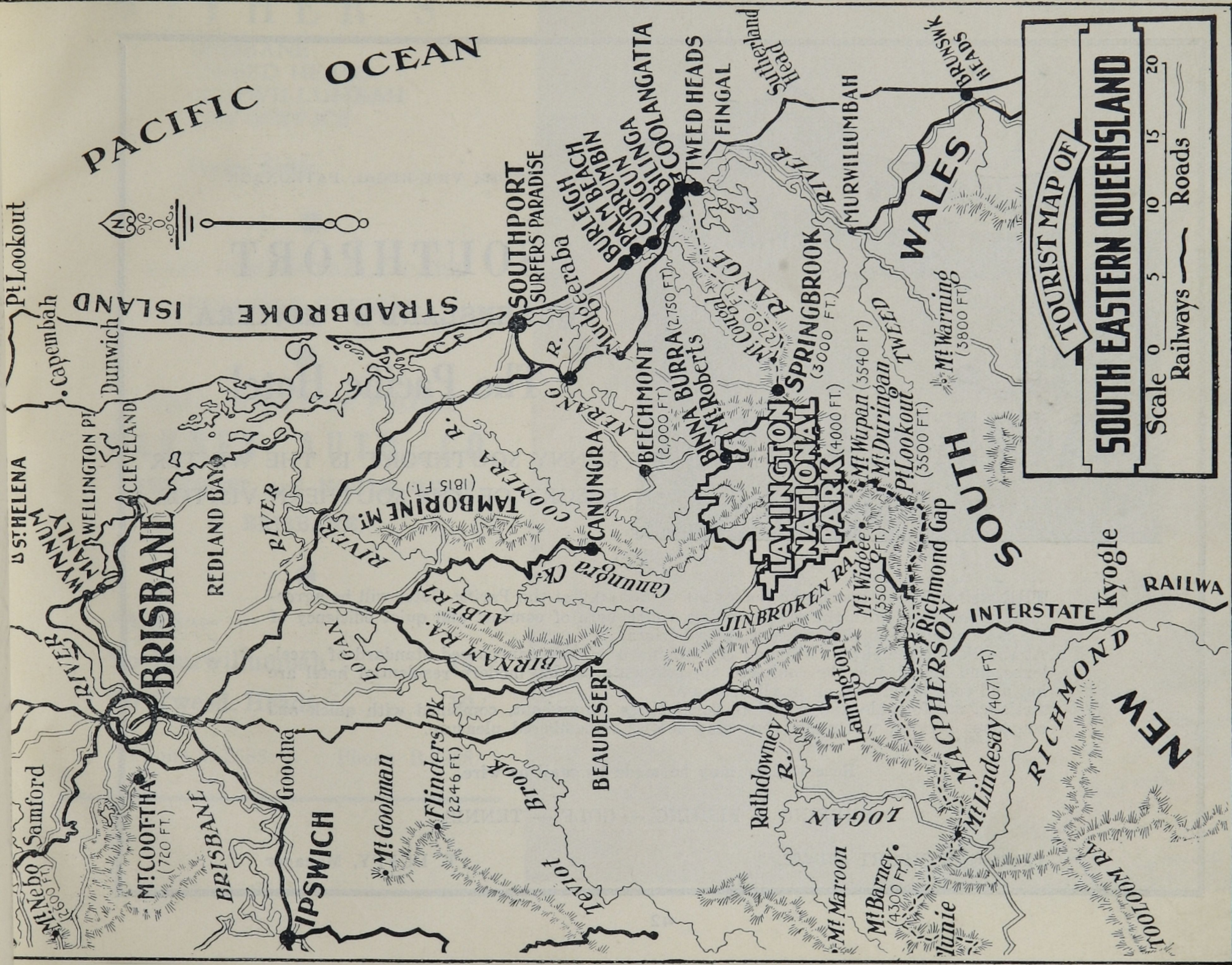
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This section of your Queensland Journey offers boundless enjoyment by golden sands and on lofty mountain tops. You may journey in easy stages from Southport through Surfers' Paradise to Burleigh Heads, Elanora, Currumbin, Tugun, Bilinga, Kirra to Coolangatta and Tweed Heads—a magnificent marine playground extending for more than twenty miles.

Inland the mighty escarpments of Lamington National Park rise abruptly against the western horizon. Here is an extensive untamed sub-tropical

wilderness possessing features unique in Australian scenic attractions. Richly covered with rain-forests and vine-jungles, and deeply scored by canyons and gorges in whose gloomy depths are to be found beautiful waterfalls and cascades and extravagantly green ferns and palms, this highland region is unquestionably the show park of Queensland. Springbrook, separated from National Park by verdant Numinbah Valley, is also a truly wonderful mountain resort, and is easily reached from Surfers' Paradise. Beechmont is accessible from the coast by an excellent road which climbs up from Nerang Valley. Binna-burra, adjacent to National Park, is connected by a spur with Beechmont. Tamborine, with its red roads, green fields, orange orchards, flower gardens, and wealth of tree and bird life, is one of the most popular of these upland resorts.

The South Coast of Queensland can be recommended to the visitor as an all-the-year-round playground where the elixir of life, imprisoned between sea and sky, renews health and rebuilds vitality. Hotels, accommodation houses and general conveniences are all that could be desired, and the tariffs are reasonable. All the resorts mentioned in the following pages are connected with Brisbane by regular road and rail services.

SOUTHPORT AND SURFERS' PARADISE.

*"How golden was the hour we stood
Within the honeysuckle-wood,
When motionless above us lay
The under-leaves of silver-gray,
When from the belt of dreamy blue
The white sail trembled into view,
When all round there seemed to be
The scent and murmur of the sea!"*

—James Lister Cuthbertson.

GLORIOUS sandy beaches drenched and soaked and quivering in pagan sunshine; azurite ridges of sea water, white plumed, charging shoreward, curling and breaking in long foamy lines; soapy flounces wavering along the glistening marge in ever-changing patterns of melting curves; the blue dome of sky, couple-clouded, and ozone-laden breezes blowing fresh from wide Pacific pastures; a joyous throng of sun-worshippers dashing into the sparkling waves, shooting the breakers, or basking on the sands; the colourful array of multi-coloured beach umbrellas, brightly-patterned towels and surf-suits; comely lasses and athletic youths, laughing, talking, making social visits from group to group. . . . Such is the Main Beach, Southport, at the height of the holiday season. A happy scene, pulsating with life and colour.

Southport is the first of a sequence of surfing resorts which scallop the South Coast to New South Wales border. Most Queenslanders retain cherished memories of this delightful marine playground. It is Brisbane's old established surfing resort—even from the early days when the "Natone" and other paddle-boats ferried their happy parties from the city, and Cobb and Co.'s coaches bumped over a circuitous route thrice weekly. But to-day South-

port is connected by fast road and rail services, and can almost be regarded as a suburb of Brisbane.

The great South Coast Road—the Pacific Highway—which connects Brisbane with Sydney, and links the various resorts together, presents an animated scene every week-end and holiday. Indeed, one might think that gentle Wordsworth, writing long before the first motor car, had been granted a vision of this packed highway in 1937!

*"These tourists, heavens preserve us! needs must live
A profitable life: some glance along
Rapid and gay, as if the earth were air,
And they were butterflies to wheel about
Long as the summer lasted. . . ."*

This sun-kissed region has been the rendezvous for several generations of sunshine-loving people. Many have received their schooling here—played and learned within sound of the surf during their most impressionable years. For Southport, besides being a very popular seaside resort, is a fashionable residential and educational centre. The Southport School is among the leading secondary schools in the Commonwealth, while St. Hilda's Girls' Grammar School, and the "Star of the Sea" Convent, also hold an esteemed position in our educational system.

Southport, sedate and quietly beautiful during winter, becomes exuberant in spirits as the warmer months approach.

*"Calm, quiet days! But destined soon to be
Supplanted by a time of revelry,
Life's joyous urge, a reign of youth begun,
And ardent worship of the Summer sun!"*

* *Ru Wala*

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GUEST HOUSE.**

All Modern Conveniences.
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MISS VERA COTTON.

Tariff: From £3/3/- weekly.

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Proprietress: Mrs. M. RUMPF.

PHONE 153

PHONE 153

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Phone, Southport: Southport 302.
Phone, Surfers' Paradise: Southport
556.

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All Modern Conveniences.

Central to Beaches and
Places of Amusement.

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SHEPHERD'S**
TRANSPORT SERVICE
SOUTHPORT

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GEORGE DUDMAN

Proprietor.

Phone 515.

Phone 515.

At Christmas and Easter vacations the population of between 8,000 and 9,000 swells to more than 35,000, and accommodation is taxed to the limit. A continuous stream of traffic passes along the Pacific Highway. At all times of the day joyous multitudes are to be seen disporting in the surf, the placid shallows of Broadwater, or along the pretty reaches of Nerang River. And at night there are the theatres and dances, carnivals and house parties. On New Year's Eve the main street is closed and merry confetti battles are held. All-night dancing also is permitted.

Southport is essentially a modern town. Carrying as it does a large resident population it possesses most of the conveniences of the metropolis. The Town Hall is an imposing building which has few equals outside of Brisbane. Hotels, accommodation houses, shops, and general services are all that could be desired.

And one of the main attractions of holidaying at Southport is that the visitor can get away from the township proper to delightfully secluded places where the "simple life" can be enjoyed to the full. Southern folk in increasing numbers are taking advantage of Southport's equable climate during the winter months. That, of course, is not surprising. In my room at the Pacific Hotel a "house notice" concluded: "Cool in summer—warm and cosy in winter." And I could do no better than pass on that advice.

ENCHANTED MARINE PLAYGROUND.

Dawns and dusks of powder-blue and rose. . . . One could never tire of watching the eternal enchantment of colour harmony over Broadwater. Some mornings the east would unfold like a tropic flower; other times the dawn would be saffron-

tinted with the plangent rays of the sun bursting through a low bank of clouds. Noons would be soft and warm, with just the suggestion of drowsiness. No more surfing until later in the afternoon—or riding, or sailing, or fishing. Let's rest for awhile. But the sirens in the surf call insistently across the sand dunes, giving little rest to effervescent youth. These are glad days by the Pacific-laved shoreline. If you have forgotten the song of the sirens place a shell to your ear. . . .

As we enter Southport by road from Brisbane and pass through Labrador we behold the wide expanse of sparkling blue-green water, the sandy beaches on Stradbroke, and catch fleeting glimpses of the white crests of breakers on the ocean beach. Travelling along the Esplanade we come into portion of the main business centre of the township, and then cross Jubilee Bridge which spans Nerang Creek to Main Beach. Here a busy little settlement is developing in the vicinity of the imposing Surf Pavilion. From the boulevard we can obtain a splendid view of the blue Pacific, "the white steeds of ocean" sweeping shoreward, and the wide sands gay with beach umbrellas. Crowds of surfers sport among the waves, dexterously handling surf-planes or surf-skies, the more daring right out to the furthest line of breakers. Stalwart members of the life-saving brigade practice with the surf-boat, skilfully negotiating line after line of combers. Perhaps they stage a thrilling rescue with the life-belt when some unwary bather gets into difficulty; or maybe a display of drill or methods of resuscitation. These magnificent specimens of young manhood patrol the beaches throughout the season, and indicate the safest areas in which to bathe.

Shaws' Red Bus and Car Service

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Picnic and Dance Parties
Catered For, Day and Night.

**Note Address—North Street.
Phone 529.**

**Trips Arranged to—
Springbrook
Natural Bridge
Burleigh Heads.**

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* *Kingston*

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Parties Catered for
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Ride in Comfort to the Surf.

W. H. STOBBS

(Late A.I.F.)
Proprietor.

Phone 114 Phone 114

Continuing south we come to Surfers' Paradise and Broad Beach, where there has been unprecedented development of recent years. Little more than a decade ago all this country was virgin scrub. To-day the greater part of the region has been built on. Brightly-toned houses have been erected, many of stucco, concrete, and brick—the seaside homes of Brisbane people.

THE "SCOTTISH PRINCE"—AND BURIED TREASURE.

Southport in the early days was known as Nerang Heads—although the "heads" were no more than barren sand dunes. A considerable timber trade flourished for some time, and later the rich scrub lands bordering the Albert, Nerang and Logan Rivers were devoted to dairying and agriculture. The ranges in the hinterland contained a wealth of valuable woods, such as red cedar, pine, beech, and tulip, which the early settlers were not slow to exploit. The timber was laboriously hauled by bullock-teams into the ravines and creeks to await the annual flood rains, when it was "negotiated" to the tidal rivers, assembled into rafts often half a mile in length, and towed across Moreton Bay to the Brisbane mills.

Topographically, Southport was very different in those days from what it is to-day. Bush fringed all the shoreline from end to end. A swamp extended from where the Pacific Hotel now stands to the banks of the creek beyond the Southport Hotel. It provided splendid duck-shooting, and was the township's main supply of drinking water. At one time the river bar was opposite the jetty and the Pacific Hotel; but as the result of a northward movement all along the coast the position of the bar has altered tremen-

dously. A white sandy beach extended along the present-day Esplanade upon which broke the surf. Indeed, a concrete wall had to be built to protect the foreshores; it can still be seen near Jubilee Bridge. Before the ocean broke through Stradbroke Island at Jumpinpin a very large amount of water passed over Southport bar. Broadwater then was deep and rather dangerous, and the depth of the main channel leading into Nerang River was more than six feet at low tide. To-day, with the huge volume of water from Albert and Logan Rivers, and Coomera and Pimpama Creeks deflected through Jumpinpin, Broadwater is rapidly silting up.

When in Southport you might notice in the homes of some of the older residents several quaintly-shaped bottles. And then no doubt you will be told the story of the wreck of the "Scottish Prince."

Briefly, it appears that the barque went ashore on the bar early in the morning on February 3rd, 1887. Attempts were made to tow her off, but she was too firmly settled in the sand just outside the line of breakers. When a gale blew up from the south-east she was severely pounded and gradually broke up. The cargo of merchandise, worth many thousand of pounds, was scattered far and wide. News of the disaster quickly spread, and sight-seers flocked to the scene. Everyone assisted in salvage operations, whether officially engaged or not. Wholesale pilfering was rife, and large quantities of whisky, beer and merchandise were planted on Stradbroke Island for future consumption. It is believed that even to this day the sands of Porpoise Point hide their treasures. Indeed, only last year a case of "Scottish Prince" whisky was found near Currigee oyster beds.

Until a few years ago the figurehead of a vessel was exhibited in front of a hotel near the railway station. It was all that remained of the barque "Cambus Wallace" (1,651 tons) which was driven ashore on Stradbroke Island during a terrific gale on September 3rd, 1894. Six lives were lost, and practically all the cargo of merchandise destroyed. The disaster occurred near Swan Bay, and when some time later the sea burst through at Jumpinpin the graves of the seamen were swept away.

MUSHROOM TOWNS AND A TALE.

The extraordinary transformation which occurs almost over-night is an interesting phase of the South Coast holiday life. On Christmas Eve and the Thursday before Eastertide a great pilgrimage sets in from Brisbane and surrounding districts. Campers and holiday-makers come by rail, road, and water in their thousands. They labour far into the night erecting tents, unpacking, and setting their camps or cottages in order. So that when dawn breaks it seems as if a magic wand has been waved over the oceanside and Canvas Cities, with rows of streets, have materialised during the night! On the Basin a fleet of launches, yachts, and trim sailing craft ride at anchor. The holiday siege has set in—and magic indeed is in the air!

Conditions are ideal for golf, bowls, tennis, cricket, horse riding, sailing, surfing, swimming, rowing, fishing—in fact, there is an endless variety of sporting activities. And in addition highly enjoyable excursions can be made to the mountains a short distance inland. Springbrook is reached via Surfers' Paradise, and Tamborine and Beechmont from Southport. Motor-boating through the beautiful waterways between Stradbroke Island and the mainland, picnicing at Curragee, and fishing trips are also among the attractions. One sel-

dom visits Southport without becoming an un-enthusiastic angler!

I must tell you about my adventure while fishing on the Broadwater one night—no, perhaps I had better not! But its an eerie feeling to be away out from the shore with the dark bulk of Stradbroke looming through the starlight, listening to the splash of leaping fish, and the boom of the surf on the bar—and then suddenly realise that you might have to spend the night on a sandbank! So intent was I upon filling my creel with fish that I failed to notice that the ebbing tide was in the habit of exposing a large area of sandbanks. The upshot was that I had to row and wade up and down an intricate maze of channels and waterways, gradually puzzling my way to the shore. One by one the lights of Southport blinked out, and I was still wading about on sandbanks barely awash, quite certain that every clump of seaweed was a lurking stingray, and that I was about to make a nice little paragraph in the daily prints: "Stranded all night on sandbank"; "Stung to death by stingray"—no, that would never do. So I pressed on bravely, "bright star above, under me the drowned," every now and then shivering at the plaintive wail of a curlew. By the time I thankfully heaved the anchor on terra firma I was not quite so proud of the four whiting, three bream, and small crabs that were in my creel.

It seems that I've told you the story after all—or most of it!

* * *

I left this charming holiday region in the late afternoon. And that is the time you should bid adieu to Southport—while there is still daylight. For then your last impressions form a symphony of blue and gold and silver. . . .



HOTEL CURRUMBIN

ON CURRUMBIN HEIGHTS,

Overlooking River and Ocean.

Magnificent Panoramic Views.

One Minute to Beach.

Fishing, Boating and Surfing.

EVERY MODERN CONVENIENCE.

TARIFFS:

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M. FREE

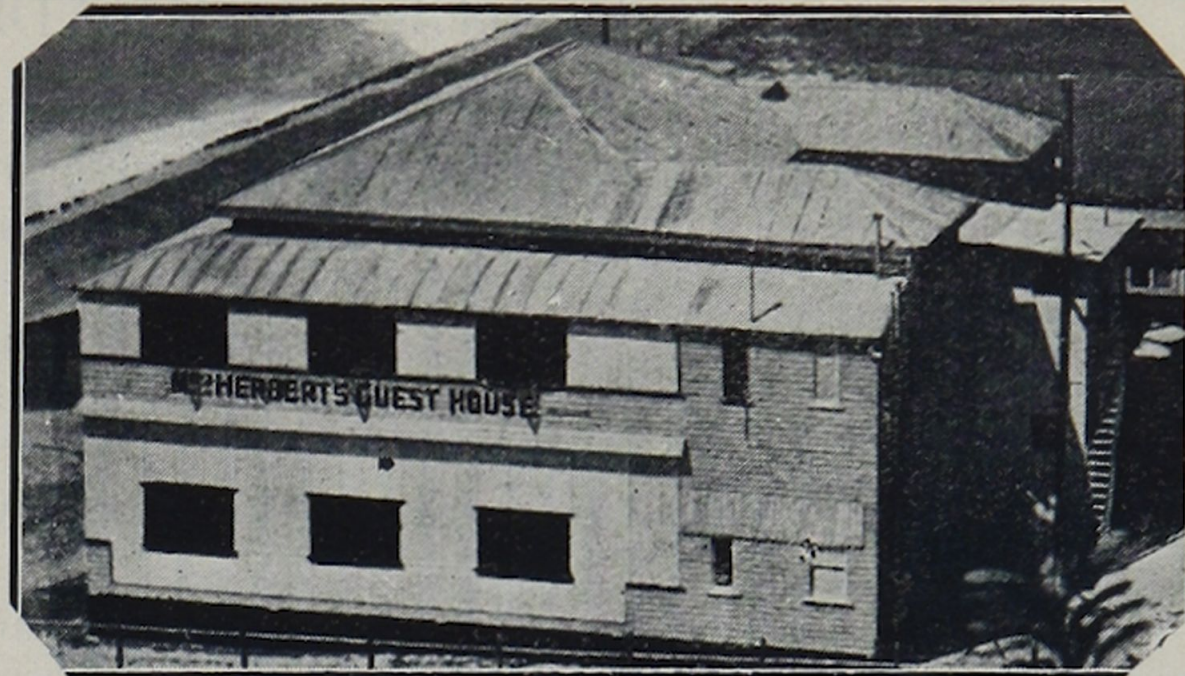
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Surfing all year round. Boating and Fishing. Every
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OCEAN BEACH HOUSE

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BURLEIGH HEADS

Overlooking the Surfing Beach

Electric Light, Septic, Showers

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BURLEIGH HEADS AND CURRUMBIN.

AS you travel along the Pacific Highway, between Southport and Coolangatta, you come to the "in between" beaches. There are five—Burleigh, Palm Beach, Currumbin, Tugun, and Bilinga—but at present chief interest centres on the first three. Bilinga is a little too close to Coolangatta to become as yet a separate township; and the superior attractions of Currumbin detract somewhat from the popularity of Tugun.

The township of Burleigh Heads nestles on the foreshores between Big Burleigh and Little Burleigh Headlands. Within easy walking distance are the shallows of Tallebudgera Creek, a delightful rendezvous where fishing, oystering, boating and swimming can be enjoyed.

The bluff foreland of Big Burleigh dominates this sun-kissed Realm of Holiday. The trees which cover its slopes have been so shaped by Pacific winds that from a distance the headland gives the impression of having been clipped and fashioned by gargantuan shears. From the summit one ob-

tains a memorable view of a far-stretching seascape. High up above the bottlebrush and honeysuckle trees we can gaze southward at the jewel sparkle of the unresting margin of the ocean with the lacy foam of its league-long rollers fringing the silver shores along miles on miles of curving beaches to Point Danger. Directly below are the bottle-green channels and sap-green shallows of Tallebudgera Creek, while away to the north the seaboard at Southport dissolves into the long sweep of Stradbroke strands.

Currumbin can be thoroughly recommended as a marine resort. It is especially suitable for children and those who prefer the quietude of sheltered waters to the boisterous surf. Currumbin Creek provides excellent facilities for bathing in the warm, crystal-clear shallows, fishing, and boating. Evenings fall peacefully on these "in between" resorts like "tired eyelids upon tired eyes."



COOLANGATTA AND TWEED HEADS.

*"The heaving azure melting into light;
The chequered sport of fleet o'ershadowings;
The nearer emerald curling into white;
The shoreward billows merging each in each,
To sunder yet again, fold and unfold.
The shining curve of far-receptive beach;
The silvery wave-kiss on the gladdened gold;
The grandeur of the lone old promontory;
The distant bourne of hills in purple guise,
Athrob with soft enchantment; high in glory
The peak of Warning blossomed in the skies!
Oh, all too fair to be so seldom seen!
This shadowy purple of the mountain sleeping.
This sapphire of unutterable sheen—
This beauty-harvest ever ripe for reaping!"*

—Brunton Stephens.

A TRAVELLER by road from New South Wales enters Queensland with a bump and a merry laugh. You drive along the pretty banks of the Tweed, turn through an open gate—bump!—and you have crossed the border into the Sunshine State. Once upon a time if you were travelling late upon the road you had to spend the night at one of the Twin Towns unless you could locate the Keeper of the Border Gate. . . .

These golden strands, shimmering in pagan sunshine, stream northward in a series of crescent beaches to Southport, some twenty miles away. Advancing and receding, as if treading a stately measure to her own music, the Pacific—chameleon-like in the swiftness with which she changes her hues—swishes the billowing flounces of her blue robe in soft caress against these shimmering shores.

Kirra, Greenmount, Rainbow Beach—they are names salient in the memory; magic names which

form a necklace of beauty to grace our riper years. Here amid all the enchantment of land and sea we can enjoy to the full the blessings of a fortunate region. Bathing in a springtime sea of azure with the effervescent surf surging in frothy turmoil; shooting shoreward on the crest of a comber in a glorious smother of foam; speeding ahead of green ridges on surf-skies; or lazily floating on surf-o-planes in the gently heaving blueness beyond the line of breakers. . . . And then, perhaps, to frolic on the sands, or merely bask in the flooding sunlight and acquire that healthy bronze sun-suit so ardently sought by youths and maids alike.

Point Danger is the most easterly point in Australia. Standing on this rugged foreland, with the salt winds beating on your face, the ocean surging in fury far below, and an all-embracing panorama of ineffable loveliness stretching far to the north and away to the south, one cannot fail to experience a feeling of exultation, a conscious thrill by the thought that here is the Pacific edge of the largest island continent. The winds that rattle the pandanus are the first to reach Australia after sweeping across vast Pacific seas.

Point Danger—there is romance in the very name. In imagination we seem to see the "Endeavour," with royals and stuns drawing to the fresh sou'-east trades, curtesying to these virgin Antipodean shores.

A sailor bawls from the swaying crow's-nest:

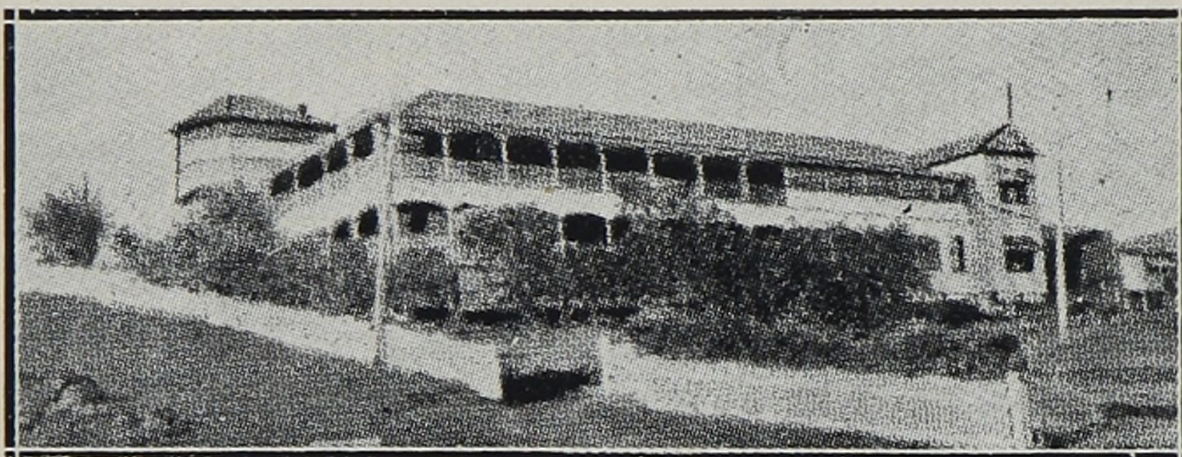
"Reefs t'port, zur!"

"Lay off a point, Mr. Matthews!" instructs a young lieutenant.

And the gallant captain, gazing with thoughtful eyes upon the changing scene of silver shores,

"GREENMOUNT"

COOLANGATTA, TWEED HEADS



THE LEADING BOARDING ESTABLISHMENT.

Nearest to Boating, Surf, Tennis, Bowls, Golf and Fishing.
Free Garages. Electric Light and Up-to-date Sanitary
Conveniences. Hot and Cold Baths.

LOVELY VIEWS FROM "GREENMOUNT HILL."

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Xmas and Easter, Special Tariffs.

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Also Furnished Flats Adjoining. 'Phone 8, Tweed Heads.

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COOLANGATTA



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EVERY MODERN CONVENIENCE
Excellent Table. Comfortable Lounge. Septic. Hot
and Cold Water. Newly Furnished Throughout.
One Minute to Greenmount Beach. Nearest House
to Bowling Green, Fishing Grounds and Surfing.
FREE GARAGES :: :: PHONE T.H. 117

REASONABLE TARIFFS

Proprietor: M. KELLY.

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Book Through Queensland Government
Tourist Bureau.

bold headlands, and tumbled array of mountain ranges, makes an entry on his chart and log-book for the guidance of later mariners. . . .

The warning white-caps are still breaking on the reef. Actually Fingal was Cook's Point Danger, and the towering peak to the westward of little Cook Island he named Mt. Warning.

GLORIOUS PANORAMAS.

To gain the most comprehensive picture of this enchanting marine playground, one must, I think, ascend to the summit of Mt. Murraba. From this vantage point you will obtain what is one of the most glorious panoramas of shore and summit along the Queensland coastline.

Amid a wealth of bright flowers all carefully tended in regular red loam beds, one can sit for hours gazing upon the green and blue profundities of colour. Directly in front of the reservoir on the hill is Kirra's green eminence, and beyond that the ever-restless ocean silvered by the morning sunlight. To the north the beach streams away in a gigantic curve past Currumbin heights, Big Burleigh, Miami, away past Southport strands, thinning to a faint white thread, and finally fading into the hazy blue-grey horizon. Turning to the south we overlook the main portion of Coolangatta, with a line of pines marking Greenmount Beach. Then comes the verdant promontory which ends in Point Danger; the white and sap-green patches denoting the bar at the mouth of the Tweed; a pilot boat and a trading steamer berthed at a wharf; the Cross Wall lined with anglers; Cook Island, Cudgen Heads, and Fingal Lighthouse. Inland over farms and banana plantations can be seen part of Terranora Lakes, formed by the meanderings of the river, and the Tweed township, the far-sweeping vista finally being broken in the

south-west by a spur of Razorback. From a nearby vantage point we can behold the western scene overlooking portion of the fruitful Tweed Valley—

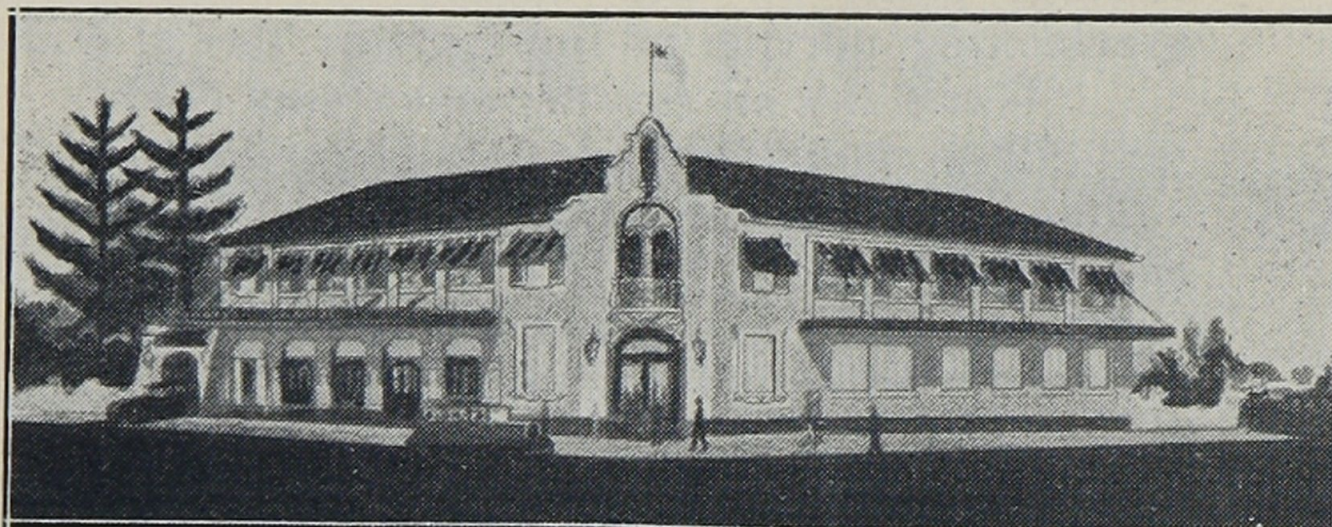
*“While tier on tier the mountains rise,
They clothe themselves in changing guise.”*

The huge sapphire bulk of Mt. Warning rises majestically above the lower ranges, and the three pinnacles of the Cougals fret the cobalt-plated sky. A rugged, wildly beautiful country is the Macpherson Range. The abruptly sloping shoulder of Springbrook, and portions of Lamington National Park are easily discernible—as is also the tiny white speck of a cream boat slowly moving down Piccabean Creek, a tributary of the Tweed. Most of the slopes of the Tweed Valley were once covered with banana plantations. But the ravages of “bunchy-top,” in addition to the expense and difficulty of using machinery on the steep slopes, have resulted in a serious decline of the industry.

SHIPWRECKS AND SETTLEMENT.

Stories of early sea disasters are woven into the romantic history of the South Coast. I am indebted to Mr. H. C. Hewitt, a well-known Coolangatta identity, for the information on which this brief article is based.

Upon the broad trail of the early navigators—Cook, Flinders, Oxley and Rous, who all left their impress on this picturesque coastline—came the pioneer cedar-getters. The glamour of romance still attaches to the fast dying embers of their work and ways. When John and Edward Boyd decided to settle at the Tweed and exploit the wealth of cedar, Edward went to Sydney for his wife and children, and his brother's wife and child. They returned in one of their trading schooners, the “Ebenezer,” but were fated never to see their new home. When crossing the bar the vessel



Society's Seaside Rendezvous.

An imposing structure, new and appealing, and designed in the Spanish style, Maunsell's Hotel Grande is modern in every respect. Every bedroom has natural light and perfect ventilation. Hot and cold running water is installed throughout Bedrooms and Bathrooms. Bathrooms are plentiful and convenient and modern sewerage is employed.

Under Vice-



Regal Patronage

Both indoor and open-air Lounges and the fine Dining Hall are restful and appealing; Seascapes, which the windows frame, give added pleasure. The Table is all that can be desired and the Service efficient in every detail.

The Hotel is situated within 100 yards of the best surfing beach in Australia. Surfing can be indulged in during all Winter as the temperature is rarely below 65 degrees.

The Tariff is 14/6 per day and from £4/4/- per week

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Telephone: Tweed Heads 27.

COOLANGATTA, QUEENSLAND.

(SIDNEY H. MAUNSELL, Proprietor).

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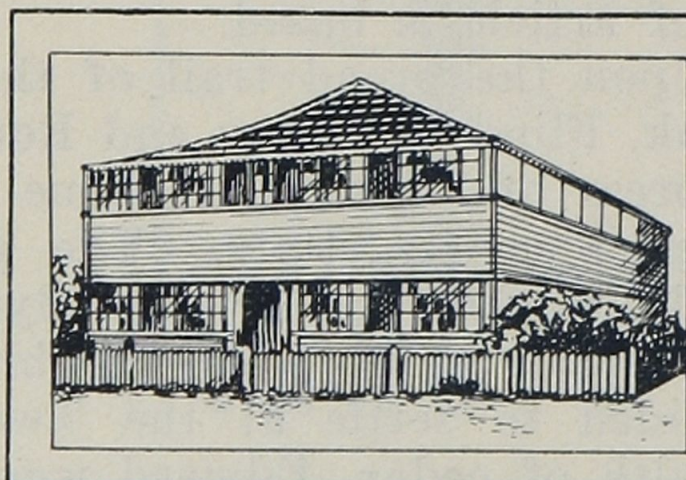
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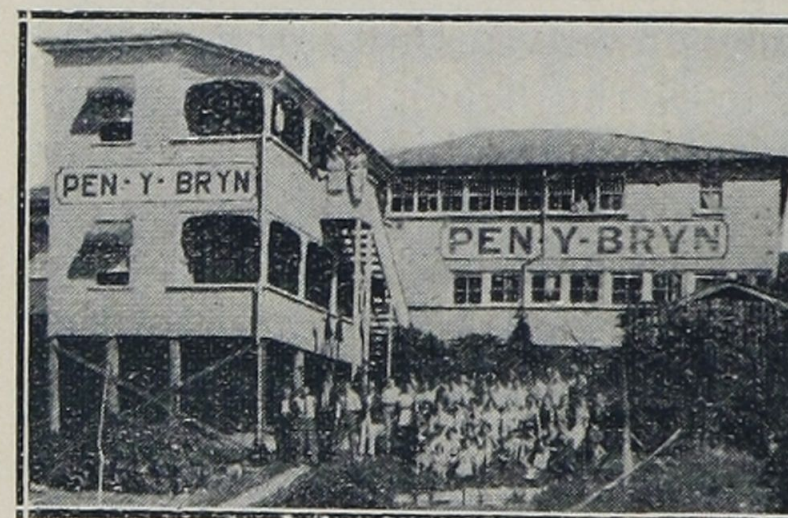
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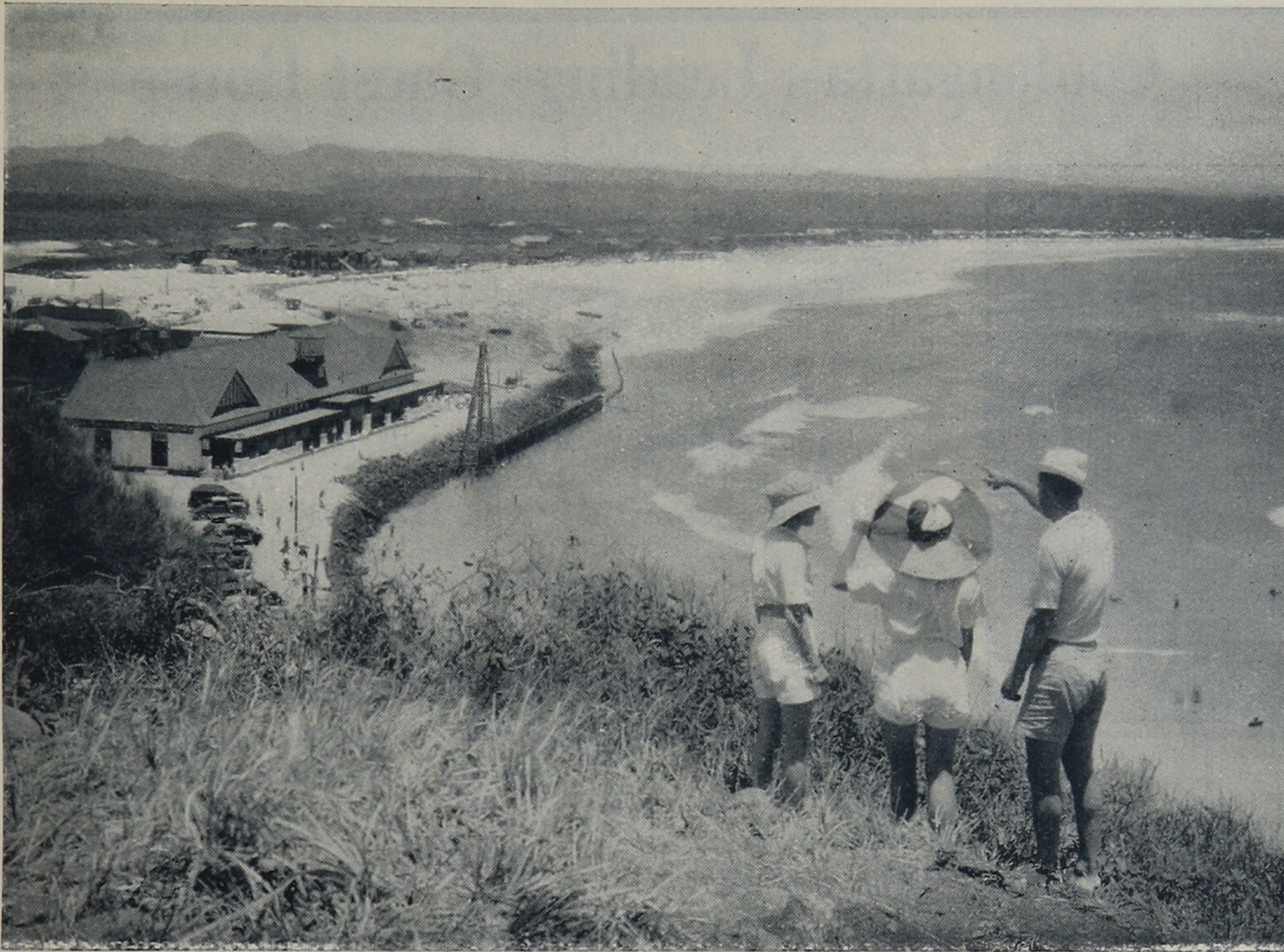
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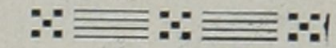
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❖❖❖❖❖
 LOOKING NORTH FROM
 KIRRA HILL.



As the schooner had arrived earlier than expected, John Boyd was not there to meet the "Ebenezer." When rowing down from Terranora to the river mouth an aborigine in the bows of the boat exclaimed: "See um piccaninny!" Boyd rowed to the spot indicated and was horrified to find the bodies of his wife and infant son floating in on the tide!

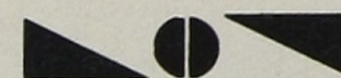
grounded on the North Spit, near Lover's Rock. The passengers were safely landed on a sandbank near the shore, but when night fell without the vessel being refloated they were forced to go on board again through fear of the aborigines. During the night a terrific gale pounded the little craft against the iron-bound rocks of Point Danger. Edward Boyd, though not a swimmer, managed to save his wife, but all the others perished. And she, too, died shortly after through shock.

The tiny settlement at Tweed Heads was known for some time as Terranora, though actually that was the name of the locality a few miles up the left arm of the river where the Government dry dock is situated. The Tweed township also was known as "Village of Cooloon." Coolangatta was named as the result of a shipping disaster in the early "sixties," when a top-sail schooner of 40 tons engaged in the cedar trade came to grief in Rainbow Bay. Unable to cross the Tweed bar the vessel anchored about half a mile north of Kirra Hill, but a fierce gale drove her ashore near the mouth of the

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creek which now bears its name.

According to time honoured custom in Queensland, a town is deemed to have its birth from the first sale of allotments for town sites. The first land sale in Coolangatta was held on March 22nd, 1884, when the Government offered 284 allotments, embracing the whole of the sea frontage from Point Danger to Kirra Hill and extending back to the crest of Mt. Murraba. Thus, although Tweed Heads is really an older settlement, it will not celebrate its golden jubilee until 1937, as the first sales of town allotments were not held until 1887.

TWEED VALLEY AND TERRANORA LAKES.

There are an endless number and variety of scenic attractions in the Coolangatta-Tweed Heads regions. The picturesque valley, the placid lakes, majestic forelands, the chain of surfing beaches, and hills, always hills, veiled in the beautiful blue of distance, all possess a charm which will prove irresistible. On the river you might meet a small steamer towing a fleet of barges loaded to the water's edge with sugar cane, bound up-stream to the crushing mill at Condong. You will pass through quaint villages, some seated right on the banks of the river like Tubungan, or see fishermen mending their nets at Chinderah—

*“I love to see old fishermen,
Weather-beaten and weather-wise,
Repair their nets or shrewdly scan
The sky with calm, reflective eyes.”*

Perhaps you will see kanakas working in the fields—descendants of the early indented labourers; and journeying further afield visit the wealthy town of Murwillumbah, or the pretty seaside resort at Byron Bay. Rich sub-tropical vegetation will be

seen on all sides; but the best example of what these fertile dairying and agricultural districts looked like before settlement and cultivation will be seen on Palm Island, a scenic reserve in the Tweed River. And then one will pay humble acknowledgment to the splendid work of the pioneers who turned a riotous wilderness into a land of smiling peace and plenty.

Although the natural features of the border towns are sufficient inducements for most holiday parties in search of surfing, fishing, boating, and the many forms of sport offered on greens and links, tennis courts, and dance floors, the civic authorities have adopted an ambitious programme of extensive local improvements. During the last few years between £20,000 and £30,000 have been spent on street footpath and kerbing works, and a water supply system was installed at a cost of £78,000. A magnificent surf pavilion has been erected at Kirra at a cost of £7,300, and a smaller building will shortly be constructed at Greenmount. Other major improvements include the reclamation of an extensive area of low-lying land near Kirra beach, and the improvement of foreshores. But perhaps the visitor will be most impressed with the beautiful effect of ornamental shade trees. Hundreds of stately Norfolk Island pines have been planted along most of the streets, and are truly a delightful sight. Marine Parade will, in a few years, be one of the most picturesque pleasancess along the Queensland littoral.

Coolangatta's normal population is about 3,000, but between October and May there is an influx of more than 20,000 holiday-makers. During the winter months the climate of the South Coast is delightful—in fact it is even warmer than Brisbane.

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*"To thee the noises of this violent time
Are far, faint whispers; and, from age to age,
Within the world and yet apart from it,
Thou standest! Round thy lordly capes the sea
Rolls on with a superb indifference
For ever; in thy deep, green, gracious glens
The silver fountains sing for ever. Far
Above dim ghosts of waters in the caves,
The royal robe of morning on thy head
Abides for ever! Evermore the wind
Is thy august companion; and thy peers
Are cloud, and thunder, and the face sublime
Of blue mid-heaven! On thy awful brow
Is Deity; and in that voice of thine
There is the great imperial utterance
Of God for ever; and thy feet are set
Where evermore, through all the days and years,
There rolls the grand hymn of the deathless wave."*

—Henry Kendall.

BORDERING the silver shores of the South Coast are a series of mountains, ranges, and plateaux rising to 4,000 feet—Lamington National Park, Binna-burra, Tamborine, Beechmont, and Springbrook. Here on these dewy uplands will be found the rarest mountain scenery in the whole of the Mellow South.

And the grandest, wildest, most fascinating region is Lamington Park, a virgin area of some 47,000 acres. It is a wild land of deep gorges, canyons and ravines; of precipitous jungle-clad spurs and heaved shoulders of mountain peaks swathed in mists; of cascades, cataracts, waterfalls, and swift-running creeks; of exuberant rain-forest vegetation, and ancient trees. It is the haunt of the Albert lyre-bird, the rare rufus scrub-bird, bristle-

bird, olive whistler, and a thousand other elfin warblers that transform the gullies and glades into a conservatorium of pulsating song.

Not here will you find "bare ruin'd choirs where late the shy birds sang," but riotous sub-tropical flora and natural arboreta vocal from dawn to dusk.

And what infinite romance is there in such names as Mt. Bithongabel, the Lost World, Black Canyon, Valley of Echoes, Lightening Falls, Canungra Gorge, Flaming Forest, Eagle's Window, Mt. Wanungera, Boxlog Falls, Moonlight Crag, Giant's Garden—and two score more!

I fell in love with these names immediately. There is music in them. But to fall in love with a name is like falling in love with a voice on the telephone: a meeting might prove fatal. Not so with these sweet-sounding names, however.

Lamington National Park is one of the show places of the Commonwealth. It comprises Robert's and Lamington Plateaux, off-shoots of the rugged mountain system of Macpherson Range which forms a great natural barrier between the two States. The Macpherson Range at its eastern extremity runs out into low spurs, starting about three miles from the sea, near Currumbin, and rising gradually in a series of peaks and dome-shaped crests and intervening ravines, across the heads of Currumbin and Tallebudgera Creek, Nerang and Coomera Rivers in Queensland, and Piccabeen, Coraki, Terranora, and a score of other streams running into the Tweed Valley. Mt. Merino, which is one of about seventeen conspicuous peaks, is about 23 miles in a straight line from Point Danger. The range runs in a general direction

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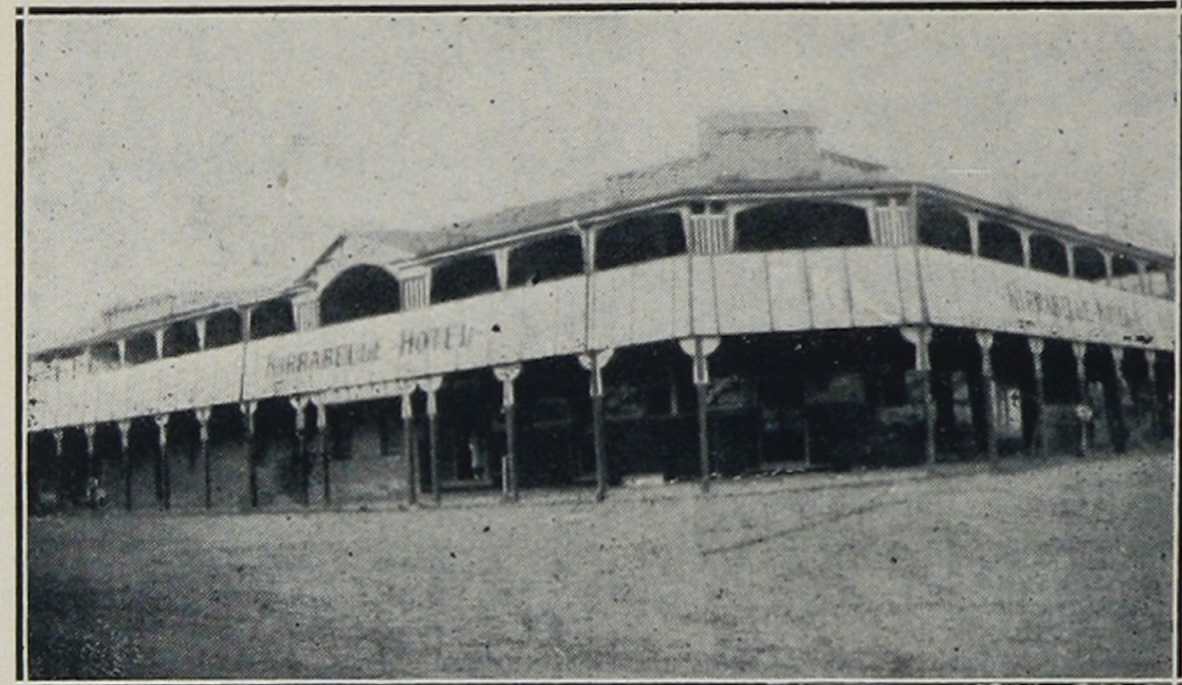
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from east to south-west until it terminates at Mt. Lindesay, some 52 miles from the coast. On the Queensland side of the long dip between Mt. Merino and Richmond Gap rise the two branches of the Albert River and Christmas Creek; and from the centre of the curve on the New South Wales side a range runs south-east and divides the waters of the Richmond and Tweed Rivers. Lamington Park is one vast untamed jungle from the head of the Currumbin Creek to the source of Richmond River, near Mt. Lindesay.

The Macpherson Range was discovered and named on August 3rd, 1828, by the "prince of Australian explorers," Allan Cunningham, as a compliment to Major Macpherson, of H.M. 39th Regiment. Robert's Plateau commemorates the name of the original settler, and Lamington Plateau was named after Lord Lamington, a Governor of Queensland.

And on these unspoiled, wildly-beautiful highlands, among beech and booyong, hoop-pine and scrub-hickory, we can experience that deep, authentic mountain thrill, the soft enchantment of sunsets seen from heights, the magic of chiaroscuro on bluff, gorge, and slope, and the balm of an eternal Spring-like climate.

The approach to Lamington Park is full of interest and beauty—and, let me add, more than a spice of adventure. This lofty region, it must be remembered, is unique in Australia—a wildly beautiful, almost unknown slice of Southern Queensland containing a multitude of scenic attractions and a profusion of botanical rarities.

From the little timber township of Canungra (48 miles from Brisbane) the road snakes out along the foothills to the commencement of the

Cainbale Road, a privately-owned timber route, splendidly graded. And then commences a thrilling ascent, with breath-taking panoramas unfolding from numerous vantage points. Higher and higher winds the road, grander and more expansive become the views. A pause at the summit (2,400 feet) to visit the outlook from the Beacon (a trigonometrical station), and from here we are given an indication of what alluring panoramas are to be seen from about a thousand feet higher at O'Reilly's Hostel, our destination. It is said that the outlook from the Beacon, stretching far to the west past Mt. Lindesay, north to the Glasshouse Mountains, and east to the seaboard, embraces an area equal to that of Tasmania.

Away again, and soon we are plunging through jungle avenues, beautified with a provision of orchids, ferns, and staghorns. From several "windows" we can look down to the left into Canungra Gorge, and away into the heart of Lamington Park, with the border ramparts towering in the background. Pyramid Rock, with a sheer bold face of about 1,000 feet, stands out conspicuously on the other side of the Gorge. We pass near fine stands of hoop-pine, and several enormous stinging-trees. If you are here in November and December you will see flame-trees in bloom all along the route.

*"Flame-trees burn the mountain side,
Clothed in red for Christmastide."*

After travelling 66 miles from Brisbane (18 miles from Canungra) the metal surface road terminates, and visitors take to horse. Baggage and chattels are transported by a team of pack horses. And so the little cavalcade sets off at a merry trot through the forest to the Hostel, three miles distant. The whole journey from metropolis to moun-

tain top can be covered comfortably in about three hours.

GRANDEUR OF CRAG AND GORGE.

One is tempted to relate at length the wonders of these verdant highlands. But they are too extensive in area, and contain too many delights to write about within the limits of this publication. Let me, then, give a few personal impressions culled at random—all very brief, all very inadequate. If, however, I can succeed in awakening your interest in the mountainous region of South-east Queensland, I shall have achieved my purpose.

As I write this I am sitting in the sun-drenched garden in front of O'Reilly's Hostel (3,028 feet) on Roberts' Plateau. All around is an alluring panorama of densely-wooded spurs in tumbled array, with deeply scored gorges and valleys between. Morning shadows boldly define fold on fold of the ranges. Wisps of mountain mist are still writhing on the slopes. There is majestic grandeur from every aspect, every point of the compass.

From the towering walls of rain-forest and the deep-green tumult of trees which surge all round below, come the wailing cries of cat-birds, the almost continuous lash of whip-birds—

*“First a long-drawn swish ascending,
Then, as it swells to the crack,
Like an echo at its ending,
Promptly the hen twitters back—”*

the piping of a company of bell-magpies in a tall hoop-pine, and an undertone of a thousand jungle songsters. The cool air is laden with the delicate, haunting fragrance of stocks and violets, upon which the dew still glistens.

A blue wren is chirping from a near-by thicket,

every now and then flying up to the windows enclosing the low veranda to admire his reflection.

*“Such a little dandy, and oh, such a song,
Singing out your heart all the day long.”*

Every morning he comes to this “Singing Garden.” Sometimes his more sober-suited mate flies to see how fine he looks in the little squares of glass. Long-haired sheep are dotted over the grassy swards on the summit, and from the valley below comes the tinkle of cow-bells. It is a grandly beautiful landscape, possessing a charm which grows upon the visitor day by day.

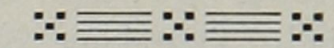
Horses are being saddled for a ride to the border and other scenic lookouts. There is an endless variety of walks and rides to the various vantage points, waterfalls, or other attractions, and tracks radiate in all directions from the Hostel.

In the valley between Hunter's Lookout and the well-grassed spur on which stands the Hostel, flows Moran's Creek. Riotous jungle borders the banks, forming many delightful pleasantries. From Castle Crag, a narrow and very steep razorback, is unfolded a wonderful panorama looking westward over Mts. Lindesay and Barney and Lower Black Canyon. Moran's Creek leaves the plateau by falling some 300 feet into Moran's Gorge, and ultimately junctions with Albert River. Below the Falls for some 2,000 feet there are a series of twelve very beautiful cascades, one in particular—the Water Race—descending 800 feet in a long inclined shoot. There are several caves in the vicinity which were found to contain bones, axes, dilly-bags, and other indications of aboriginal occupancy. Limestone soakage has formed small stalactites, and one large stalagmite.

Westcliff offers splendid views of the western peaks and ranges back towards Moran's Falls,



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 ALBERT GORGE AND
 LOST WORLD,
 LAMINGTON NATIONAL
 PARK.



the Valley of the Pines, where there are magnificent stands of hoop-pine, and, in season, the most beautiful orchids in the whole of the Park, are among the most popular of the shorter excursions.

Lost World, one of the south-west ramparts of the Park between the two branches of Albert River can be seen to best advantage from Moonlight Crag. It is rather difficult of access, and can only be attempted by the most robust and determined explorers. The long and strenuous journey is well

Castle Crag, and the Lost World, in the vicinity of which the Stinson crashed. Flinder's Peak near Ipswich, Toowoomba Range, and Cunningham's Gap can be plainly determined. Below lies the Beaudesert district. It is one of the most charming and accessible of the shorter trips.

The tracks to the Beacon past Blue Creek; to Stockyard Creek (the original pack-track from Beaudesert, still used by the cream teams); and to

worth while, however.

Possibly the most popular and interesting is the Border Trail—more so than the others because of the manifold delights encountered along the route in the one day.

So with saddle bags attached we set off along the five mile trail, and plunge into the evanescent jungle, seeing in every leaf, as Shaw Nielson sang, a "glory caught from a woman's hair."

We branch off the track to inspect the playground or "theatre" of a satin bower-bird. The unique architects and artists, such as bower-birds and cat-birds, have been authoritatively appraised as "beyond question the most extraordinary and interesting group of birds found in the world."

A little further on we turn down another green way to the falls along Canungra Creek. Elabana Falls are, perhaps, the most beautiful in the Park, framed in a rich profusion of sub-tropical flora. So cool and fresh down here at the bottom of the Gorge, the stillness broken only by the rush of crystal waters. . . . After the rather strenuous descent to these twin cascades the desire to linger is difficult to resist. Boxlog and Sunshine Falls are also a sheer delight. And it is beautiful, too, wandering along the Gorge, exploring Tooloona Creek, a tributary of Canungra, and then ascending a track up the steep slopes through Flaming Forest—so-called because of the number of huge box-trees of a glorious shade of red—and Giant's Garden.

But once more on the Border Trail and the endless beauty of the Big Scrub, ever following in the pioneer footsteps of Lord Lamington and Robert M. Collins, who first agitated in 1899 that all this country be gazetted a National Park.

This is the lyre-bird country, so it is not surprising that the ringing notes of these amazing feathered mimics should be heard. Indeed, we were within hearing of the calls throughout the day.

ANCIENT BEECH FORESTS.

In the early afternoon, having climbed, almost imperceptibly, to 3,500 feet, we enter a forest of ancient beech trees, one of the features of cloud-capped Lamington heights. These trees are re-

puted to be of great age—7,000 years is one estimate—and although these figures are exaggerated, the trees certainly impress one as being of great antiquity. They are the veterans of countless storms, their limbs weighed down with beech orchids, and their gnarled trunks covered with mosses, lichens and ferns.

"What ghosts from eerie years have lingered here?

*I feel strange hauntings round this lovely spot,
Shades, even this rare sunshine scatters not.*

*I gaze subdued in worship touched with fear,
So old! So young! This mystery land of ours."*

But here is an authoritative note given to me by Dr. D. A. Herbert, Biology Department, University of Queensland:

"Forests of Antarctic beech (*Nothofagus Moorei*) fringe the Queensland border in the highest parts of the Macpherson Range, reaching their eastern limit at Mt. Hobwee. Favoured the southern sheltered slopes as they do, they extend over the New South Wales border, which runs roughly east and west along the watershed of the range. In New South Wales they are found in the upland brushes bordering the New England Tableland, at the headwaters of Bellinger, McLeay, Barrington, Manning and Gloucester Rivers. In the Dorrigo forests (N.S.W.) the trees attain a height of 100 ft. to 140 ft. and a girth of 9 ft. to 10 ft. In the Macpherson Range forests such as those of Mts. Bithongabel, Wanungera and Hobwee the beeches do not attain this stature; they are usually well under 100 ft. in height and often not more than 30 ft or 40 ft. They have a peculiar habit of growth, a ring of trees surrounding a central decayed trunk, from which they have sprung. Such a clump might be described as a caespitose tree or an arborescent scrub, though it commences as a normal single-stemmed tree. This

type is the rule in the easily accessible beech forests of South Queensland. Seedlings and saplings are rare. The forest is composed of gnarled old trees, and the impression they give is of great age and decay. The heavy investment of epiphytes heighten the impression of age. Even the fructifications of some of the fungi which are the agents of decay are moss-covered. No other rain-forest tree in South Queensland has such a load of epiphytes.

“Popular descriptions of the beech forest stress the great age of the trees, and often suggest that they are relics of an ice age, surviving in the mountains but moribund and out of their element. Such ideas are far from the truth. The beech forests of South Queensland occupy a similar environment to that in which beeches grow not only in New South Wales, Victoria, and Tasmania, but in New Zealand and in the south of South America. They grow in what would be described under Thornthwaite’s system as an A.B’r. climate, or in other words, wet, mild mesothermal and with moisture abundant in all seasons. They occupy the moister parts of the Macpherson Range, particularly where the cloud-belt maintains damp conditions. Surrounded by rain forest of the usual South Queensland type, the beech forests are infiltrated with many of its species. The possum tree, the prickly tree fern, the walking-stick palm, are found in both types of rain forest—the scrub and the beech. The outstanding difference is the dominance of the single species, *Nothofagus Moorei*, coupled with the fact that only exceptionally do isolated specimens occur away from the main beech forest. In those mild temperate rain-forests the beeches represent the hydrographic community. At the other end of the series such trees as the scrub box dominate their associa-

tions, as at the Giant’s Garden on the Upper Coomera.”

We are now along the edge of the southern fall of the Macpherson Range. From the lookout at Mt. Bithongabel—most euphonious of words—an awe-inspiring panorama is unfolded. So very, very few people seem to know of the scenery which is to be viewed from these mighty ramparts. The pity of it! It is one of the most beautiful panoramic spectacles in the whole of the State. The view opens out over New South Wales and the Valley of the Tweed, the Richmond, Clarence, and Brunswick Rivers, eastward to the coast where the “white steeds of ocean” can be seen breaking on silver strands, Byron Bay lighthouse, the serpentine windings of the rivers, Murwillumbah, and other clustering townships, westward over tumbled peaks and ranges in serried array to Mt. Lindesay, back to the cyclopean basalt barrier of the Park falling sheer for 4,000 feet. The Macpherson Range is here S-shaped and throws out spurs which form a perfect maze of mountains—all densely wooded no matter how sheer their slopes may be. On our left rises Mt. Merino, close at hand Mt. Wanungera (4,100 ft.), and on our right Mts. Cominan, Durigan, Throakban, which sends out spurs to Widgee Mountain, and Mt. Worendo connected by a ridge with Razorback Mountain. And in front towers Mount Warning, enbosomed in the cerulean sky. It is indeed a wonderful and inspiring outlook.

A little further along the crest of the range is Eagle’s Window, which affords an impressive view of Mt. Warning. The track continues on to Mt. Wanungera, the highest part of Lamington Park. The Valley of Echoes is among all this wild grandeur just down from Bithongabel. Near the beech forest at Bithongabel a track turns west to

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Lightening Falls and descends through what is probably the most beautiful tree-fern grove in the whole of the Park. For a solid mile we pass through tree-ferns which are sometimes high above the horses' heads. Lightening Falls shoot in a spate of silver into Black Canyon for about 450 feet in a series of cascades which zig-zag down the glistening black rocks. At that point the Canyon is only about two chains wide at the top and scarcely 20 feet at the bottom—a mighty fissure between rugged black rocks, awe-inspiring and gloomy. Black Canyon has been cut during the ages by the headwaters of the Albert River, not by Lightning Falls.

MYSTERY BIRDS OF THE JUNGLE.

These slopes of the Macpherson Range are the haunts of two rare and interesting birds, the rufus scrub-bird (*Atrichornis rufescens jacksoni*) and the olive whistler, which possess respectively the brightest and most mournful notes of all the birds frequenting these forests of mists and moss-clad trees.

Romance surrounds the story of *Atrichornis*, a bird sought by naturalists intermittently for more than half a century. To get even a glimpse of this tiny bird is a distinct achievement, and few ornithologists have set eyes on him. Hopping always under the foliage of low-growing plants, by the sides of logs, in and out through vine-tangles, and even from under fallen leaves, it never exposes itself unnecessarily for an instant. Its movements are very mouse-like, as Messrs. A. H. Chisholm and S. W. Jackson, who have studied it here, have pointed out.

Among the beech forests we may also hear the mournful notes of the olive whistler, *Pachycephala olivacea*. This "mystery bird" occurs in Tasmania

as well as the eastern Australian States, but that found in the Macpherson Range is regarded as a sub-species, *macphersonianus*.

And so at last back on the homeward track as the sun stretches out the ranges and peaks in mile-long shadows. A delicate blue haze deepens over the landscape. Ravines and valleys are sharply delineated. Plangent rays from the setting sun stab through the forest rafters in long oblique streams of gold.

Pulling at the bit our horses carry us along at a smart pace, so that we burst out of the dimness of the rain-forest into open country as the sun sinks below Mt. Barney in a glory of red and gold. It is a truly wondrous sight—range upon range wrapped in a delicate sleeping veil of love-in-the-mist blue—range on range fading away to where peaks are sharply silhouetted against the western flush. It is a scene of indescribable loveliness. Riders and horses stand a long while gazing upon these far horizons. Never before have I seen such exquisite subtleties of blue tones. The sweet scent of some wild flowering shrub is in the air, blending with the sharp cool breath of evening and the wholesome smell of horses. We lingered on and on, listening to the last songs of sleepy birds, and the plaintive call of a currawong from the edge of the rain-forest—Nature's Angelus bells.

"Currawong, currawong, currawong,
a lonesome call, a poignant call;
currawong, currawong, currawong,
dusk's calls are sadd'st of all."

The unseen bird seems to be calling for an answer that never comes, or perhaps is inaudible to the ear of man. The light is drained from the sky minute by minute, and the little throatful hearache calls on and on into the gathering darkness. . . .

TAMBORINE AND BEECHMONT.

*"Here is a quiet place
Of little streams;
Runs the creek drowsily
And the sun gleams
Softly, as old men smile,
Deep in their dreams.
Here is green gentleness
Of hills and trees,
Where the sharp winds become
Shy as a breeze.
Here is heart's happiness
And a great ease.
Nothing is here to veil
Beauty's bright face.
Dawn comes on silent feet,
Noon with glad grace,
Night folds her starry wings
On this calm place."*

—D. L. Waraker.

SOME fifty miles south from Brisbane there is a flat-topped, isolated mountain bearing the sweet-sounding name Tamborine—the Tchambreen (wild lime-tree) of the aborigines.

An off-shoot of the Macpherson Range, it is one of the most beautiful of the mountain resorts of Southern Queensland. Although only 1,801 feet at the highest point, Mt. Tamborine possesses a delightfully cool climate and a wealth of bird and plant life which, particularly in the virgin jungle reserves, equals in beauty and interest that on the cloud-capped heights of Lamington Park.

Indeed, the salubrious climate, proximity to the surfing beaches, and the rich flora and fauna make Tamborine a very popular tourist resort throughout the year, and the mecca of entomo-

logists and naturalists from all over the Commonwealth.

Tamborine Mountain forms part of the coastal range and divides the Albert River from Pimpama, Coomera, and Nerang systems. The plateau lies, roughly, north and south, and is about seven miles in length, while the greatest width is three miles. The sea-board is about twelve miles distant. The northern, eastern, and western walls are precipitous and grandly beautiful; the southern extremity slopes down into Canungra Valley.

Beechmont (1,866 feet) is situated a few miles south of Tamborine, and possesses similar scenic, climatic, and botanic attractions. From several vantage points marvellous panoramas are unfolded over range and ravine to the coast, some nineteen miles away, and west to the wonderland of Lamington. The mountain divides the waters of Nerang and Coomera Rivers. A gorge cuts the mountain into two spurs, between which springs Back Creek and flows in a series of cascades and waterfalls finally to junction with Nerang River. Beechmont is reached by a branch road from Canungra, through a pass in the Darlington Range, or by the Nerang Valley Road.

Service cars run regularly from Brisbane to the hotels and guest houses on the mountains. Accommodation and service are good, and the tariffs reasonable. Full details are set out in a separate publication.

*"Ah, memories of dear delights
In the tall scrubs of Eagle Heights,
Haunt of the watchful sly wild thing,
Flutter of leaf and flick of wing."*

So wrote James Devaney, a Queensland

author, poet, and naturalist, himself a great lover of Tamborine and the "dear wee pixies of the dancing leaves."

It is, indeed, a pleasant experience to stroll through the leafy pathways and sun-dappled lanes of Tamborine and Beechmont, listening to the jungle chorus and whisper-song of elfin warblers. Both mountains are bountifully clothed (although much of the riotous vegetation on the summits has now been cleared by settlers, with what botanists term rain-forest or brush, vegetation which accords with the rich jungles of the tropics. It is claimed that it possesses many of the elements which go to make up an Indo-Malayan rain-forest.

How delightful it is to awake to the matin song of these silver-throated songsters! The rich voice of the Prince Albert lyre-bird rings through the morning mists, echoing down gorge and gully. While lesser birds are but cheeping in a tentative manner at dawn on a day in July, one of these master-mockers wakes the morning with his challenging carols, interspersed with songs and calls and chatter, all the voices of jungle and forest issuing from one flexible throat.

The glorious climate and exuberant sub-tropical vegetation on these dewy highlands are truly delightful. In the unspoiled reserves on Tamborine, such as the Government sanctuary, Macdonald Park and Franklin Reserve, will be found the true rain-forest type of vegetation—very tall trees with luxuriant top foliage, creepers, palms, ferns, lilies, and abundant undergrowth, particularly along the watercourses.

Here is a world of eternal twilight. Tall, graceful piccabean palms, flame-trees (rich scarlet in summer), the equally flamboyant wheel-of-fire trees,

scrub hickory, crow's-foot elm with huge buttressed roots and parasitic fig-trees, all latticed and plumed with ferns, lichens and orchids (seventy varieties), stag and elk-horns, crow's nests, mosses and various fungi (some luminiscent), monkey-ropes, trailing creepers, and lawyer and wait-a-while vines. And there are an infinite number of other ferns and plants which all mingle and meet and interlace in riotous profusion in these rain-forest zones. As James Devaney sings in "Earth Kindred":

*"This way and that the tall trees lean
And every hole is shaggy green,
For lichens and deep nap of moss
Clothe rocky faces and emboss
Tremendous trunks that rise up sheer
To the dim roof and disappear."*

Pademelons and wallabies feed on the edge of the Big Scrub at evenfall; butterflies of various kinds hover above aromatic bush flowers and fragrant garden blooms; and the song of birds is ever-present.

And if you tire of walks through palm grove and forest glade, and wish to horse ride, Tamborine and Beechmont are ideal for such enjoyment. Wide grasslands and long laneways offer opportunities for thrilling gallops and canters.

Perhaps the most interesting botanical rarity found on Tamborine is "Great Grandfather Peter"—a giant cycad, *Macrozamia Denisonii*. It has been claimed that the oldest living things in the world to-day are the macrozamia palms, which occur in small patches in various parts of Australia, and are especially numerous on Mt. Tamborine. Here is a brief note by Dr. D. A. Herbert (Biology Department, University of Queensland), who assisted to put Grandfather Peter together again when last year he was cut down by vandals:

“*Macrozamia Denisonii* is a giant cycad found in some of the ranges of Southern Queensland where it occasionally reaches a height of 18 feet to 20 feet. The largest of the Tamborine specimens is approximately 20 feet, and has three branches. There is another almost as tall, but unbranched, at Mapleton, Blackall Range. Undoubtedly these giants are of a great age—thousands of years old—but no accurate estimate has yet been made. The age is ascertained by counting the number of leaves produced each year, and the total number of leaf-scars on the trunk. There is no danger of the extinction of *Macrozamia Denisonii*. The large pineapple-shaped cones are produced regularly by the female plants and germinate readily. Numerous seedlings are always to be found. In North Queensland, cycads as large as Grandfather Peter are common. They, however, belong to different species.”

It is, indeed, thought-provoking to stand before this ancient palm and realise that it was growing there long before the birth of Christ. Some years ago an American professor who was travelling the world in search of data relating to macrozamia palms stated that Great Grandfather Peter was 15,000 years of age, and the oldest living thing on earth. A cone weighing 85 lbs. and containing 151 seeds was sent to America. To-day descendants of this Tamborine cycad are growing in every National Park in U.S.A.

By the way, Dr. Herbert told me that Great Grandfather Peter is really a Great Grandmother!

From Eagle Heights is revealed an incomparable view sweeping over valleys and ranges north to Moreton Island, and to Tweed Heads in the south, with the surf breaking on Southport and Burleigh strands plainly discernible.

In the vicinity of the ideally situated and picturesque Eagle Heights Hotel are the beautiful Palm Grove, Jenyn's Falls, and several other waterfalls along the sun-dappled Wonga-wallan track. The gardens of local residents are justly admired by all who holiday in this region. A visit to North Tamborine School to inspect the collection of butterflies, moths and beetles is something in the nature of a revelation. The schoolmaster, Mr. Bartlett, possesses a private collection which is said to be rivalled only by the “Butterfly Man” of Kuranda, North Queensland.

Curtis Falls, framed in a rich profusion of ferns, vines and palms, is passed on the road leading up the mountain. On North Tamborine are the Cedar Creek falls and cascades, the largest on the mountain. From The Knoll, overlooking Mundoolun and other pastoral properties and Tamborine Siding, there is a glorious sweep of forest and clearings away from the silver trails of the Albert and Logan Rivers, Beaudesert district, Birnam Range, past Flinder's Peak and Fassifern district, to the Main Range. From the top of St. Bernard Falls, adjacent to the hotel on the eastern side of the mountain, one looks down into Guanaba Gorge, which lies between two spurs. The Gorge provides entrancing scenery, being filled with very dense vegetation. Frowning cliffs of trachyte occur on the left-hand side, and wooded slopes on the right. The Coomera River shimmers in the distance, and beyond is the ocean.

From Wilson's Lookout on the eastern escarpment a magnificent panorama is afforded on a clear day of Coomera Valley, with the silver loops and bends of Nerang and Coomera River winding to the sea. Beechmont, Darlington Range, and the rugged ramparts of Macpherson Range pile away

into the sapphire-misted distance. Mt. Warning's majestic peak, twenty-eight miles away in New South Wales towers plainly through a gap in the border ranges. The Western Cliff drive and Lahey's Lookout also provide alluring panoramas of valleys and ranges. Guanaba Falls, Secluded, Wire Rope, and Red Falls are well worth visiting.

Orange orchards, farms, and dairying areas are scattered over Tamborine and Beechmont. There are also a number of horticultural nurseries. Flowers bloom to perfection on these cool and fertile red-soil uplands. The large, deeply-hued, and

BINNA-BURRA—CURRAWONGS AND GLOW WORMS!

*"A sunny shaft did I behold,
From earth to sky it slanted;
And poised therein a bird so bold—
Sweet bird thou wert enchanted!"*

—Coleridge.

DAYBREAK, and currawongs were quiring on the steeply rising hillside and mists were lifting from the Coomera Gorge like diaphanous skirts of cosmic dancers.

Amber sunlight filtered through the forest, gilded the mottled boles of tall-standing eucalypts, and formed pools of quicksilver on the leaf-strewn ground.

Having arrived below Binna-Burra very late the previous night it was decided to camp until day-break and then make the ascent to the settlement. And so it happened that I heard the matin song of the currawongs . . .

Quiring and quiring, high notes and low, high and low, a score or more of these happy birds made vocal the hillside.

Victor Daley has sung of the vocal woods of Dandenong, Kendall of his bell-birds, and the "trolling in a

exquisitely-scented Tamborine violets are eagerly sought in Brisbane.

Among the most salient memories of Tamborine are the beauty and cathedral-quietness of the Palm Grove, mountain mists playing among the leaves of those grand old gum-trees in front of Eagle Heights Hotel, and the long fingers of red road winding across emerald fields:

*"But I remember on Tamborine
A red road winding among the green,
Down the hollow and up the side,
Over the clearing windy-wide."*

nuptial melody" of Frank Williamson's magpies strikes one of the sweetest notes in Australian poesy—

*"Just to hear the magpies warble in the blue-gums
on the hill,
When the frail green flower of twilight in the sky is
lingering still. . . ."*

But for me, the memory of the ecstatic orchestration by this company of currawongs one sunshiny morning on a mountain-top will always "fill my heart with music as I loiter on my way."

Cat-birds yowled from the fringe of the rain-forest, whip-birds urged on their phantom teams, and a Noisy Pitta or Dragon-bird was heard in search of snails . . .

Birds express all that is beautiful, joyous, care-free in Nature; and through association with the bushland, inspire us with a profound love of country.

Yet even to this day unenlightened writers perpetuate the old libel about songless birds and scentless flowers of the Australian bush.

The prevailing aspect of the Australian bush is

commonly said to be of monotony and melancholy. That is the aspect, as Havelock Ellis pointed out many years ago, emphasised by Marcus Clarke in an impressive passage which often has been quoted and not seldom imitated. In the interesting preface to a collection of short stories of Australia reprinted from the "Bulletin," the most notably characteristic of Australian journals, A. G. Stephens protested, not without reason, against the prevalence of this belief in the melancholy of the bush. It is, he says, a misconception fostered by Englishmen; yet in the typical Australian story to which his remarks are prefixed there are few descriptions of the bush which fail to confirm the impression Stephens stated to be false. It is not difficult to see why those who attempt to describe the bush usually fall back so easily on the epithets "weird" and "melancholy." A land in which the predominant tree, the eucalyptus, has the fantastic habit of shedding its bark in great sheets (marking the cycle of the seasons here as do falling leaves in other lands), and where man has rendered these trees over vast areas still more uncanny by ring-barking them to death, a land in which the cries of the birds and other living things are for the most part shrill or mournful, and where the appearance of the animals, as well as of the trees, is peculiar and primitive to an extent unknown elsewhere, is a land that may well seem hideous and melancholy to those who arrive in it as exiles from home, or even to its own children in the impatient eagerness of youth.

And yet the Australian bush is full of exquisite beauty. The gently undulating hills bathed in eternal sunshine and peace, the exhilarating air, the loveliness of Spring when the wattle—the Australian acacia—flings its trailing golden blossoms

over the land, the strange exotic products of this primitive continent, all these things have a life-long charm for one to whom they have once revealed their beauty.

But the vegetation on these upland regions or the Macpherson mountain system cannot be termed "bush." Although often referred to as "scrub," such a word is not only harsh sounding but incorrect. Vine jungles and rain forests are the terms used for the exuberant vegetation which richly clothes the slopes and crests of these peaks and plateaux and gorges and canyons.

And what a bewildering variety of riotous deep-green foliage! Binna-burra and adjacent highland retreats are ever green, ever cool, ever inviting. The prevailing aspect is not one of melancholy, surely—although it might be admitted, perhaps, that the aspect of a towering wall of rain-forest matted and enmeshed and latticed with such an extravagant growth of foliage, is inclined to be somewhat frightening. . . .

From Binna-burra Lodge (2,589 feet), which is on a tongue, as it were, running into Lamington Park, the surrounding country offers an infinite number of attractions to the lover of mountain scenery. Cool green trails lead to Mt. Hobwee, on the border overlooking New South Wales from a height approaching 4,000 feet; Egg Rock and the Numinbah Valley; to the fascinating Coomera Gorge, Hanging Gardens and Caves; and nearer at hand, to Bellbird Scrub, Echo Rock, and other vantage points.

In the verdant Numinbah Valley, on the coastward side of the Binna-burra spur you will find sharply pointed Egg Rock, Natural Bridge, Cave Creek, which disappears into a hole through the basalt, and glow-worms in the cave beneath the



❖❖❖❖❖
 NOOSA HEADS FROM
 THE LOOKOUT.

❖❖❖❖❖

“bridge.”

Thousands of these insects are to be found in the darker parts of the cave, and until disturbed provide an absorbing spectacle. According to Mr. F. A. Perkins, B.Sc. Agr., of the University of Queensland, they are the larvae of a Mycelophilid-fly, similar to those found in the famous glow worm caves of Bundanoon (N.S.W.) and Waitomo

(N.Z.). They are found associated with slimy threads attached to the roof of the cave, more particularly in the darker parts, but also near the mouth where it is relatively light. When the insects are disturbed they make their way along the threads into crevices in the rock from which it is very difficult to remove them. Mr. Perkins

points out that these glow worms must not be confused with the “glow worms” so common in Queensland rain-forests. The latter are the larvae of wingless female butterflies, of which the winged adults are known as “fire-flies.”

No doubt we wish that we could catch these luminous jewels, and like Wordsworth and his glow worm, take them home to delight your dear ones.

SPRINGBROOK'S CASCADES AND CANYONS.

*"Stately mountains, high and hoary,
Piled with blocks of amber cloud,
Where the fading twilight lingers
When the winds are wailing loud;
Grand old mountains, overbeating
Brawling brooks and deep ravines,
Where the moonshine pale and mournful
Flows on rocks and evergreens."*

—Kendall.

SPRINGBROOK is another highland retreat in this Land of Far Horizons which possesses that wild scenic grandeur peculiar to the south-eastern corner of Queensland.

On the Springbrook Plateau you will also experience that deep, authentic mountain thrill, for the region holds within its borders all the dear delights found at Lamington National Park.

Portion of these "haunts of ancient peace," some 3,200 feet above the seaboard, will soon be gazetted a National Park. The sub-tropical beauty of the Canyon will be reserved for all time for the quiet contemplation and delight of future generations of Nature-lovers. It is interesting to note that there are eighty National Parks in Queensland, with a total area of 414,405 acres.

Nowhere in the whole of the Mellow South will you find more impressive mountain scenery, nor a more salubrious climate.

From "Best-of-all" Lookout (3,250 feet) the visitor beholds a truly magnificent sweep of ranges and valleys trooping across into New South Wales. A cliff face, weathered by the attrition of a million epochs, drops sheer for 2,000 feet to the dwarfed tree-tops.

Dixie's Lookout (3,150 feet) and Bilbrough's able panoramas of the Tweed Valley, Pacific strands, and a serried array of peaks and plateaux.

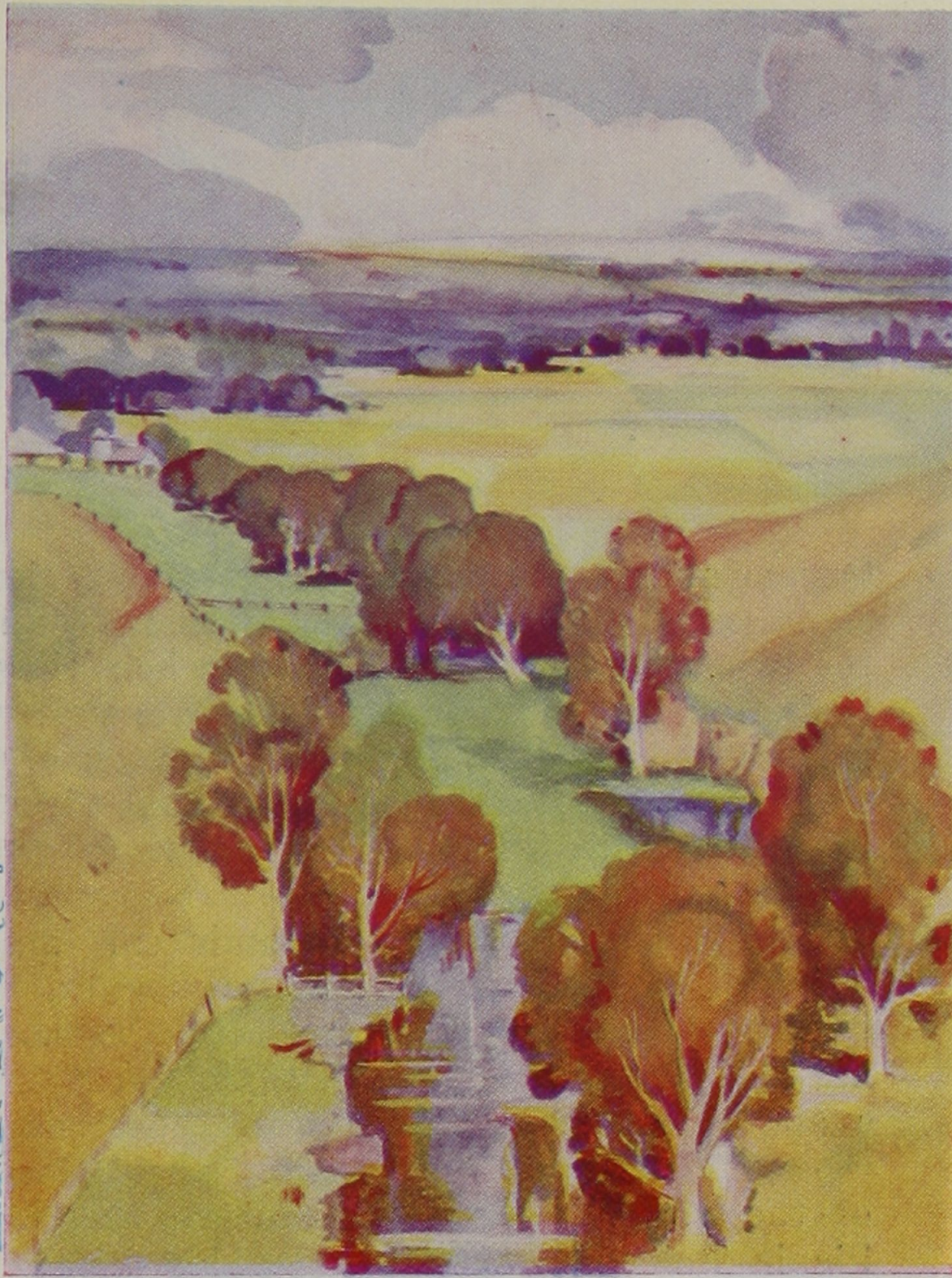
One of the most beautiful waterfalls in this Cascade Country is Purling Brook Falls. Three miles further on is the Canyon into which shoots the Twin Falls and several smaller ones. Then there are Blackfellows' Falls, Horseshoe Bend Falls and innumerable "weeping falls" and minor cascades.

Tumbling cascades and riotous rain-forest vegetation, frothing masses of "devil's rice" and other wildflowers, exhilarating, health-restoring atmosphere, and the ever-present song of birds. . . . When holidaying on Springbrook the restlessness of the towns drops from you like "needles shaken from out the gusty pine."

To those of you who wish to experience the quietude and enchantment of unspoiled mountain beauty, it is to these South Coast highland resorts you should journey, for here indeed you may "reap the harvest of a quiet eye"—and is any harvest better worth while?

"Ne'er saw I, never felt, a calm so deep."



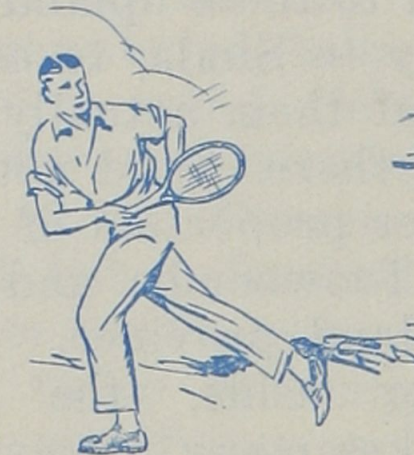


*Soft o'er these friendly Downs the opal mists
creeping;*

*Little homesteads hiding 'mid their clustering
trees;*

*Wheatfields,—low bending, beneath their royal
harvest:*

*And a song, rich with promise comes thrilling
with the breeze.*



DARLING DOWNS . . .

"The Garden of Queensland"



AFTER a tour of the Darling Downs, in which he examined that fertile tract purely from the angle of the agriculturist, Sir John Russell, the celebrated Director of the Rothamstead Experimental Station in England, said that this black soil belt of South-eastern Queensland had only one rival in the world for wheat-growing—and that was the Black Sea area of Russia.

But this is to regard the Darling Downs as an economic asset only. And although this is an important factor from the point of view of the farmer, it has other uses for the visitor, as well as for those who make their home there. There is the salubrious climate, for instance. Not for nothing have the Governors of Queensland for half a century fled to these uplands in summer, like Indian vice-royalty to Simla, to escape the coastal humidity. Some of them actually established permanent residences there. And not for nothing has the Downs a higher proportion of boarding schools (concentrated at Toowoomba and Warwick) than any other Queensland province.

Leaving climate aside, the beauty of the Darling Downs takes many a traveller there. Even

Queenslanders are attracted to crowd the excursion trains which run from Brisbane annually to the wheatfields of the Downs when they are at their loveliest. Visitors from overseas, who are accustomed to the snippety patchwork of crops in England, are entranced by their first view of what seems an illimitable sea of waving greens and browns.

Though the Downs abounds in magnificent "views" and vistas of natural beauty, the view from the Range at Toowoomba is the most imposing—as Toowoomba itself is the most impressive example of urban beauty in those parts. The Bishop of London once visited the "Garden City of the State." As he stood on the lookout at Picnic Point he exclaimed to his host: "I have seen most of the well-known natural beauties of Europe and America, but never have I seen anything so impressive as this panorama."

The Granite Belt, with Stanthorpe as its centre, is attractive in a much less luxuriant, but not less subtle way. It is an austere countryside by comparison with the voluptuous greens and reds of Toowoomba. This granite soil, so rich for fruit, will not grow grasses, and thus the Granite Belt has a deceptive appearance of austerity.

ALLAN CUNNINGHAM'S DISCOVERY.

*"Ah, not in vain O Pioneers,
The toil that breaks, the grief that sears,
The hands that forced back Nature's bars
To prove the blood of ancient years
And make a house 'neath alien stars!
O victors over stress and pain,
'Twas not in vain!"*

—George Essex Evans.

SOME hundred and ten years ago a man, "by profession a botanist, and by experience and natural aptitude an explorer, who had accompanied Oxley on his expeditions to the heads of the Lachlan and the upper reaches of the Brisbane, and who had sailed around Australia with Lieut. P. P. King," left Parramatta, in New South Wales, to explore the country lying adjacent to Liverpool Plains and Moreton Bay. It was from Segenhoe, on the upper branch of the Hunter River, on April 30th, 1827, that Allan Cunningham, the first white man (other than the escaped convict, Baker) to set foot on the Darling Downs, made his eventful start, accompanied by six men and eleven heavily-laden pack horses.

Three weeks later he crossed the Peel, and continued northward to the Gwyder country, hitherto unexplored. He had left the coast range well away to his right, and intended to continue almost due northward to the parallel of 27 degrees south; but his purpose was frustrated by the arid nature of the country he soon entered, and after crossing the 29th parallel he was compelled to alter his course to the north-east and eastward—a happy accident which led to the important result which attended his explorations in that direction, the discovery of the Darling Downs.

On June 5th he observed the smoke of numerous

fires from blacks' camps, and heard the screeching of many flocks of white cockatoos, signs which satisfied him that he was on the verge of desirable country; and he pursued his way in an E.N.E. direction. Crossing a rocky creek, and ascending a ridge upon its eastern bank, the explorer had "a most agreeable, though confined view of an extensive range of open country, which from its ample features and prospect he doubted not would, in its examination, abundantly reward all his labours." He perceived right ahead, at a distance of eight or nine miles, open plains or downs of great extent, which seemed to sweep easterly to the base of a lofty range of mountains lying north and south some thirty miles away. This was Cunningham's first glimpse of the Downs, obtained from one of the highest points of the elevated land lying between the headwaters of Thane's Creek and Sandy Creek. A noble view of a magnificent country—what wonder that he was delighted at the prospect of the splendid results which promised to crown his efforts!

June 5th, 1827, is therefore the red-letter day on which was discovered the finest agricultural and pastoral district in the Commonwealth. "You may discover another Australia," Sir Thomas Mitchell, Surveyor-General of New South Wales, is reported to have said, "but you will never discover another Darling Downs."

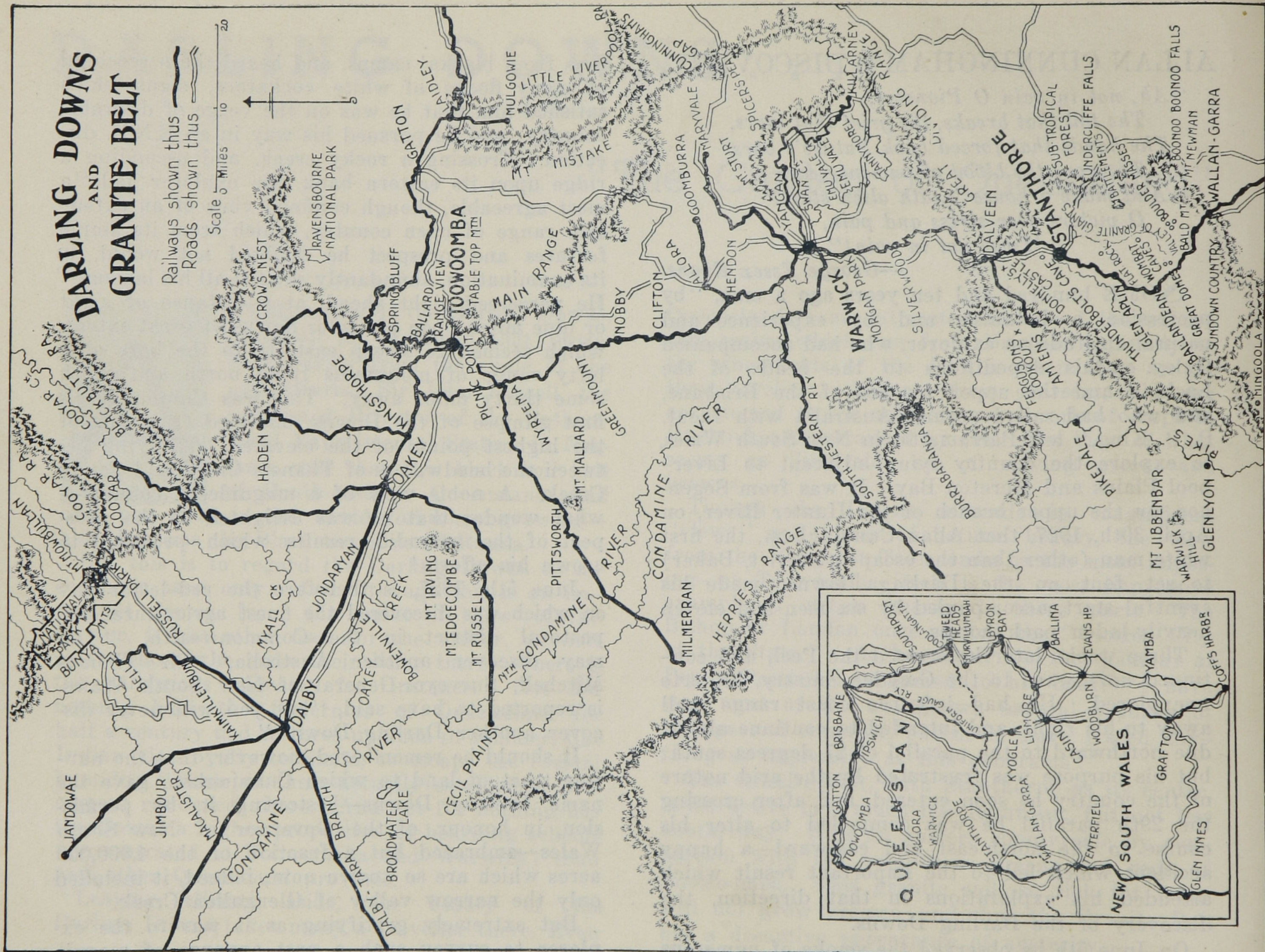
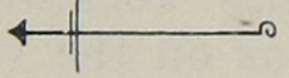
It should be remembered, however, that the narrow tract of land to which Cunningham gave the name Darling Downs—bestowing it, by permission, in honour of the Governor of New South Wales—embraced but a fraction of the 4,000,000 acres which are so known now; indeed, it included only the narrow valley of Glengallen Creek.

But extremely gratifying as it was to the explorer to survey such a vast expanse of magni-

DARLING DOWNS AND GRANITE BELT

Railways shown thus 
Roads shown thus 

Scale 0 Miles 10 20



ficent country—the discovery of which he says compensated him for all the privations met with on his journey of 340 miles from the Hunter—the question that arose in his mind was: From what point could so fine a territory be approached, seeing that the route from Moreton Bay was barred by a range of rugged mountains whose lowest gaps seemed quite 2,500 feet above sea-level. Several days were spent in taking observations and exploring the ranges with a view to discovering a practicable pass to Brisbane Town and Moreton Bay. Ascending the highest points at the head of Swan Creek, Cunningham was able to overlook portions of Moreton Bay. Heavy rain set in from the coast, however, and he was unable to push his observations to the point of actual success. But before descending he noticed a very singular deeply excavated gap to the N.N.E. “to the pitch of which,” he says, “the acclivity from the head of Millar’s Valley seemed very moderate.” The gap itself was found to be very rugged and difficult, but to the south the range presented a moderate surface over which he considered a line of road might be constructed without much labour. In no part did there appear any obstacle to prevent communication either with the southern shores of Moreton Bay or the banks of the Brisbane River. Cunningham started on his return journey on June 16th, and arrived at his starting point, Segenhoe, on June 28th., having in an absence of thirteen weeks travelled some 800 miles.

Anxious to complete his work of the previous year, Cunningham set out in 1828 to find a practicable route from Brisbane to the Downs, and sailed into the river on July 1st. The Commandant, Captain Logan, had recently discovered the mouth of the tributary which bears his name, and

it was decided to make an effort to reach the gap by that route. The attempt failed, however, for the party became “bushed” in the vicinity of Mt. Lindesay and Mt. Barney. The tremendous precipices and impenetrable “rain forests” proved too great an obstacle. Returning, Cunningham and his party struck off for Limestone Station, on the Bremer, while Logan and Frazer, the Colonial Botanist, returned to Brisbane.

Cunningham encountered many difficulties in his efforts to reach the summit of the pass which he had observed from Logan Vale, but by pluck and determination succeeded on August 25th. He gazed down into Millar’s Valley, located Mt. Dumaresq and Mt. Sturt, and was enabled to connect on his map of the country the northern points of his last year’s journey with the settlement on the Brisbane River.

Thus was his great work completed. In 1827 he discovered the finest tract of agricultural land on the Continent, and in 1828 he found and marked a route by which the produce of its pastures might be sent to the seaboard and the markets of the world.

PHYSICAL FEATURES.

The Darling Downs Division is one of the most fertile, as well as the most interesting and healthful tracts of country in Queensland. And certainly no other region in the whole of Australia has yielded more important fossiliferous deposits, or contributed more largely to our knowledge of the extinct fauna of past ages. An inland region, forming a fringe, as it were, of the great central basin of the Continent, it possesses no important streams, no greatly elevated internal features, and few deep and rugged glens. The Bunya Mountains are on the north; the Main Range, with

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Cunningham's Gap, on the east; and Herries Range stretches north-westerly in the general direction of the river which drains the basin. The peaks which spike the skyline from Cunningham's Gap round to Killarney—Mt. Cordeaux (4,100 feet), the double-peaked Mt. Mitchell (3,751 feet), Spicer's Peak, Mt. Huntley (4,153 feet), Wilson's Peak, and Mt. Leslie—are especially precipitous and picturesque as they rise from the general outline of the main mass of ranges. Essentially a fluvial region, with all the chief features that characterise the action of an extensive denudation of the surrounding highlands in remote ages, the Darling Downs country possesses some general aspects of a specially interesting and instructive geographical nature.

We know that these vast alluvial plains are mostly composed of the detritus washed down from the mountain-slopes, and deposited on the top of the basalts which are spread over the bottom of the valley now forming the basin of the Condamine. The soils are in consequence very deep and extremely fertile over a large proportion of the area. Hence the heavy yields of grain and other crops, and the nutritious grasses and herbage which the Downs produces under normal climatic conditions.

For years past, the Darling Downs has enjoyed a reputation for the numerous fossil bones of extinct animals that have been discovered in the post-Pliocene drifts there, indicating that in past ages the vegetation and climate contributed to the development of a vigorous marsupial fauna that disappeared when the conditions of life were no longer favourable to existence. Chief among the remarkable types of gigantic animals that at one time, far back in antiquity, roamed this part of the country, may be mentioned the great Dipro-

todon Australis, the Marsupial Lion (*Thylacoleo*), the Giant Kangaroo (*Macropus Titan*), an enormous Wombat, an immense Alligator, and other associated fauna which rendered the post-Tertiary period wonderfully interesting in the diversity and magnitude of its animal forms, as well as in the luxuriance of its rank vegetation and excessively moist climate. Fossil kangaroo bones have been found in the neighbourhood of Roma and Dalby embedded in the earth about one hundred feet below the surface, and in most of the numerous watercourses all over the Downs abundant evidence has been found of the existence of giant marsupial life as indicated by the fossiliferous deposits so largely distributed there. The basis of the Downs formation is carboniferous rocks, on which the Walloon coal measures are largely developed, and these are over-laid by the basalts and Pliocene strata, wherein are deposited all that now remains of the life of a bygone period when marsupial giants predominated and prehistoric man held undisputed possession of the Victorian plains in the south-east corner of Continental Australia.

THE EARLY SQUATTERS.

Two great movements hastened the transformation of Eastern Australia from an open air penitentiary into self-governing colonies of free citizens. One was the squatting movement, which laid the foundations of Australia's greatest primary industry, the other was the gold rushes of the 1850's which in a few years doubled and redoubled the population of the country. After the rush to Port Phillip and the discontent in South Australia, the squatting interest moved to Queensland, where boom conditions existed throughout the forties. The squatters had spread over the northern ward of New England in the five years



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HUME STREET,
TOOWOOMBA.

❖ ═══ ❖ ═══ ❖

but soon left the main party and scouted ahead with Peter Murphy, a Dublin "lifer"—Leslie's inseparable friend. Two days on from Gordon and Bennett's station on the Severn he was satisfied that he had found a serviceable route, and returned for his stock. This—the first stock expedition to enter Queensland—consisted of:

"400 breeding ewes, 100 hoggets, 1,000 wether hoggets, 100 rams and 500 wedders, 3 and 4 years old. We had two teams of bullocks (24 in all) and

2 drays, a team of horses and a dray, and 10 saddle-horses. We had 22 men, all ticket-of-leave or convicts, as good and game a lot of men as ever existed, and who never gave us a moment's trouble—worth any 40 men I have ever seen since."

Tracks had to be cut in advance in this rough country, for even a span of a dozen yoked bullocks could not drag drays over such difficult virgin lands. Despite this, Leslie reached the Condamine in less than three weeks, without (using his own words) "losing a hoof or breaking a bul-

before 1840. From Glen Innes they had gone to the border; and now in January, 1840, an expedition of Scotsmen followed a track of thirteen years before, past a station on the Severn, on to the north. They were the Leslies of Collaroi looking for Cunningham's Darling Downs of 1827, and relying only on a rough copy of his map. Patrick Leslie was an enterprising Aberdonian, in many ways the very type of squatting pioneer. He set out with his brother, a friend, and two convicts,

lock-chain." There, in June, 1840, he formed the first station at Canning Downs, claiming a principality of some hundreds of thousands of acres—"from the bottom of Toolburra to the head of the Condamine." But obviously no one man could hold such an area with the few stock that Leslie had, and he had to concede Glengallan to the Campbells and Rosenthal to others. Leslie's claim to be the pioneer of Queensland has not remained undisputed. One John Campbell, later of Ipswich, claimed to have been on the north bank of the Severn when the sheepmen came over from New England, and to have set up a cattle camp there in January, 1840; and there is much to support his contention. ". . . I was the first stock-owner in Queensland—I mean as a squatter, there being a Government stockman at Ipswich years before," he wrote in his memoirs on the early settlement of Queensland. But Leslie's was the recognised expedition; it was his track that the later-comers followed, and his was the first permanent settlement. A ring of rivals encircled him almost as soon as he 'squatted' at Toolburra, jostling for the best sites. The Middle District was still facing drought and a crisis, and Port Phillip was full, so that attention quickly turned to the fabled north. Hence, although shepherds were at £100 and £150 and rations, and could scarcely be found at this price to face the isolation and the blacks, an early rush occurred in 1840-41. Sir Arthur Hodgson, a cultured dilettante, took up Eaton Vale and surrounded himself with a Round Table of well-bred jackeroos, fresh from English Universities. Then the Campbells, who followed Leslie, had Glengallan 'given up' to them.

Dalrymple got Goomburra, another bit of the original Leslie holding; the Gammies took Talgai; Thane named Ellangowan; and Campbell, Leslie's

rival claimant, went a little further out to Westbrook. Most of these holdings were the pick of the Downs and have since either reverted to the Crown or been resumed for closer settlement. Still more flocks crossed every month. Scougall, of Liverpool Plains, having heard of the new country, sent Henry Dennis exploring, and he took up the huge Jimbour run for his employers and the richer Jondaryan for himself. In addition, this 'eye-picker' chose Warra for Irving and Myall Creek for Coxen. To conclude the tale, two runs, the size of large English counties, were settled by the Gores—the well-grassed Yandilla and Tummaville. And thus the Downs was filled.

(Cf. Professor Roberts' "The Squatting Age in Australia." Leslie's journal is in Russell's "Genesis of Queensland." The occupation of the Darling Downs is also told in Sir Arthur Morgan's paper in the Queensland Geographic Journals, Donald Gunn's "Links With the Past," and in several accounts in the Oxley Memorial Library.)

WORK OF THE PIONEERS.

The men who pioneered the Darling Downs—the first part of the State to be developed by free men—paved the way for the steadily swelling tide of settlement which very soon followed in the tracks of their drays. A sturdy band of nation-builders, alike remarkable for courage, self-reliance, and energy, they have laid their successors under an everlasting debt of gratitude. Leading a semi-nomadic life in the newly-discovered country, they were daily subjected to hardships and dangers of which the present generation can have little conception. And in certain areas there was always the danger of attacks by blacks. Sheltered in tents or rude bark huts, these young men—many of them highly educated—had none of the luxuries and comparatively few of the nec-

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essities of life. Salt beef and mutton, damper and billy tea formed their usual fare—with wild fowl possibly on special occasions. "Tinker" Campbell says that when he visited the Downs early in 1841, there was but one bark humpy in that part of the colony. Sibley was camped under a tarpaulin, while Hodgson and Elliott had a cloth tent, where the latter, the son of a British admiral, was found trying his hand at a damper, with sleeves rolled up and in flour to the elbows. These pioneers are certainly entitled to a full share of the admiration which has been expressed by succeeding generations.

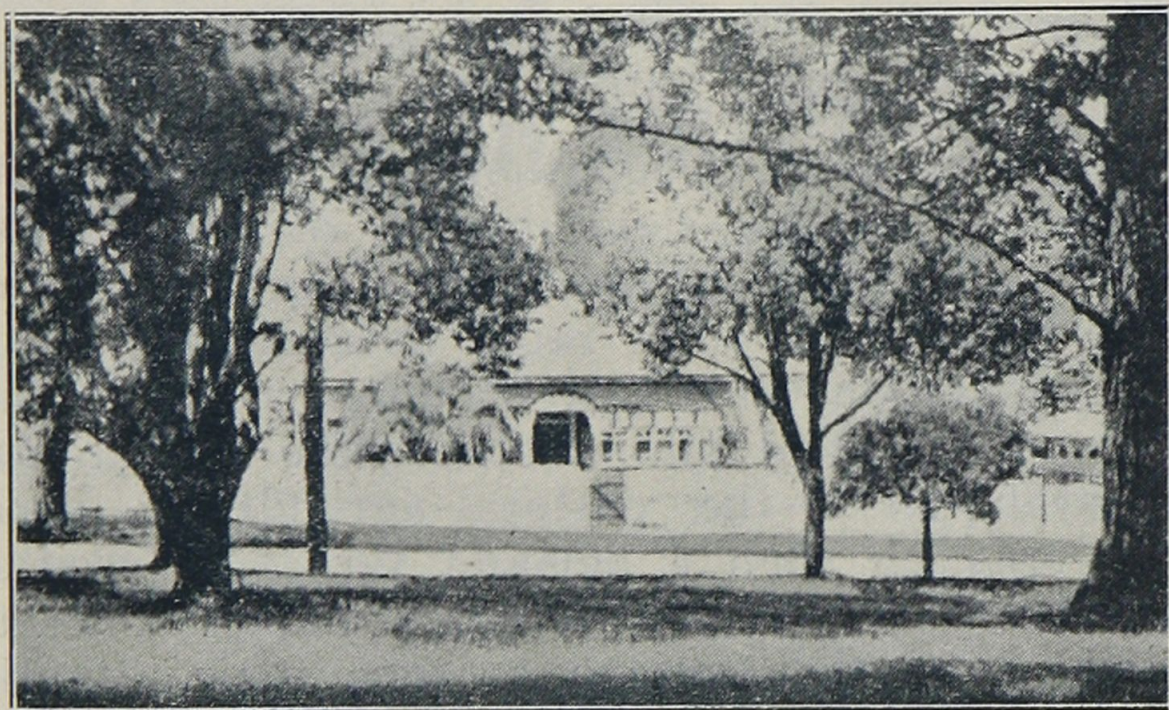
They had brought their flocks and herds to the new territory, and it was essential for the success of the enterprise that means should be provided for getting their supplies from, and their produce to, the Port of Brisbane. But the mighty ramparts of the Main Range barred the route. Although Cunningham had found a pass across one of its lower altitudes, and similar discoveries were made elsewhere later, much hard work demanding unflinching determination had to be done before the roads could be made practicable for vehicular traffic. The squatters possessed the determination and were equal to the work. They formed themselves into road gangs, and drawing help in the shape of men and teams from stations all over the Downs, entered upon the task of clearing tracks across the range, and thus road construction was accomplished. The first supplies for the Downs, brought by dray, passed through Cunningham's Gap in October, 1840. But owing to the steepness of the eastern approach it was soon abandoned in favour of the easier track through what is known as Spicer's Gap. The Government authorised the employment of a few men to open the Spicer's Gap track, money to de-

fray their wages being sent up from Sydney to Patrick Leslie, who was entrusted with its disbursement. Later on, in the fifties, the District Road Engineer, Mr. H. E. Clinton, constructed a new road over the range.

PROGRESS AND DEVELOPMENT.

Purely pastoral occupation was necessarily the first stage in the development of the Darling Downs. But with the discovery of gold in Queensland, there followed a rapid accession of wealth and population, and this brought with it conditions which called into existence the second stage of development—the pastoral-agricultural period—by creating such a demand for farm products as induced many men, hitherto employed in the towns or on the stations, to turn their attention to the cultivation of the soil. The cultivation of maize which had been grown with marked success in the rich lands of the Condamine Valley about Killarney from the time of the Leslies, spread all over the Downs. Wheat (first grown at Rosenthal by Bracker, and at Canning Downs by the Leslies in 1843) was cultivated in commercial areas in the early sixties, and was steadily persevered with despite the ravages of rust and other scourges until varieties suited to the soil and climate were found or obtained by selection; lucerne (first grown at Waroo in 1849) was cultivated in steadily increasing areas; while other crops also claimed attention in suitable localities. Flour mills were erected in Warwick and other centres, and settlement and production progressed steadily until the needs of the producer and consumer alike called for the facilities for commerce and development which railways alone could supply in a country devoid of navigable waterways. These, giving agriculturists easy access to markets, and open-

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ing up the cheaper pastoral country of the West, heralded the next step in the development in the Darling Downs—the transition from the agricultural-pastoral to the purely agricultural period. The bulk of the best lands were parted with to the early squatters, but were subsequently resumed by the Government to meet the necessities of the new conditions. Now innumerable farm houses are to be seen where once only an occasional boundary rider's hut was encountered.

The development from 1880 to 1890 was amazing, and from then onwards it completely changed the aspect of the country. It may be said without exaggeration that no such rapid and extraordinary progress has been made in any other district in Queensland. Under the provisions of the Agricultural Lands Purchase Acts and the Closer Settlement Acts, which superseded earlier Acts, fifteen freehold estates, including such well-known properties as Westbrook, Clifton, Heddington Hill, Mount Russell, Gowrie, Cecil Plains, Glengallen and Maryvale, were resumed by the Government. Cecil Plains Estate, comprising 120,947 acres, was the last property to be resumed (in 1916). The total area comprised in the resumed estates was 376,291 acres, and as a result of their sub-division more than 1,500 settlers were established.

THE GRANARY OF QUEENSLAND.

The Darling Downs in the fifties and sixties, as previously mentioned, was a vast sheepwalk, divided into stations of from 40,000 to 150,000 acres, whose unfenced boundaries were defined by the watersheds of the various creeks, and populated by a mere handful of pioneers. At the beginning of the present century the population had swelled to 50,000. To-day the Darling Downs (geographical division) is a wealthy region comprising 25,825 sq.

miles, and supports a population of 113,000. There are two cities and 27 towns in this vast province. The area of land under cultivation is 590,000 acres, and the total value of all crops last year was £2,000,000. The number of agricultural and dairying holdings is 5,855, with a total acreage of 3,169,096. Every year agricultural activities are intensified, and larger areas are going under wheat maize, barley, oats, lucerne and canary seed. Apart from approximately 20,000 acres placed under wheat in the Maranoa and small areas in the Wide Bay, Moreton and Central districts, the Downs are responsible for the entire State wheat area.

To see the wheat-growing districts of the Downs when the golden grain is ready for harvest is an experience which will leave indelible memories. Header-harvesters are now in general use for garnering the crop, the big teams and tractor outfits in action being one of the most pictureque sights on the Downs. The largest individual areas are probably in the Pittsworth and Cecil Plains districts, where considerable capital has been invested in the wheat industry.

Fifty years ago the dairying industry on the Downs was languishing, and not a single creamery or butter factory existed. To-day there are 5,197 dairy farms, thirteen butter factories, 56 cheese factories, 177,892 dairy cattle, and the total milk production is in the vicinity of 73,779,900 gallons. What a magnificent indication of the triumphant march of progress! The Downs is responsible for about one-quarter of the annual butter production of the State, and factories are situated in all the larger centres. It produces 23.96 per cent. of the total State butter output, and 94.20 per cent. of the cheese production. Numerous pure bred studs are to be found scattered over the whole district.

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The Australian Illawarra Shorthorn and the Jersey appear to be the breeds most favoured, but Ayrshires and Freisians are also represented, especially in the cheese producing centres. Eighty per cent. of the total cheese exported from Australia is made on the Darling Downs. Numerous grade herds have been submitted to tests under the grade herd recording scheme of the Department of Agriculture and Stock. The tests have revealed that production of grade herds is higher on the Downs

than in any other part of the State.

Throughout the Darling Downs, Queensland's most important mixed farming division, maize is second in importance only to wheat. Between a quarter and a third of the entire State crop of approximately four million bushels is produced. That is of particular interest when it is realised that maize is grown throughout the coastal districts from the Tweed to the far north and also on the highly fertile Atherton Tableland. The

Warwick, Clifton, Oakey, Allora, Killarney and Toowoomba districts are the chief centres of production, although the cereal is grown as far west as Chinchilla.

Almost the whole of the State production of malting barley is grown on the Downs, the 111,050 bushels being valued at £19,500.

A crop which is grown almost exclusively on the Darling Downs, so far as Australia is concerned, is canary seed. There are only six known areas in

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the world where this crop can be successfully produced—Angora, Morocco, Spain, Argentina, Darling Downs, and small districts in Victoria. There are more than 300 growers on the Downs, the 8,337 acres producing 3,461,144 bushels valued at £41,383. All the panicum and millet seed production for the State, almost all the grass seed, and 92.19 per cent. of oats, comes from the Downs.

The climate and soil, of course, is ideally suited for the growing of temperate fruits. In the Granite Belt and Darling Downs districts approximately 10,000 acres are devoted to the growing of deciduous fruits—apples, peaches, pears, plums, grapes, and other fruits. In addition, between 19,000 and 20,000 tons of vegetables are consigned annually to various centres in Queensland and New South Wales. The chief producing centre, the Granite Belt, includes districts adjacent to the railway from Dalveen to Wallangarra on the border. There are 3,500 acres bearing 284,893 bushels of apples, valued at £89,940—the total State yield. The value of the fruit industry is in the vicinity of £150,000.

Magnificent stock roam the lush pastures of the Southern and Northern Downs. Sheep number about 2,700,000, cattle 654,000, pigs 66,000, and horses 65,800. The annual wool clip is valued at more than £1,000,000. The Downs thoroughbred Clydesdale, and cattle studs are renowned throughout the Commonwealth. In the “squatting age” some of the nation’s best merino studs were to be found here—Louden, Jimbour, Bon Accord, Talgai, Canning Downs, Rosenthal, Glengallan. Jondaryan, Westbrook, Yandilla, St. Ronan’s, Clifton, Toolburra, St. Ruth, Eton Vale, Pikedale, Warroo, and Cecil Plains. Of these famous studs there remains to-day only Glengallan. In place of the merino there are now springing up small studs of

English type sheep, the breeds most favoured being Border Leicester, Dorset Horn, and Southdown. Various crosses have been tried, the English rams used being of the foregoing breeds in addition to Romney Marsh and Shropshire. The wool produced on the Downs is of high quality and yield, and is keenly sought. However, great weights per head are not cut such as in the Cunnamulla, Blackall and Goondiwindi districts. The average clip per sheep is 6.87 lbs., and for the State 7.74 lbs.

In this Division there are 1,619 graziers possessing a total of 2,619,978 sheep. This figure seems to indicate a very high average per owner; but it must be remembered that for statistical purposes the area embraces a very extensive tract of country, bounded by Goondiwindi on the south and Chinchilla on the west.

The mineral production on the Downs, consisting mainly of tin, limestone and coal, is valued at about £150,000 annually.

* * *

And yet in the fifties Arthur Hodgson (later knighted, but not for the following remarks!) declared at a dinner in Brisbane on the eve of his departure for England: “Who would be mad enough to attempt to cultivate that immense tract of country known as the Darling Downs, which feeds nearly 1,000,000 sheep, exclusive of cattle and horses? If it were practicable do you think that we would not, one and all, grow wheat for our own consumption?” Also one, John Watts, member for Toowoomba and Drayton in the first Queensland Parliament, said: “The Darling Downs would never grow a cabbage!”

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Ridge, slope, and mountain crest,
Cease at her feet with faces turned to meet her,
Enthroned, apart, serene
Above her vassal hills whose voices greet her
The Mountain Queen.”*

—George Essex Evans

THERE is no more picturesque or charmingly situated provincial city in the whole of the Commonwealth than Toowoomba, Queen City of the Downs. The four million acres of the Darling Downs pour out a varied benison of fruit and flour, wool and wine, cedar and cream, which pass through this busy railroad depot to the metropolis. Botanic gardens, parks, residential schools, substantial public buildings, daily newspapers, fine hotels, and pleasant villas testify to its importance—not only as a delightful tourist resort, but as a city of health, culture, and general prosperity. Toowoomba is about one hundred miles from Brisbane, and is on the crest of the Main Range, 1,921 feet above sea-level. The population is in the vicinity of 26,580.

Railroads radiate 503 miles west to Cunnamulla, 122 miles south to Wallangarra, 101 miles east to Brisbane, 54 miles south-west to Milmerran, and north to Crow's Nest (34 miles) and Haden (33 miles)—all vital links of transport which tap this extensive hinterland of smiling peace and plenty.

This Mountain City is situated on the edge of the great basaltic tableland with a vast expanse of mountain summits to the east, and the sweeping Downlands to the west. The blood-red soil contrasts charmingly with the verdure of the sur-

rounding meadows. Many delightful residences overlook the far-spreading eastern aspect, but the city proper nestles within a low gradual valley and overflows on to the western slopes.

From many ridges, knolls, and eminences rising to 2,500 feet unfold inspiring panoramas over the grandly imposing staircase to the Darling Downs. But none is more magnificent than the view from Picnic Point overlooking Tabletop and its attendant sentinel mountains, and extending far southward to the Macpherson Range on the New South Wales border, and westward over Toowoomba and environs to bold Mt. Gowrie and the softer outlines of the Kingsthorpe Hills. From Picnic Point—Toowoomba's turret-top—the famous Toll Bar road can be seen winding past the site of the home of Essex Evans on to Helidon in the distance.

Excursions without number can be made by visitors, who will find much in their surroundings to delight the eye and linger in the mind. A ramble in the morning through the leafy streets—arabesqued by plane trees, oaks, elms, laurels and poplars—or to the Botanic Gardens and numerous parks will be well rewarded. The visitor should not fail to take a run through the farms, orange groves, and woodlands of the Middle Ridge, where at every turn the eye is met with some fresh, delightful vignette. In these suburban farms and gardens will be found growing in abundance apples, pears, apricots, peaches, nectarines, mulberries, oranges and mandarins, strawberries, plums, loquats, quinces, and other delectable sun-kissed fruits. Another pretty excursion can be made in the opposite direction by following the Highfields Road, which winds along the summit of the Range disclosing transcendent scenery. A

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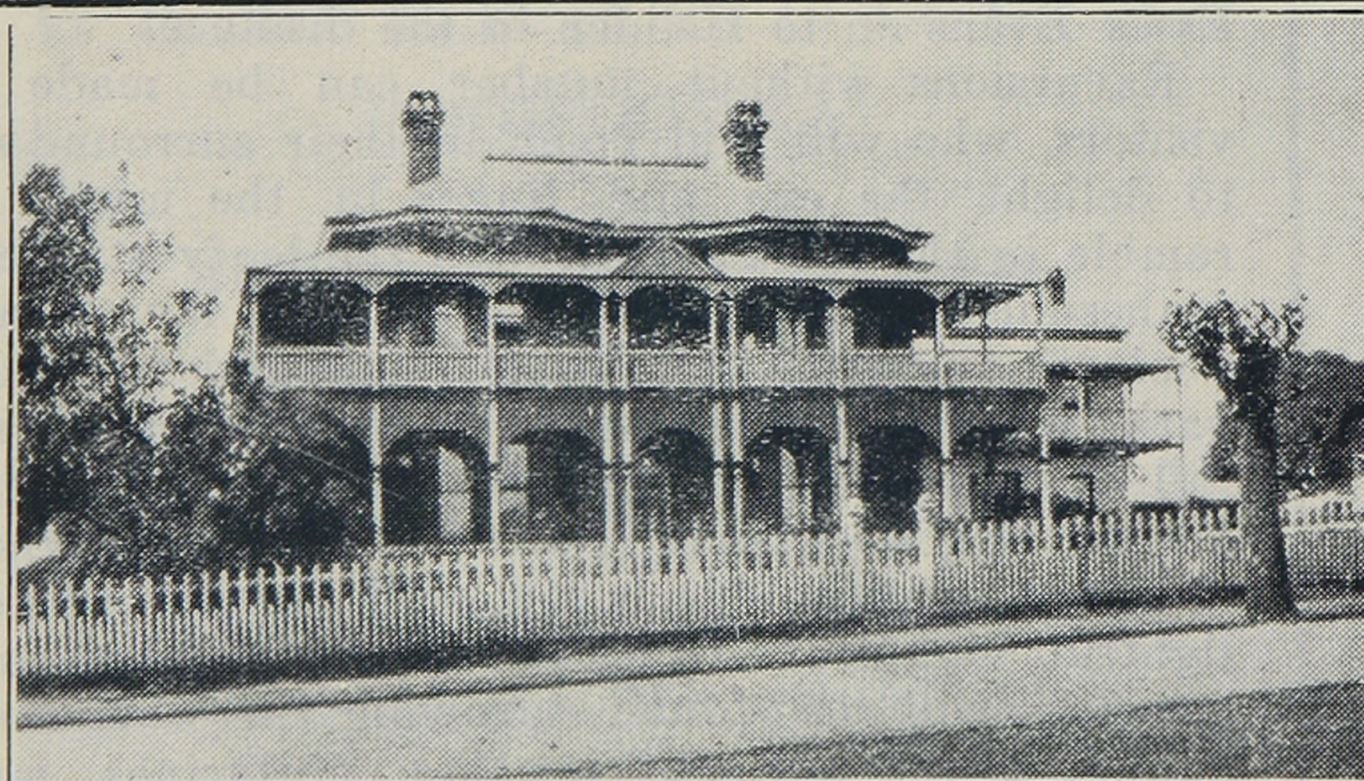
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diversion from this road, a few miles from the city, will lead the rambler to Spring Bluff. By journeying still further past Hampton to Ravensbourne National Park, the tropical luxuriance of the rain forest scenery will recall the opulence and extravagance of the jungles of the Far North.

The topic of Toowoomba's environs cannot be closed without reference to the Quarries—the vent of an extinct volcano. A section of this highly interesting geological formation has been reserved by the City Council for study and research by students. The Quarries are sought out by the tourist not only for their beautiful setting and for the glimpses of Range panoramas which are gained on the journey, but for the remarkable twin volcanic craters and basalt with nests of olivine. Olivines are so common, indeed, that it has been said that Toowoomba paves its streets with gems!

The climate of Toowoomba is without peer. Temperatures compare more than favourably with the cities in the southern States. There are no extremes of heat or cold and sudden changes are most unusual.

The choice of a holiday resort is largely governed by such matters as accessibility and healthy environs. One endeavours to secure a change of climate which will act as a tonic and result in a building up of the system.

Toowoomba is thronged with visitors during the warmer months. There is an appropriateness in its pseudonym—the Simla of Queensland—because Toowoomba has been so frequently a vice-regal retreat. Sir Arthur Edward Kennedy was the first governor to select Toowoomba as a summer residence. His example has been freely followed by most of his successors. Further colour is lent to the Simla tradition by the fact that this Garden

City has become a place of retirement for a wealthy, leisured class—especially for those from its own hinterland.

As residential sites, for nine months out of twelve, the eastern slopes of the Main Range are unequalled in any part of Australia. Protected from westerly winds, the climate is perpetual Spring.

Toowoomba's golf course is one of the most picturesque in Australia. Horse-racing, bowls, tennis, and all other sports are catered for. Riding on horseback over the ranges and downlands is a popular recreation.

Many visitors are interested in the origin of the name Toowoomba. From time to time the name has been the subject of much spirited controversy, and historians vary widely. Thomas Alford stated that he and Thomas Mathewson christened the new township Toowoomba in 1857, which meant in the aboriginal dialect "great in the future." But as "cabon" was the aboriginal word for great or big, and as the Australian native believed in no future worth mentioning, the statement is open to some doubt. The late Archibald Meston, an

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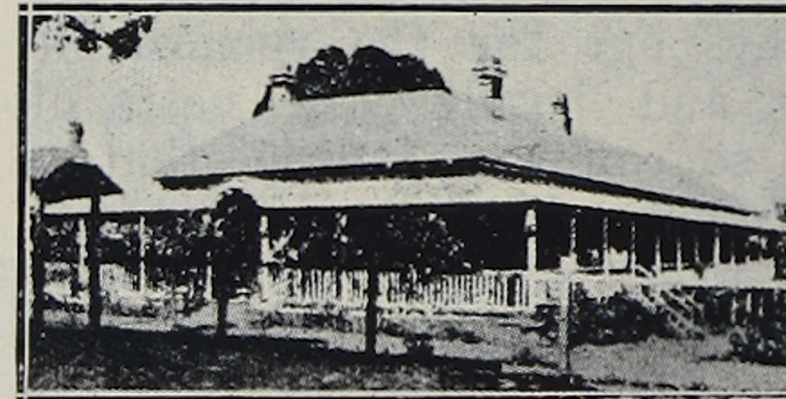
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PEAR TREES IN
BLOSSOM, STANTHORPE
DISTRICT.

authority on such matters, emphatically declared that the name was derived from the aboriginal words "twoom" or "choowoom" (native melon) and "ba" (there). But as it is claimed that there were no native melons in the district or within a hundred miles of "Swamp," his derivation is out of court. The Hon. James Tolmie had it that the name arose from a corruption of a corruption, "swampa at the swamp." It was held that the best efforts of the natives to pronounce swamp

only resulted in "tchwampa" which by easy transition became "twamba." However, those happy hunting grounds for frogs and leeches were not called swamps in the dialect of the natives, so yet another hypothesis falls to earth. Essex Evans says that the name meant "the meeting of the waters"; but, then, if you ever ask an Australian the meaning of a certain aboriginal word, doesn't he invariably give that as the meaning? There are "meetings of the waters" all over the Continent! Perhaps the nearest approach to accounting for the name was given by the late Mrs. Thomas Alford. The native name for that part of the country appears to have been Woomba Woomba, and the good lady simplified it by making the name Two Woombas!

WARWICK—WHEATFIELDS AND BLOOD STOCK.

WHEN the late Jeremiah Allman not so many years ago headed a deputation of indignant stock owners to the Warwick Show Committee, beseeching that body to forbid "Dud" Taylor, the local dentist, taking his horseless carriage—one of the first in the district—on to the show ground, he little dreamed of the great change that would occur in this important Downs town by the time it was due to celebrate its diamond jubilee.

Warwick was one of the first towns on the Darling Downs, being founded in 1847. Leslie was instructed by the Government of New South Wales to select a spot for a township on the Condamine, below Canning Downs. "The Pocket" under Summerhill, then a Canning Downs horse paddock, was first suggested as a suitable site, but was not approved. The original township, a collection of rude bark and slab huts, was built on Hudson's Hill and the flat to the northward. The line of what is now Albert Street (then the main street) was the track on which were run the frequent races peculiar to a young bush town in a "horsey" community. "The Flat" proving subject to floods, the town was gradually shifted to its present situation on the higher ground to the westward, an outcrop of carboniferous sandstone. Actually George Leslie had a sheep station where Warwick now stands. The first load of wool from the Downs was sent away from here, and let down by ropes and pulleys from Cunningham's Gap.

Warwick, on the willow-skirted banks of the Condamine River, surrounded by intensely cultivated open downs, and backed by the verdant hills of Killarney, has an appealing natural

beauty. The town's charm, however, is not only to be found in the glorious countryside and invigorating upland climate, but also in its wide tree-lined streets and well-kept parklands. The town has 66 acres reserved for parks—a magnificent example which other municipalities would do well to emulate. Two of the parks, situated adjacent to the business centres, commemorate the names of Cunningham and Leslie. Largely due to the salubrious climate Warwick has become a well-known seat of learning. Seven secondary schools have been established, equipped with highly qualified staffs and modern facilities.

And for all this progress there is, of course, a good reason—an increasing confidence in the rapidly expanding rural industries, the real source of the city's prosperity. (Warwick, with a population of 7,047 was declared a city in 1935). For many years Warwick was hemmed in by sheep and cattle stations until they were resumed for closer settlement. To-day the city is the centre of the richest wheat-growing belt in the State. The district in normal seasons is responsible for a 1,000,000 bushel harvest, approximately one-quarter of the State's total production. Thirty-five years ago the dairying industry was launched by the decision of farmers and local traders to erect a butter factory. This was opened in 1903 and the industry has developed to considerable dimensions.

District production also includes coal, gold and timber. In normal seasons the district produces approximately 7,000 bales of wool from 300,000 sheep. One of the biggest advances made in recent years was the establishment of an adequate water supply, a task which was completed in 1926

at a cost of £150,000. This involved the construction of the Connolly Dam at Silverwood, 10 miles from the city.

Warwick is the natural centre for the great farming settlements of North Toolburra, Glengallan, Allora, and Clifton to the north, and of all the country to the New South Wales border (including Stanthorpe) to the south. On the west it taps the trade on the Barwon and McIntyre as far as Mungindi, including the agricultural settlements around Inglewood (chiefly devoted to wheat, oats, and dairying), the tobacco lands of Texas, and the pastoral products such as wool, hides, fat stock, etc., around Goondiwindi. It is the metropolis of the magnificently fertile valley lands of the Condamine and its tributary creeks from Killarney to Gladfield, including Killarney, Yangan, Farm Creek, Emu Creek, Freestone Creek, and Glengallan Creek—

a populous district producing wheat, barley, oats, maize in large quantities, potatoes, lucerne, dairy produce, and pigs.

The journey by car during harvest time from Toowoomba to Warwick and then on to Stanthorpe is one of the most delightful Queensland can offer.

Followers of the Sport of Kings throughout the Commonwealth will be interested in Lyndhurst (J. G. McDougall) a few miles from Warwick, recognised as one of the leading thoroughbred studs in the State. Lyndhurst stallions have sired the winners of every classical race in Queensland. High Force, The Buzzard and Fox Earth are well-known sires, the latter two doing stud duty at present. On Canning Downs (J. H. S. Barnes) is another prominent thoroughbred stud. Probably the best known sire there at present is Rivoli.

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STANTHORPE AND THE GRANITE BELT.

*"Stanthorpe in high-blossom time!
'Tis the sweetest sight of the year."*

GRANITE and grapes in a mountain stronghold with ramparts of higher peaks and ranges; flowers and fruit and massive monuments to the bygone era when the furibund magna churned with insenate fury; flooding sunshine like liquid amber, and a salubrious climate which is famed throughout the Commonwealth. . . .

Such is Stanthorpe of the Granite Belt, situated at 3,000 feet on the crest of the Main Range, 198 miles south-east of Brisbane.

This fruitful mountain district is a favourite tourist and health resort, especially during the summer months. Golf, bowls, tennis—all the games are to be enjoyed here under ideal conditions.

The Granite Belt is the principal deciduous fruit growing district in Queensland, and a wonderful dowry of apples, plums, peaches and grapes are among the sun-kissed harvest of the orchards. Rosy, full-juiced apples from this lofty district have taken prizes in the London Exhibitions on several occasions.

High quality wool is grown on the surrounding pastoral areas and realises excellent prices at the Brisbane sales. There are about a quarter of a million sheep depastured in the district. Apart from several large stations, such as Pikedale, Terrica and Glenlyon, the sheep properties consist mostly of small holdings. Tin mining is another industry and was originally responsible for the birth of the town in 1872. Indeed the discovery was so large that £4,000,000 of tin was taken out of the ground up to 1908. Dredging plants are still operating.

In the rugged granite country adjacent to Stanthorpe, by the way, the notorious bushranger, Thunderbolt, sought refuge when the troopers pressed too hotly.

Quart Pot Creek, by the banks of which Stanthorpe is situated, recalls the humorous poem of that name written by Brunton Stevens, which begins:—

*"On an evening ramble lately
As I wandered on sedately . . ."*

Several poets and writers who have contributed to the literature and culture of Queensland received their inspiration from the beauties of Too-woomba, Stanthorpe and the Darling Downs. The most distinguished, James Brunton Stephens, was born at Bo'ness, Scotland, in 1835, and came to Queensland in the "Flying Cloud" the following year—little guessing that he was pre-destined to be named "the Queensland poet." "Convict Once," perhaps his most notable poem, was written while he was a tutor to the Baker family at Tamrookum on the Logan during 1869-70. No one could more cleverly crystallise a humorous conceit in witty and pithy verse than could Stephens. He taught at the old Normal School, Brisbane, in the grounds of which Anzac Square, the Tourist Bureau, and other State Offices are now situated; at Stanthorpe (1874-76), Kelvin Grove, and was head teacher at Ashgrove and Sandgate, resigning in 1883. During those years he had written "My Chinese Cook," "My Other Chinese Cook," "The Dominion," "The Angel of the Doves," "Cape Byron," "The Coin of Trajan in Australia," "The Dark Companion," "The Boy Crusader," and many other poems. Among the patriotic poems of Australia "The Dominion" will never die.

Essex Evans, whose memorial is on the crest of the Toowoomba Range, in his fine elegy wrote:—

*“The gentle heart that hated wrong,
The courage that all ills withstood,
The seeing eye, the mighty song
That stirred us into Nationhood
Have passed. What garlands can be spread?
The Prince of Courtesy is dead.”*

Born in London in 1863, of Welsh blood, George Essex Evans came to Australia as a very young man and became successfully a farmer, teacher, journalist and a civil servant. Writing with facility, he produced a considerable body of verse. His best work was not his lyrics, but his poems about the Empire, about Australia, about the pioneers, about Queensland. Evans' fame, it has been said, will live longest through such poems as “The Women of the West,” “The Nation Builders,” “Ode for Commonwealth Day,” “Australia,” “The Man Upon the Land,” “An Australian Symphony” and “In Time of Drought.” When Evans died on November 10th, 1909, Alfred Deacon, Prime Minister of Australia, described him as Australia's “national poet whose patriotic songs stirred her people profoundly in the arduous campaign for union.”

DALBY—CITY OF THE PLAINS.

DALBY, centre of the Northern Darling Downs and one of the most solvent districts in the State, is situated about 53 miles from Toowoomba on the Western Line, and 153 miles from Brisbane, at an altitude of 1,123 feet above sea-level. With a population of 3,445, it is favoured in comparison with many other inland towns of Queensland by being within easy distance of a glorious mountain range—Bunya-Bunya National Park. The climate of this wealthy pastoral and agricultural district

Known throughout Australia as Steele Rudd, Arthur Hoey Davis, author of “On Our Selection,” also drew upon the Downs and the ranges and the men and women who inhabited them for his inspiration.

Steele Rudd was born at the historic town of Drayton on November 4th, 1868. His father was Welsh, his mother Irish; he was the eighth child of a family of thirteen. At various stages he assisted his blacksmith father at Drayton, Stanthorpe, Emu Creek; became farmer, stock rider at Pilton Station, entered the Public Service at Brisbane, came under the notice of Spencer Browne of the “Queenslander,” and J. F. Archibald of the “Bulletin” and took his place among Australian writers.

At the time of his death in 1935 “Bookman” wrote in the “Courier-Mail”: “Australia has produced many greater writers than either Lawson or Steele Rudd, yet none has ever had a greater audience than they. ‘On Our Selection’ has been published in edition after edition since it first appeared in 1899 and it has been dramatised and produced on the stage throughout Australia and Great Britain and it has been filmed as a silent picture and also as a talkie.”

is ideal, combining the coolness of the Downs uplands with the dryness of the Western Plains.

Dalby lands were first taken up by pioneer Downs pastoralists in 1841, settlement being confined to scattered waterholes on Myall Creek, a tributary of the Condamine. In 1863 the town was proclaimed a municipality, and for a number of years it flourished amazingly. It was for a time the terminus of the Western Line, and the transport trade brought to it considerable prosperity.



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RIPE WHEAT,
KILLARNEY, DARLING
DOWNS.

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But unfortunately it was the prosperity of a day only. Settlement advanced west to the Maranoa, the iron rails were laid further afield, and the new townships robbed Dalby of much of its glory. Stagnation and inactivity reigned for a period, and it was not until the value of its lands for closer settlement purposes began to be realised that a new era of prosperity was unfolded. The large stations were repurchased by the Government and cut up into smaller areas, branch railways were

opened, and an unprecedented wave of development occurred. Municipally, commercially, and industrially it rose Phoenix-like from the ashes of the faded past, and a new page in the history of the town was written. The greater part of the business premises has been re-built within the last fifteen years, and with its wide streets, well-formed roads and pavement and substantial business houses, Dalby presents an appearance of progress, prosperity and solidity which is not be-

lied by actual fact. This thriving town on the edge of the Great Western Plains is proud of its splendid public institutions and numerous industries, which include a large butter factory, saw-mill and flour-mill. The Town Hall is one of the finest in the State. The municipal swimming baths cost in the vicinity of £11,000.

The Northern Darling Downs is that division of these Plains of Promise which extend west of Toowoomba between the Main Range and the Conda-

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mine River. For years it was an accepted fact that for the purposes of cereal cultivation—or for that matter all forms of agriculture—the northern portion of the Downs could not be compared with the lands adjacent to Toowoomba and the main southern railroad. A few miles beyond Gowrie existed an imaginary “dry belt” boundary line, and all lands not within that charmed circle were regarded with doubt. But the ever-increasing demand for the rich black lands, the rising tide of land-hungry farmers and graziers from the south, and the rapid advance in values in the more favoured localities, forced settlement further afield. It was soon proved that the so-called “dry belt” comprised highly valuable land with an adequate rainfall suitable for most classes of agricultural or pastoral activities. With regard to wheat it was found that the slightly drier climatic conditions yielded a grain of better milling quality than the Eastern Downs, which up till then had been regarded as the ideal domain for Queensland wheat barons. Now agriculture and dairying industries are developed to a considerable degree, although sheep and wool is still the most important occupation. From the earliest days of settlement the Dalby district has been notable for the fattening of sheep and the growing of fine merino wool. This, always the main industry, has been carried on in the most enterprising and successful manner. To-day the industry commands an aggregate capital value of more than two and a half million sterling. The Dalby district may be said to extend on the north and north-east of Jandowae, on the west to Warra, east to Jondaryan, and south to Cecil Plains. At least 75 per cent. is suitable for wool production and fattening. In normal times, indeed, the district is generally

acknowledged as the hub of the store sheep market of the State. Yardings run up to 6,000 cattle and 30,000 sheep at the sales—a record which can scarcely be surpassed by any other Australian town. The Dalby-Warra-Jandowae district is often referred to as the “dress circle” of the State so far as wool-growing is concerned. The general nature of the country, its desirable altitude, nicely sheltered downs, good average rainfall, and variety of natural grasses, provide conditions which are ideal for the production of high-grade merino fleeces. Clips grown on these pastures often realise slightly higher prices than the average for the sales, and buyers from all parts of the world who purchase stylish, soft-handling wools look for these clips at the bulk stores in Brisbane. Dalby has one artesian bore—the most easterly in Australia—and its warm mineralised water, rising from a depth of 2,500 ft. supplies the Public Baths, where this health-giving water can be used to the fullest advantage. Dalby bore water—known as the “Wonder Water”—rivals curative waters in other parts of the Commonwealth.

Perhaps the most notable of all the Darling Downs sheepwalks is Jimbour, identified with the history of Queensland as having been for long years the residence of Sir Joshua Peter Bell, one of the outstanding early legislators. Jimbour House (Chas. Russell) ranks amongst the finest residences in the State. Other stations near Dalby include Greenbank, Bon Accord, Daandine, Oaklands, Lyndley, Loudon and Spring Meadows. Sixty years ago the country around Jandowae comprised the sheep and cattle stations of Jinghi-Jinghi, Jimbour and Warra-Warra. To-day, closely settled, it is a thriving district.

THE BUNYA MOUNTAINS.

A spur of the Main Range, forming the watershed of the Northern Downs and South Burnett district, the Bunya Mountains, ever a striking feature of the surrounding country, lie about midway between Dalby and Kingaroy. Here on this lofty pine-clad range—once the scene of the triennial Feast of the Bunya-bunya—will be found some of the most unique scenery in Southern Queensland, an attractive health and holiday resort which is growing in popularity every year. Access roads have been repaired and visitors are accommodated in a guest house commanding an “open vision of the world.”

These remarkable mountains, with their singular bald summits, tower to an altitude about twice as high as the bold escarpments around Toowoomba. Mt. Mowbullen (“Bald Knob”) is the highest point, being 3,600 feet above sea level. The wide-spreading plains and parklands of Dalby and district surge to the base of the range, which rises dark and splendid against the sky. Centuries, old, and reaching towards the sun 200 feet above you, their topmost branches massed with orchids and staghorns and lichens, rise the huge russet-brown columns of the bunya-bunyas, the ringed majestic heights of the hoop pine, and the smooth white pillars of the beech, a hundred feet without a limb.

The wonderful, beautiful, and memorable panoramas from the heights of National and Russell Parks will forever be among the most cherished recollections of a visit to the Darling Downs.

THE SOUTH-WEST.

PASTORAL country extends westward from Dalby and Chinchilla right through the Maranoa and Warrego districts. The south-western railroad ex-

tends in shining bands of steel out past Miles, Roma, Mitchell, Mungallala, Morven to Charleville (483 miles from Brisbane and 966 feet above sea level), and then bends abruptly south to Cunnamulla (604 miles) on the Warrego River. At Westgate, near Charleville, a branch line extends to Quilpie.

In the Dalby-Chinchilla district they sometimes refer to events as being B.C. or A.C.—that is, before or after cactoblastis! A few years ago this part of the State was choked with prickly pear—a dense mass ten feet high and a hundred and fifty miles across, and gaining ground at the rate of two million acres a year. Nowhere between a little east of Dalby and just short of Roma could you ride off the road or the railway except at odd small clearings where homesteads and townships waged grim war on the encroaching pest.

Now, due mainly to Government entomologists, all that has been changed. Indeed, the retrieving of 26,000,000 acres of some of Queensland's richest territory from a Waste Land by the aid of insect colonies when all human agencies had failed, is surely one of the most amazing biological achievements in the history of the nation. Ten or twelve years ago the towns throughout the Pear Belt were in an almost stationary condition. To-day there is ample evidence of progress on every hand. Banks have opened branches, wool and stock firms have established offices, modern buildings are being erected to provide accommodation for increased business activities and generally an air of optimism and progress prevails. And perhaps the most striking instances of advancement are to be found at Dalby, Chinchilla and Miles. At Boonarga, near Chinchilla, farmers have shown their appreciation of cactoblastis by erecting a Memorial Hall! Latest figures show that 18,000,000 acres of

prickly pear land have been cleared and opened for settlement in Queensland, and 17,000,000 acres actually re-settled. The area is bigger than Tasmania, and the cost has been about £750,000 or less than 1/- an acre.

Roma, with its flour mills, wine cellars and butter factories, was where Australia's war-time Prime Minister, Hon. William Morris Hughes, worked as a labourer. Oil has been found at Roma.

The Maranoa Division embraces 21,620 square miles, with a population of 13,966, according to the 1935 statistics. The chief towns are Roma (30 square miles in area, population 4,020), Mitchell, Surat, Injune, Yeulba and Muckadilla (noted for its thermal waters). The total value of agricultural production was £50,200, the crops being wheat (167,621 bushels), maize, cotton, grapes and oranges. Dairying activities realised £42,000.

Past the Roma wheatfields and black soil plains the country changes to mulga ridges—endless miles of mulga scrub extending as far as the eye can see in every direction.

Compared with the North-west, the South-west of Queensland enjoys a much better climate and rainfall, which averages from 18 to 25 inches. The holdings are much more compact and smaller in area, which makes for simplicity in management compared with the huge areas further out. Conditions generally make it possible and practicable to rear sheep with a greater diversity of covering. It will, therefore, be found that in the South-east the wool clip varies from some of our finest wools to some of our strongest. The fine wools come principally from the Stanthorpe and Dalveen areas, whilst studs of the bolder fibre may be found scattered over the Maranoa areas.

And so concludes an account of the Darling Downs and the South-west.

THE BETTER ROUTE

CLONTARF
 WOODY POINT
 MARGATE
 REDCLIFFE
 SCARBOROUGH

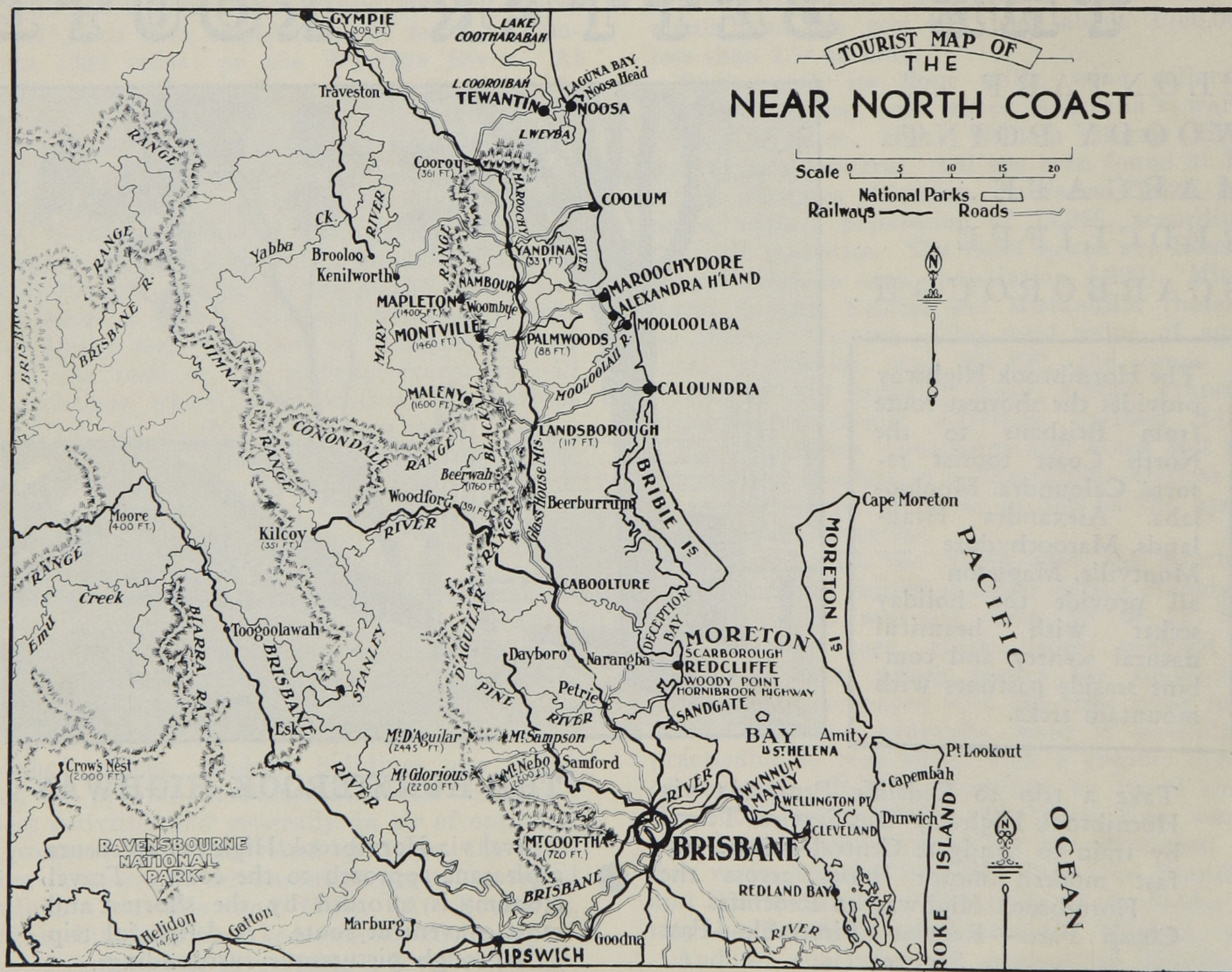
The Hornibrook Highway provides the shortest route from Brisbane to the North Coast tourist resorts. Caloundra, Mooloolaba, Alexandra Headlands, Maroochydore Montville, Mapleton all provide the holiday seeker with beautiful natural scenery and combine seaside pastimes with mountain treks.



Take a trip to Redcliffe Peninsula via Hornibrook Highway 'Bus Service. Travel by train to Sandgate Central—thence by fast modern motor 'buses across the Hornibrook Highway to Redcliffe. Cheap Fares—Regular Timetable—Fast Service.

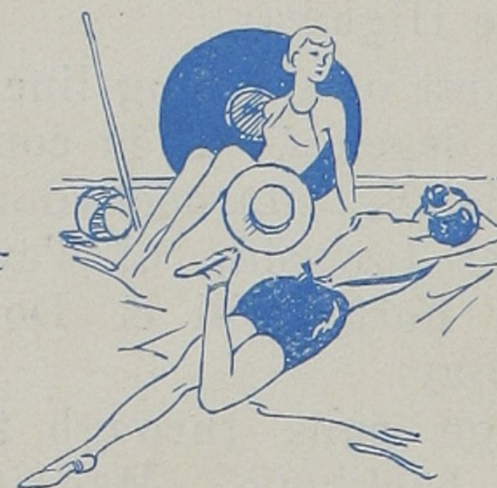
THE HORNIBROOK HIGHWAY

Travel via Hornibrook Highway to ensure a pleasant approach to the coast. Travel economy is afforded by the shortest and most convenient route. A delightful trip through picturesque surroundings.





*Fields of lush paspalum flecked by clover white,
Pleasant creeks that tinkle, through the still
bush night,
Fragrant world—so dewy sweet at early milk-
ing time,
Rich milk pattering in the pails—beats a gallant
rhyme!*



The Near North Coast . . .

“By Mountain and Sea”



ORTH of Brisbane, beginning at Landsborough and extending to Gympie, is a sun-kissed playground by mountain and sea, where little townships smell as though made of pineapples, where range crests are fragrant with orange blossoms, and bull-bellowing waves forever crackle

and smash in foamy turmoil against gleaming silver shores.

The region is called the near North Coast, and is connected with the metropolis by rail and an excellent road—the Bruce Highway.

Caloundra is the first of the long line of glorious North Coast surfing beaches. Then comes Mooloolaba, Alexandra Heads, Maroochydore, Coolum, Noosa, and the river township of Tewantin, and the Lakes. Further north still is Double Island Point and Tin Can Bay.

The Blackall Range runs through this smiling land like a gigantic backbone. Magnificent panoramas unfold from the heights of Montville, Maple-

ton and Maleny. The eye ranges over a far-stretching canvas upon which Nature has lavished her palette of rare colours and exquisite tones and atmospheric effects. Farms and orchards make vivid checkerboard patterns of greens and golds, alternating with the darker hues of forest and scrub lands. Far to the east the landscape fades away in graduated subtleties of blue to where the “ocean leans against the land.”

The oddly-shaped Glasshouses guard the approach to this fertile agricultural and dairying district—gargantuan plugs of trachyte pock-marked by the attrition of a million eras.

They stood there, these isolated hills, majestic and resentful in the flooding sunlight of that far-off day when Captain Cook sailed His Majesty's barque into Moreton Bay. The famous navigator saw in them a resemblance to the huge glass houses of furnaces of his native Whitby, and thus he marked them on his chart.

They were not named—as one southern writer had it, alas!—because they reminded the gallant captain of the shining glasshouses in his garden. . .

IN THE EARLY DAYS.

*"I know not if the ocean air
Can dissipate the clouds of care,
Or if the wattle's bursting bud
Is potent to enchant the blood;
I only know the restless feet
Of time can give us seasons sweet."*

—James Lister Cuthbertson.

ROLLING for swordfish "out wide" from Caloundra to Double Island Point, or angling for bream in placid Tewantin waters . . . hunting red deer in the foothills around Dayboro, or waiting with gun for wild ducks to whistle along Pumicestone Passage . . . golfing at Buderim, bowling at Montville, surfing at Laguna Bay, motoring through the Mary Valley, or boating down the pretty Maroochy River. . . There are pleasures and delights without number by these happy shores.

Your Queensland Journey will be all the richer for a sojourn in this sub-tropical littoral lying adjacent to the capital. Accommodation, cuisine, and general services at all the resorts are quite satisfactory.

* * *

The North Coast, too, has a romantic history. Stuart Russell, Tom Petrie and others recount stirring tales of early settlement and brushes with the natives. Among the Wide Bay and North Coast tribes the escaped convicts, Bracefield ("Wandi"), James Davis ("Duramboi"), and Fahey ("Gilbury") lived for many years until rescued by Petrie. Flinders was the first white man to visit the Glasshouse Mountains (July, 1799), and in 1802 Petrie explored as far north from Brisbane Town as Buderim and the Blackall Range. He discovered the well-known pine *Araucaria Bidwilli* and was justifiably put out when it was named after a visiting

botanist who, in England, claimed to have discovered it!

In 1867 there was the famous Gympie gold rush. Gympie was one of Queensland's most valuable fields. The adventures and exploits of the miners—many of whom travelled from far distant corners of the Continent—and the trials and tribulations and splendid achievement when Fortune smiled, make fascinating reading. And through this populous fruitgrowing and dairying district, over the very roads you are likely to follow, once bumped and rumbled the yellow coaches of Cobb and Co.

When James Nash found nuggets of gold in the bed of a dry gully, a wild rush set in to the new El Dorado. A "road" was hurriedly cleared through the scrublands from Brisbane, and Cobb and Co. started a coach service to the diggings. The service also proved a great boon to the selectors along the route, for previously the only regular means of communication with Brisbane was by medium of Andrew Petrie's covered-in spring dray, which ran from North Pine twice weekly.

Soon a strange and motley procession was hurrying along the trail to the diggings. When the "road" (it was little more than a bad bush track) was first opened there was not a licensed public house over the whole distance, but grog shanties did a roaring trade! But those hectic days are long since past, and to-day modern motor cars glide over the Great North Coast Road to Gympie, once known as the "jewel shop" of Queensland.

The discovery of the Gympie goldfield was of inestimable value to Queensland, for the Colony at that time was passing through a period of deep depression, following upon the failure of the old Bank of Queensland and Masterman's Bank in London, and due also to the scarcity of work for the many

MORETON BAY HOTEL

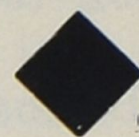
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immigrants who, during the previous years, had been flocking to the Colony.

When, however, the news spread that gold in enormous quantities had been found at Gympie, first Maryborough, then Brisbane, Ipswich, and other surrounding settlements were almost drained of their male population. Though gold had been discovered in several portions of the Colony previously, notably at Canoona in 1858 (described as the maddest of all the Australian rushes where, although worked out in six months, some 50,000 ounces of gold were obtained), then at Clermont in 1862, at Cape River, Crocodile Creek, Ridgeland, Raglan and other places—still few have given such wealth as Gympie.

Within six months about 15,000 men were on the field. In addition to Nash's Gully, there were opened White's, Sailor's, Nuggety, and Walker's Gullies, and Deep Creek. It was a common occurrence to obtain an ounce of gold to a dish, and large nuggets were unearthed. The famous Curtis nugget, a great mass of pure gold found by George Curtis in February, 1868, weighed 975 ounces, and was valued at £3,675.

No longer can Gympie, picturesquely set upon verdant hills, depend on the miner's pick for its wealth. But due to the development of agriculture and fruit-growing and the extension of the dairying industry, the prosperity of city and district has been built on a more enduring foundation. Her golden cubes of butter, made from the rich cream of stud herds have brought compensating wealth and fame in the busy marts of men.

FRUIT GARDEN OF QUEENSLAND.

Blessed with an equable climate, abundant and regular rainfall, and swift fecundity of rich volcanic soils, this Land of Sunshine and Mellow

Fruitfulness annually produces large quantities of butter, fruit, and sugar. Other agricultural pursuits flourish to a lesser degree, and timber-getting is a stable industry.

The early settlers of the sixties directed their energies mainly to timber-getting and cattle-raising, and it was not until the beginning of the present century that agriculture was developed to any extent. The value of the rich scrub lands was not at first fully realised, but, following the clearing of heavy timber and cultivation of artificial grasses, the coastal lands were found to be ideal for dairying purposes. Rhodes and paspalum grasses are now well established, and provide pasturage for almost 100,000 head of prime dairy cattle. Dairying is the most highly developed industry in the North Coast. Nine butter factories are scattered over the area, and annually produce butter valued at approximately £1,000,000. Factories are situated adjacent to the railway line at Caboolture, Eumundi, Cooroy, Pomona, and Gympie, while others serve the Dayboro, Woodford, Maleny, and Kin Kin districts. The factory at Gympie is one of the best equipped in the State, and its output is the largest. Incidentally, the metropolis is supplied with large quantities of milk from the Dayboro district.

The North Coast district has been appropriately named the "Fruit Garden of Queensland"—the wealthiest fruit-growing district in the State. Mild climate, fertile soil, and bountiful rainfall favour the cultivation of both temperate and tropical fruits. So we find bananas, pineapples, and papaws flourishing within a few miles of the ranges where citrus and strawberries are among the sun-kissed harvest of the orchards.

The banana is the greatest revenue producer of the Queensland fruit-growing industry. In the

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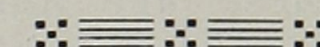
North Coast district there are 2,000 growers—more than half the total number of banana-growers in the State. The approximate yearly value of bananas in this area is £250,000.

Pineapples are closely following bananas in economic value. On many plantations the fruits are grown in conjunction, for conditions necessary for the successful cultivation of one are also necessary for the other. Owing to the increased demand for both canned and fresh pines during recent years, no section of the fruit industry has made such rapid progress. Nambour, Woombye, and Palmwoods are the better-known centres, but now the industry is also well established in the fertile Mary Valley further north. The North Coast produces about three-quarters of the total number of pineapples in the State, the 1,350,000 dozen being valued at more than £200,000. The delectable flavour of our full-juiced golden pines is being rapidly appreciated both in Australia and abroad, so that the prospects for the industry are exceedingly bright.

The pretty little town of Nambour is the hub of the North Coast. The district represents the southernmost portion of the State in which sugar-cane is grown to any large extent—an outpost, as it were, of the great empire of sugar-cane which extends far to the North. The crop is confined to a narrow strip along the coast extending from Landsborough to the vicinity of Gympie. The greater portion is grown in the lower valley of the Maroochy River, where conditions are similar to those of the Clarence and Richmond Rivers districts of New South Wales. The aggregate annual cane production is approximately 60,000 tons, yielding 8,000 tons of sugar, valued at about £140,000. The Moreton Mill, adjacent to the town, crushes the cane.



❖ ═ ═ ═ ❖
 CALOUNDRA SURFING
 BEACH.



Although coffee can be produced successfully on suitable soils throughout the coastal areas of the State, the industry has made little progress owing to the difficulty of competing with the relatively cheap imported product. The only known commercial area at present is that of Mr. J. Simpson, of Buderim Mountain, a coffee-grower of long experience, who has built up a local market for his product. Visitors to Buderim should not fail to inspect the plantation and see the process the coffee

bean undergoes before it is ground to make a highly palatable beverage. Some of the finest quality pigs in the State are owned by North Coast farmers, who have annexed championships at all principal shows. The Rural School at Nambour is largely attended. Special instruction is given in milk and cream testing, fruit packing, and preserving, agricultural and domestic science, and in crafts most required in primary industries.

THE CHARMS OF CALOUNDRA.

*"Caloundra, calm as the Sleeping Beauty,
Her charm is hidden from careless eyes;
Only to those who reverent worship
Where forest scents like incense rise
To dreaming fools in their folly wise—
She shows her secrets—her hidden grace—
Soft as the light on some saintly face!"*

—Emily Bulcock.

CURVING sandy beaches washed by shimmering Pacific seas, gently rising bluffs and rugged forelands—these are among the picturesque features which characterise this charming North Coast sea-side resort. The slopes of Caloundra Hill provide magnificent residential sites, and the surf is regarded by many as the best along the coast.

A most impressive view is obtained from vantage points near Caloundra. For many happy hours I

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J. N. Clarke

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have watched entranced the glory of colour harmony as evenings descend over these happy shores.

The expanse of ocean, with Moreton Island looming on the horizon and perhaps a liner moving into port, the gleaming sands fringed with lacy surf, the far extending beach on Bribie Island and the winding Pumicestone Passage which separates the island from the mainland, the little fishing village by the riverside and estuary, and inland the Glasshouses and the Blackall Range. . . . Whatever time of the day or evening the panorama from Caloundra Hill is one of ineffable loveliness.

"She has dawns of wonder and flaming sunsets!

When soft strange lights on the waters lie

I have no words to paint the marvel

Of opal colours of sea and sky,

When the ocean chants to the day 'Good-bye,'

Ere back of Beerwah the last rays die!

The weird Glasshouses catch the glow,

Then dark with mantling purples grow!"

Caloundra abounds in natural beauty and charming picnic spots. The splendid beaches act as a powerful lodestone to surfers and sun-worshippers throughout the year. On the tranquil waters of the Passage boating and canoeing are popular pastimes, while fishing, duck shooting, oystering and fossicking among the rocks and pools are added delights.

According to the cycle of the seasons the plains around Caloundra are a glory of pink and mauve boronia, waving masses of white heather and delicately-nodding Christmas bells.

"Her great flower plain is sweet with blossoms,

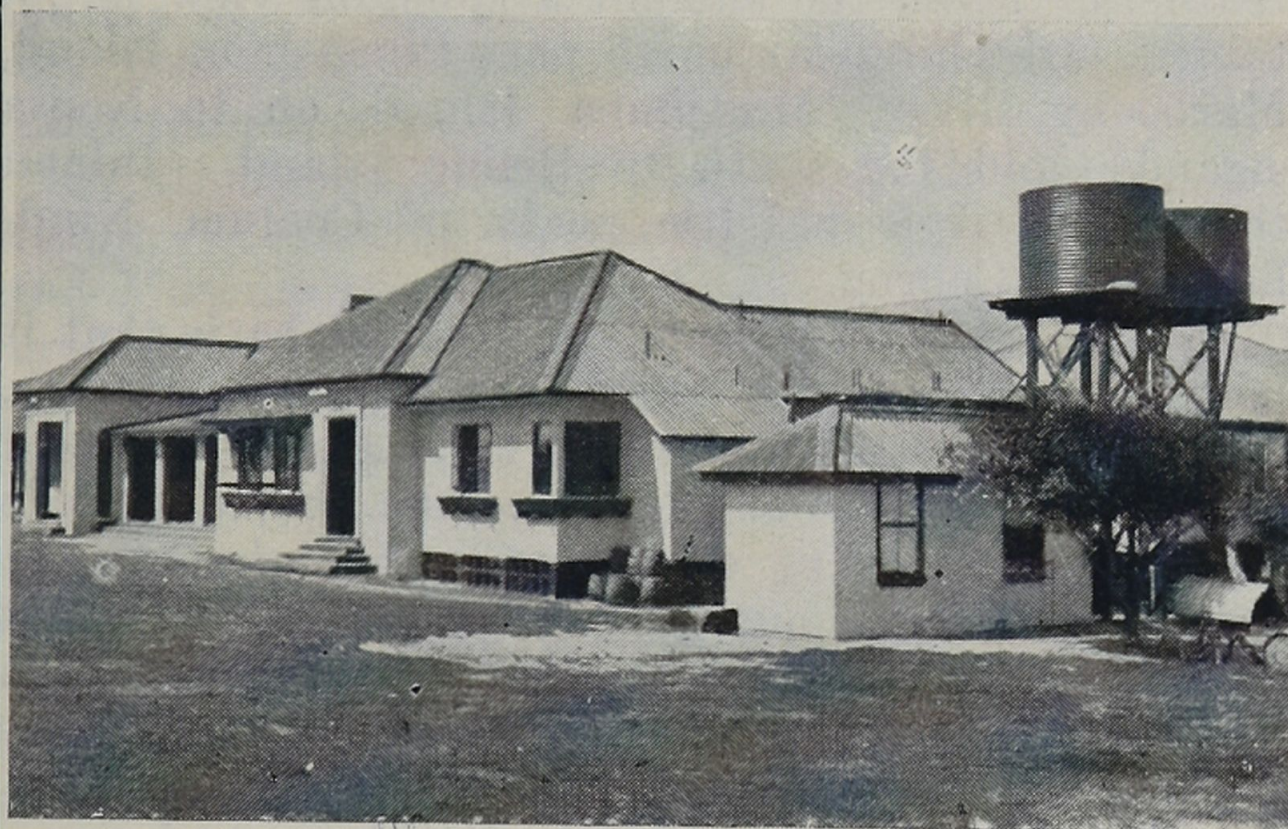
O'r billowy heather the salt wind swells.

In glades where few but the fairies find them,

She has hidden her whimsical Christmas Bells."

There are splendid fishing grounds off the reefs adjacent to Caloundra Head and along the Pass.

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age. Among the favourite spots are Deep Hole, Bell's Creek, and the Sandbank. All the well-known varieties of fish are caught—bream, snapper, morwong, flathead, perch, whiting, and a dozen others.

During the winter months immense shoals of deep-sea mullet move slowly up the coast, and harvests are netted by professional fishermen. Mr. Vance Palmer, author of "Legend for Sanderson," "The Swayne Family," "Daybreak," "Men Are Human," "The Man Hamilton" and "Hurricane," has woven a romance around Caloundra and the activities of the fisher folk. In "The Passage" he gives us the best description we have of the annual phenomenon when the mullet moves north along the east coast of Australia.

On Moffatt Head you will find a pandanus palm on which is carved "Queen of the Colonies"—the name of an immigrant ship brought out to Queensland by Rev. Dr. John Dunmore Lang in April, 1863. It appears that when entering the Bay a party from the ship went ashore on Moreton Island to bury the body of a woman. In the late afternoon a storm broke and prevented them from rejoining the vessel. When the squall passed the ship could nowhere be seen by the boat party. For more than 18 hours they laboured in heavy seas, but eventually fashioned a sail from two oilskin coats and ran before the wind. The boat drifted rapidly towards Mooloolah bank, and although a tremendous surf was breaking along the shore the chief officer skilfully directed it through a passage then known as Mooloolah Bight. After camping a week on the beach, existing mainly on oysters, they launched the boat; but it swamped in the surf, turned completely over, and strange to relate, the husband of the woman who was buried at Cape Moreton was drowned. After many days of privation a party

from the Water Police department rescued some of them, the rest of the survivors being found on Bribie Island after suffering 16 days' of hardship from hunger and exposure.

On Dickey Beach, north of Moffatt Head, you will note the remains of an iron steamer high up on the golden sands. It recalls that terrible month of February, 44 years ago, when hurricanes disorganised shipping and floods wrought havoc with the trade and commerce of Queensland. According to Mr. Thomas Welsby's account in his volume, "Early Moreton Bay," the "Dickey" (134 tons) battled with the elements from the Fitzroy River, but off Caloundra a particularly fierce gale drove her ashore on the sands. Although a very heavy surf was running, seamen swam ashore with lines and all were rescued.

MOOLOOLABA—AND MARLINS.

*"Give us from dawn to dark
Blue of Australian skies,
Let there be none to mark
Whither our pathway lies."*

—James Lister Cuthbertson.

THE twin oceanside resorts of Alexandra Heads and Mooloolaba have a strong appeal to the angler, surfer and boating enthusiast. There is such variety of enjoyment, such diversity of scenic interest, that holidays by these North Coast strands—those "Sundays in a man's life"—seem to speed past all too soon.

Here we can bathe in tonic sparkling waters, breathe deeply the ozone-laden air, and strive to capture a phial of that health-giving elixir—an alembic of golden sunshine and wild salt winds.

Throughout the livelong day we can absorb the sweet influences of Nature—the caressing sunshine, the magic of winds and waves, the green tumult of

trees, the gleaming sands fringed by quaint pandanus palms and beach-oaks—all the varied pageant. What could be more delightful than these purple hills, these verdant leas, these silver sands? Could tints be deeper, skies more soft, more fair?

Against the time worn rocks of Alexandra Headlands the ever restless waves surge and boil, sending up showers of spray like tiny white egret feathers. From the summit a splendid view is obtained, stretching far north past Pincushion Island, Maroochy River, Mudjimba Island, on to Noosa strands, and far south to Bribie Island. Inland tower the triple basaltic peaks of Coolum, Ninderry and Cooroy.

One of the main features of Mooloolaba is that it is a base from which game-fishermen can operate. The bar at the mouth of the river can be crossed at almost any state of the tide, thus providing safe shelter in the event of storms and high seas. It is the only river along the North Coast which is not closed to shipping by a sandbar. Therefore it has become the headquarters for big-game anglers, as Bermagui is the mainland shelter for craft operating off Montague Island in the South.

I am assured that swordfish are to be found off the Queensland coast. And plenty, too—for those who know the ways of game-fish, and who can handle the right tackle.

But it seems that the hunter of game-fish in these waters must fish "wide"—at least 20 miles offshore. Fishermen in Brisbane are convinced of that.

About twenty miles out, as the charts indicate, is the edge of the Continental Shelf. From 20 to 30 fathoms the ocean deepens to 100 fathoms and over. The marlins are essentially deep-water fish, and it is believed that they will be found to feed in the waters adjacent to the edge of the Shelf.

An occasional swordfish is caught nearer the coast by anglers and professional fishermen out after mackerel; but for the "big stuff" it is necessary to troll away out to sea. That seems to be the consensus of opinion.

Australia could possibly be as famous for her sporting fish as Santa Catalina (U.S.A.) or Bay of Islands (N.Z.). So far, however, our big-game hunters of the sea have, until quite recently, paid very little attention to the fact that game-fish frequent these waters.

Investigations to date have been distinctly promising. According to the records in the Queensland Museum swordfish and sailfish have been captured during the last six years in Moreton Bay, off Mooloolaba, Noosa Heads, Double Island Point and Yeppoon. There are also a number of newspaper reports of the capture of species further north.

Shark fishing also provides thrilling sport. The varieties which have been captured in Queensland waters include mako (or blue-pointer), tiger, grey-nurse, whaler, thresher, hammerhead and several other species.

Spanish mackerel (*Scomberomorus commersonii*) are found in the waters of Moreton Bay and along the southern Queensland coast in two definite periods—from December to April, and from June to August. They are captured by trolling with hand lines and provide most exciting sport. It is a rather significant fact that until 20 years ago mackerel fishing was almost unknown along our coast. The extent and economic value of our fisheries has not yet been thoroughly investigated.

Various species of rays are also found in our waters—notably the giant devil-fish or manta. Mantas are more commonly found in the vicinity of coral reefs, and several extraordinary catches have

been reported. Conger eels, sawfish and sunfish are also among the monsters which frequent Queensland waters.

Other sporting fish commonly found off the coast are turrum, giant herrings and diamond trevally. Large bottom-feeding fish which are commonly fished for with hand lines are groper, parrot-fish, double-headed wrasse, snapper, red emperor, pig-fish, and various other species of reef fish.

MAROOCHYDORE—AND A NATIVE LEGEND.

*"She weaves a wild, sweet magic rune,
When o'er the tree-tops high
The silver sickle of the moon
Shines in a rose-grey sky."*

—Victor Daley.

RICH in natural beauty and poetic aboriginal legend, Maroochydore possesses an irresistible charm to the visitor, insistently calling him to an aquatic paradise where the roar and beat of the Pacific sounds in the ear like "the brave music of a distant drum."

Maroochydore, the home of the black swans, according to an aboriginal legend, forms what might be called the "buckle" of the bejewelled girdle of the North Coast, being situated in the "waist and middle."

Of all the North Coast seaside resorts, Maroochydore has perhaps made the greatest progress during recent years. Quite a thriving township has sprung up on the pretty bank of the river, and by the main ocean beach. It is well provided with shops and comfortable accommodation houses, and an hotel. The visitor is assisted in every way to enjoy holidaying in this sun-kissed region. There is also an unlimited number of truly delightful camping spots along the ocean shores between Mooloolaba and Maroochydore and along the grassy

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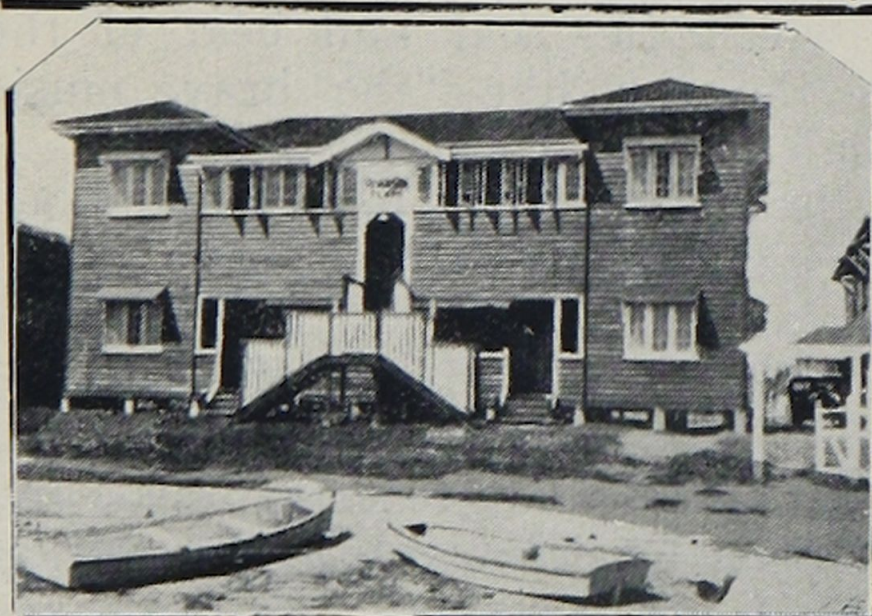
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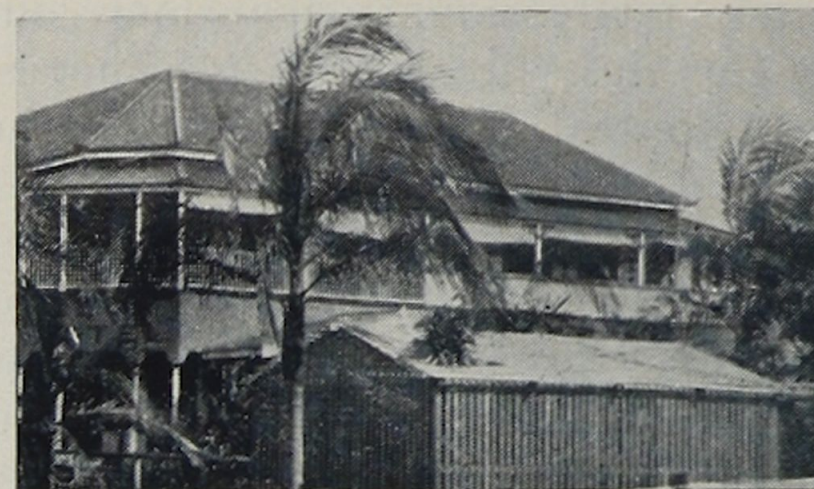
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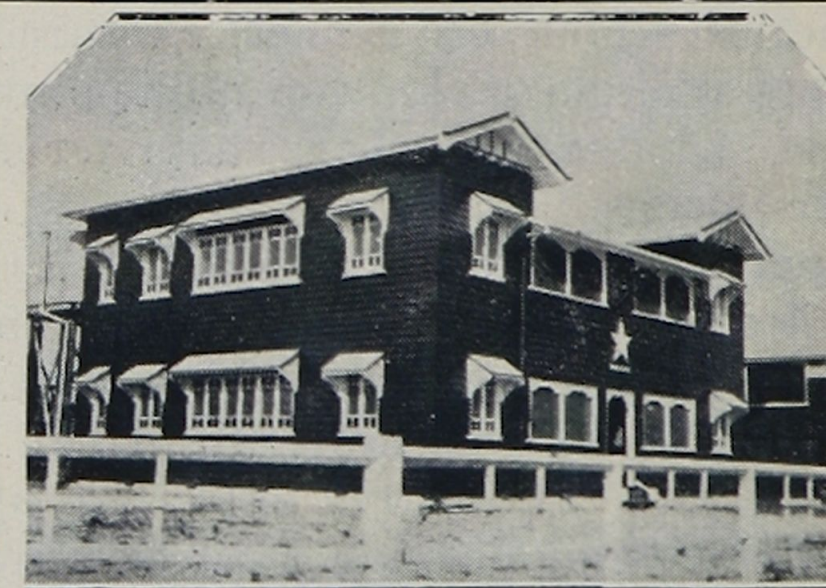
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H. J. HOARE, Proprietor

banks of the river. The river is ideal for boating and fishing, while the surf is within easy walking distance. Motor trips up the river to Yandina, Deepwater, Bli Bli and Dunethen Rock, and excursions to adjacent seaside resorts or to Buderim Mountain and Blackall Range constitute added attractions.

There are few districts in the State which offer the combination of glorious surfing beaches and rare mountain scenery within easy access of one another.

Nothing was lacking for the embellishment of Maroochy, the dusky Maiden of the Waters, whose charm, according to an aboriginal legend, gladdened the rheumy eye of Nindherry, the fierce old man of the tribe, represented by Mount Nindherry, who peers with beetling brows at Mount Coolum.

Coolum, so the legend runs, was the gay young buck who became enamoured of Maroochy and wooed her oblivious of the wrath of Nindherry. The old man, however, vented his rage by hurling a large stone at Coolum. So accurate was his aim that Coolum was decapitated, and his head fell into the sea. Even to this day you may recognise the head of the luckless aboriginal as Mudjimba, or Old Woman Island, in a direct line with the round pillar of Mt. Coolum.

The waters which wash Mudjimba are frequented by snapper and other deep-sea fish, so that the angler has every reason to be grateful for Nindherry's jealous rage!

As though to complete Maroochy's extensive wardrobe, Pincushion Island is situated where the waters of the river meet the sea. The small trees on the islet, leaning at various angles, are curiously suggestive of pins stuck haphazardly in a cushion.

Tom Petrie related a wealth of historical inci-



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dents in his reminiscences. He said that in hot weather the native had lots of fun in the water and would stay there for hours. "It was remarkable that they always jumped in feet foremost, and the women all had a peculiar habit of bending up both legs and holding with their hands to each ankle before they 'popped in.' Many games were played in the water. 'Maroochy or black swan' caused great fun. One man (the swan) would jump in, and when he had gone some thirty yards from the bank several watchers would give chase. When they got within catching distance he would dive

under and they followed. If the bird were caught he was held and tapped lightly on the head, and so died and was taken ashore. However, he often escaped because the captors laughed so much that they could not hold him, at the antics he went on with. He would cry out like a swan and clap his arms up and down frantically as though they were wings."

If you travel to Maroochydhore by rail you will detrain at Palmwoods and connect with the motor service—a fourteen miles journey of varied beauty and interest. Certain sections pass through jungle and palm reserves. Citrus, pineapple and sugar-cane cultivations delight on every hand and the extensive hardwood forests give some indication of the wealth of our timber heritage. In the early days there was a flourishing timber industry in the North Coast and the Maroochy River was a busy port. Many visitors, however, prefer to make the trip to Maroochydhore by river. Motor boats leave regularly from Yandina. The continually changing river banks present fresh delights at every bend. One moment the waters widen out to lake-like expanses, only to narrow again to a gentle stream. Nearing the township an archipelago of islets adds yet another touch of beauty to a river scene of undeniable loveliness.

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TEWANTIN AND NOOSA HEADS.

*"Always I see those hills, the lake, the little town
That dips one foot in, like an undecided swimmer
Stirring his mirrored counterpart to tremulous
motion;*

*Always the grassy path that wanders up and down,
Threading the forest, dimmer grown and dimmer,
Till—blue beyond—the ocean;*

*The blue, the ever-changing, nay, the changeless
sea,*

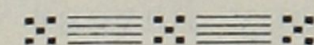
With the blue everlasting fields of heaven above . . ."

—Louis Lav t c .

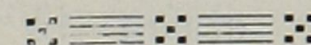
THE vanished tribes of the North Coast named that part of their hunting grounds where Lake Domella runs into Noosa River "Tewantin"—the place of dead trees. But to-day there are no bare branches to be found, "poor, ruin'd quires where late the shy bird sang." On the contrary it would be difficult to find a more verdant, smiling holiday region anywhere in the North Coast district than the Lakes Country and the Tewantin-Noosa boating-fishing-surfing playground.

One of the oldest townships along the coast, the charms of Tewantin and Noosa Heads are sung even in far distant corners of southern States. Throughout the year a constant stream of tourists and anglers sojourn by these enchanting watering resorts. Comfortable hotels are attractively situated overlooking river and lake—the haunt of sedate pelicans, wild ducks and other water-birds—and a guest house is adjacent to the beach at Laguna Bay.

Visitors are never at a loss for something to do in this region. Fishing has a fascination for most of us, even the veriest amateur with rod and reel. Here by lake, stream and ocean is reputed to be one of the finest fishing grounds along the eastern coast-



PINEAPPLE
PLANTATION,
WOOMBYE.



sheets of water, linked together by "straits," possess distinctive features none the less attractive.

Cootharaba is the largest of the six lakes, being seven miles long by five miles wide. Motor boats leave regularly from pontoons near the hotel and wind their way up pretty Noosa River through Lake Cooroiba or Little Lake to the Big Lake. Boreen Point on the left bank of Cootharaba, about two miles from the entrance is an ideal picnic spot.

line. Anglers from far and near annually visit Tewantin and Noosa and find sport incomparable among bream, whiting, flathead, snapper, jew, tailor, perch, gar, cod and a dozen other varieties.

Besides being adjacent to the surf at Laguna Bay, Tewantin is within easy distance of the Lakes Country. These six lakes are not like the mysterious crater lakes on the Great Plateau in the hinterland of Cairns, hidden among the riotous splendour of deep-green tropical vegetation. But these extensive

scapes under deep blue skies vie with those of the loveliest bays of the Mediterranean round the classic shores of the isles of Greece. Here at Laguna Bay we can understand, as they never can by the edge of the grey North Sea what Aeschylus called "the innumerable laughter of the waves," the jewel sparkle of the unresting margin of the Pacific with the lacy foam of its league-long rollers fringing the silver sands along miles on miles of curving beaches.

This northern coastline unfolds scene on scene of

entrancing loveliness unexcelled by any of the ports and happy havens of the lands washed by Ionian seas. "The morning lands of history" they call the Lydian shores of Asia; and so they were four thousand years ago. But our Austral shores to-day have a better claim to the name. They have just awakened from the age-long night harbingered by Captain Cook and his dauntless sailors gazing in a wild surmise as they voyaged northward.

These glorious North Coast seashores reach their highest degree of perfection at Noosa Heads (originally named Bracefield Cape after an escaped convict rescued by Andrew Petrie in 1842). Inspiring seascape panoramas are to be seen on every hand. The eternal warfare between ocean and land has produced remarkable formations in the region of the boulder-strewn and foam-drenched headland, where for countless ages the Pacific—chameleon-



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like in the swiftness with which it varies its hues—has flung its white-crested cavalry against the face of the cliff, eating out gigantic cauldrons and "boiling-pots" where the seething waters churn and thresh with insenate fury. When a south-easterly gale is blowing, Hell's Gates present a remarkable sight. Devil's Kitchen is almost equally magnificent, and the Stairway and Paradise Cave are other features of Nature's age-long fretwork on the bold forelands.

Once we have set eyes on them, we can well believe the assertion that Laguna Bay and Golden Beach are the most appealing of the North Coast strands. For miles on miles Golden Beach streams southwards to Coolum, finally hiding in the white surf-mist—ghostly and magical—that seems to shimmer with rainbow patches when the league-long rollers crackle and smash in foamy turmoil. Perhaps as you stroll along Laguna Bay or north of the river to the Teewah sands you might see gulls—"harbingers from voyaged seas"—dart along under the curl of the translucent green combers and miraculously escape to go lilting over the surface again. Then there are the little sand-pipers which always run just ahead of you, calling shrilly each time they take to the air, leaving dainty tracks which fade into the wet marge; and the quaint ghost-like species of beach crabs, so tiny and transparent that in the sunlight they can only be distinguished by their shadows flitting across the sands.

And how marvellous it is to wade into the effervescent surf with the stinging waves swirling round your knees, and then to shoot shorewards on a comber arm over arm in a glorious smother of foam!

Above all there is the almost overpowering scn-

sation of the downpouring of white light on sand and water; of wide wastes and spaces of cobalt sea and robin's-egg sky; of the insistent music of wings and waves and winds; and in the midst of this perpetually dissolving net of milky shadows that flow away only to return, we can spend hours upon hours of care-free enjoyment.

Launches and service cars operate between Tewantin and Noosa. The three miles river trip and the short walk along a shady path reveals Laguna Bay in all its beauty. The Bay is not large, but its formation—sweeping in a graceful curve from the foreland to the river entrance—constitutes perfect conditions for surfing.

Motor trips along the hard surface of the beach are made regularly to the Teewah coloured sands and Double Island Point. The 14-miles drive along the shores to Teewah cliffs (300 feet) is a thoroughly unique and exciting experience.

Coolum beach has been brought into prominence only during recent years, but its resources are such that it is destined to become a very popular watering resort. So many oceanside resorts are in the

process of creation in the North Coast that we can be excused for scarcely knowing where one ends and the other begins. The shores from Caloundra to Noosa are rapidly becoming an immense playground to which holiday-makers from the metropolis and townships in the hinterland eagerly flock. Yandina (69 miles) is the nearest railway station to Coolum beach, which extends for more than eight miles south in a sweeping curve to Point Arkwright.

Gympie's old-established seaside resort is Noosa Heads, but of late years the varied attractions of Tin Can Bay have claimed attention. This resort, which is thirty-five miles from Gympie, is situated on the banks of a deep inlet of Wide Bay, the main beach being between Double Island Point and Inskip Point. Splendid fishing, swimming, and shooting provide visitors with unlimited enjoyment.

BLACKALL RANGE—AND THE BON-YI FEASTS.

*Come, before the Summer passes
Let us seek the mountain land':
So they called me, happy playmates,
And we left the sun-lit strand:
Riding on till later sunbeams slanted
On dark hills and downward-plunging streams,
And the solemn forest softly chanted
Old, old dreams."*

—Anne Glenny Wilson.

THE Blackall Range, with its orange and mandarin orchards, pineapple plantations, extravagantly green sub-tropical flora, and far horizon is a popular highland resort within a few hours' motor-ing from Brisbane.

It was on these mountain heights—called by the blacks Bon-yi Mountains—that the vanished tribes

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used to congregate from miles around to attend the triennial corroborees when the bunya-bunya pines were heavy with cones of ripe nuts.

Tom Petrie says that "bon-yi," the native name for the pine *Araucaria Bidwilli*, was wrongly accepted and pronounced "bunya." To the black it was always bon-yi.

Maleny is situated on the southern fall of the Blackall Range, about 16 miles west of Landsborough. It is the centre of a very rich dairying district, the output of butter being estimated at about 2,500,000 lbs. annually. Several of the State's pure-bred dairy herds graze on the lush pastures of these mountain meadows, which in season are white with clover.

Splendid roads ascend the range, winding through tall forests, palm groves, and out on the razorbacks when we may look down upon farms

and terraced hillsides away to the coast.

From McCarthy's Lookout we behold an incomparable view of the ten vedettes of the Glasshouse Mountains.

"We have no mountains in Australia that rise to the colossal heights of those in northern lands, but we have peaks and ranges that are as interesting and as puzzling as their equivalents elsewhere. Look at those bizarre peaks of the Glasshouses that the train almost touches on its journey from Brisbane to Gympie. Here is a cluster of ten peaks, some of them of most curious shape. Crookneck (Conowrin is its native name) rises like some great slender finger to a height of 1,170 feet. Tibrogargan, ten feet less, is a sheer column rising abruptly from the plain. Beerwah, the highest, 1,760 feet above sea level, is an almost perfect cone. The others, too, have their interest—Micketeebumulgrai (the most southerly), the Tunbududla Twins, Ewin ('Granny' as it is locally known), Ngun-gun ('Rocky' they often call it) and the Coochin Hills.

"Each is composed uniformly of a volcanic rock known as trachyte; yet what different shapes these mountains have! We know sufficient about them to realise that they are the solidified lava in the throats of old volcanoes. But that is not enough. Look at them closely and compare them with volcanoes to-day. Have you read of the great eruption of Mt. Pelee, in the Island of Martinique, in the year 1902? It was one of the most striking and most tragic eruptions in history. A great mass of lava solidified in the throat of the volcano, and the gases accumulating below it pushed that great finger of glowing, incandescent rock into the air as a great spine 2,000 feet in height. An enormous cloud of heavy, glowing gas charged with fiery dust particles, rolled down the mountainside and com-

pletely annihilated the town of St. Pierre with its 30,000 inhabitants. Similar but smaller eruptions have happened since. Now the shape of the spine of Mt. Pelee (it fell away later) was extraordinarily like that of Crookneck; and many geologists have wondered whether that peak, too, was formed in such a way.

Howell's Knob is the highest point in the Blackall Range. From here we obtain a comprehensive view of the Montville-Mapleton citrus orchards before turning eastward to the wooded levels of the littoral.

MAPLETON'S ORANGES AND MANDARINS.

*"These are the haunts we love,
Glad with enchanted hours,
Bright as the heavens above,
Fresh as the wild bush flowers."*

—James Lister Cuthbertson.

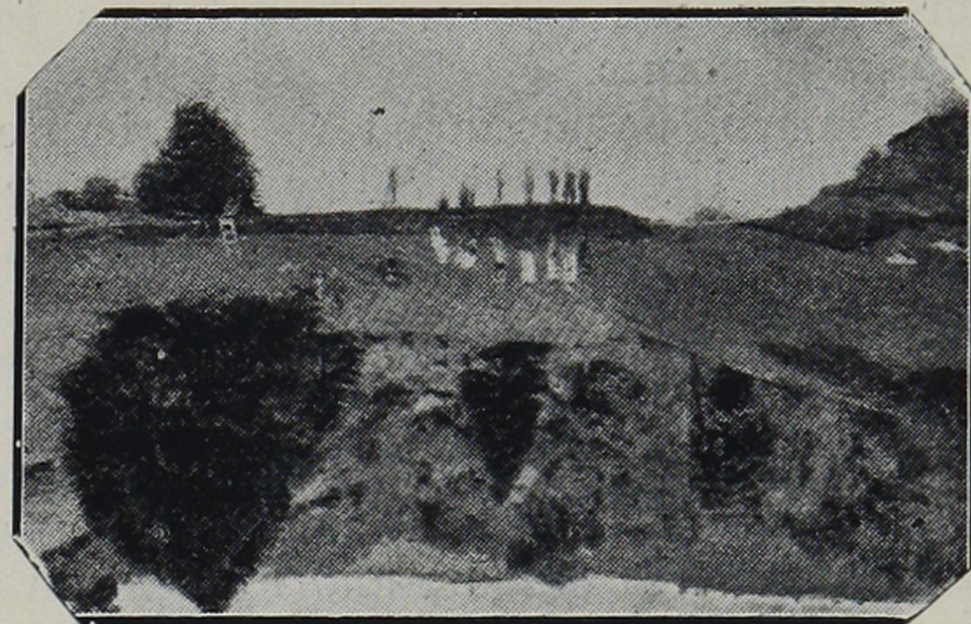
ONE of the most memorable features of a three-day motor tour of the North Coast in a Pioneer coach is the ascent from Nambour up the Blackall Range to Mapleton and Montville.

As we motor over the tiers of foothills it is like mounting a gigantic staircase. Through leafy groves and open forests, out upon dizzy bluffs, over razorbacks, and down emerald dales speeds the tourist coach, ever approaching nearer the range.

Between rugged declivities at the base of the range are pockets of the most vivid green which hide little farmhouses—often seeming to cling to the steep slopes like swallows' nests.

Usually the traveller reaches the range crest in the late afternoon, so that from a height of 1,400 feet he looks oceanwards over a landscape wrapped in a misty blue sleeping veil. On the summit the setting sun touches orchards and tall standing

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timber obliquely with fingers of gold. At that time of the evening the scent from orange and mandarin blossoms on the keen air is almost overpowering.

For all of you who are in search of health, rest, or other recuperative influences, Montville and these other mountain townships offer all that could be desired. Comfortable accommodation, good table fare, and modern conveniences are obtainable at reasonable rates.

Here you may golf within sight of delightful rural scenery, play bowls on the very edge of the

range, swim in crystal-clear mountain pools, horse-ride along pretty bush tracks, wander among fragrant orchards and horticultural gardens, or motor for happy miles over the plateau to the various vantage points.

Short tours can be arranged to the impressive outlook over the Upper Obi Valley on the western side of the range, to Mapleton Falls, palm and fern groves.

The drive along Razorback through Flaxton should not be missed. Fruitful citrus orchards garland the way and homes and farmhouses are bedecked with vivid splashes of garden blooms and flowering shrubs. The climate and rainfall on these highlands are ideal for horticulture. Large quantities of Montville flowers are daily sent to Brisbane to decorate many of the theatres, hotels and cafes.

The red volcanic soil contrasts picturesquely with the varying greens and golden tints of the orange and mandarin orchards. In season the fruit shows out conspicuously against the snowy white mantle of blossoms and deep-green foliage.

*"Here drugged and drowsy bees tell sleepy stories
Of the mysterious stirrings of far blossoms . . ."*

Other scenic spots are Bon Accord Falls (300 feet), and Pulpit Rock, from where an extensive view is obtained through the fertile Mary Valley.

MONTVILLE MOTOR SERVICE.

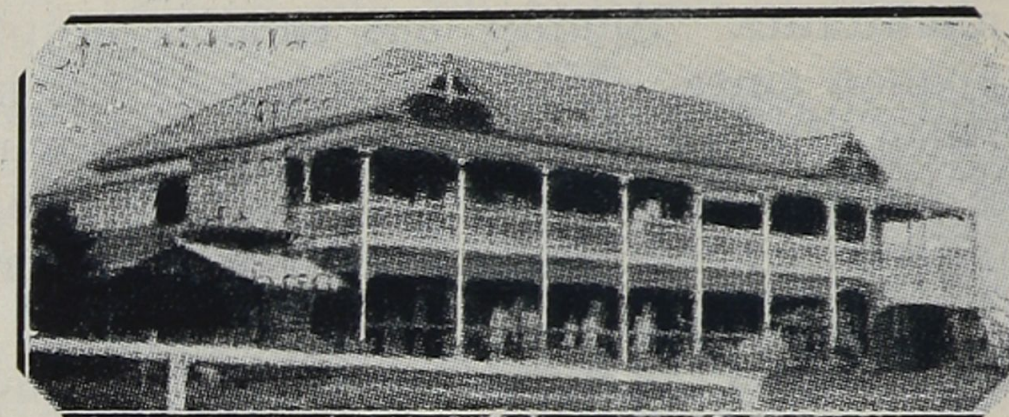
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Mrs. F. W. THOMPSON & SON

Proprietors.

Phone 2 Montville (Continuous).

BUDERIM'S PANORAMAS.

BUDERIM is an isolated plateau, situated between Blackall Range and the seaboard. It, too, can be thoroughly recommended as an upland holiday resort. The golf course is very popular among visitors.

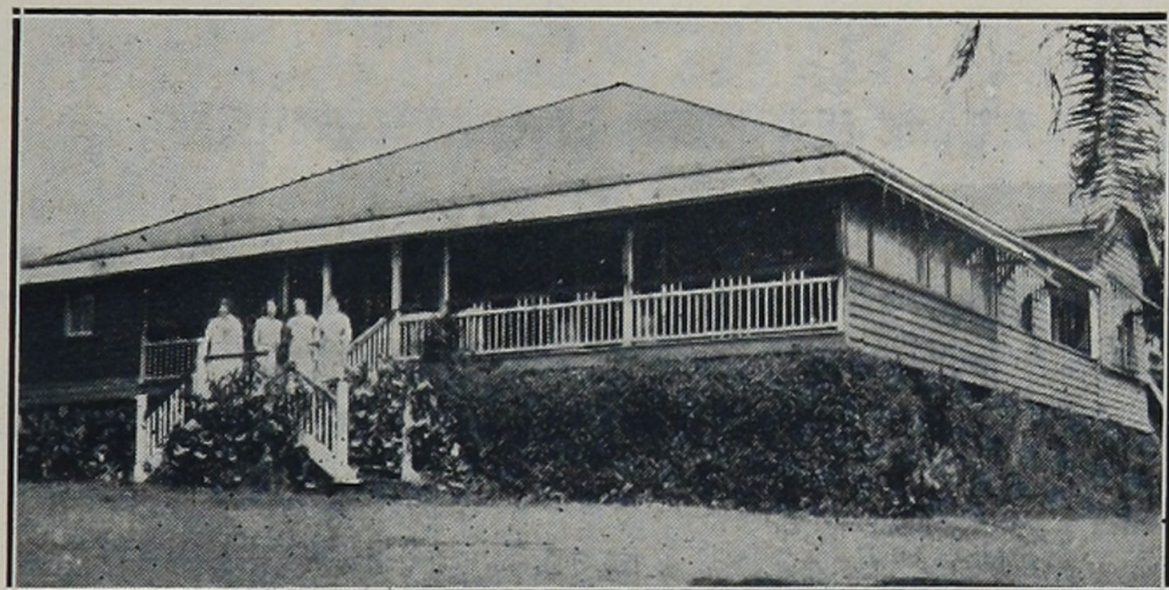
This fertile red soil plateau also commands many sublime glimpses of the far extending seascape and inland to the Blackall Range. On the summit of Buderim Mountain, the citrus orchards and banana and pineapple plantations present a truly delight-

ful sight. On a clear day every point, headland and island can be identified over 90 miles.

How long art has laboured to reflect the elusive beauty of "heaven kissing hills" and green untrodden dells, of sea and sky, rock and river, the glory of flooding sunshine, and the magic of chiaroscuro!

It is difficult to describe the hues of these mountain ranges as they change imperceptibly during the hours of the day from dawn to dusk. In the distance after rain they are "hills of larkspur blue,"

darkening to cobalt or shading to hazy grey—a perpetual feast for the eye. In the warm gold hush of noon shadows of silver clouds creep slowly up their sides. Under the pink and gold and blue of the evening horizon (that sunset gold which travellers rave about over Egyptian strands is not more fascinating) the Glasshouses stand like sentinels sharply silhouetted against a daffodil sky. Indeed, the unrehearsed and unrepeatable glory of sunrise and sunset are particularly appealing from Buderim and adjacent ranges.



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BUDERIM

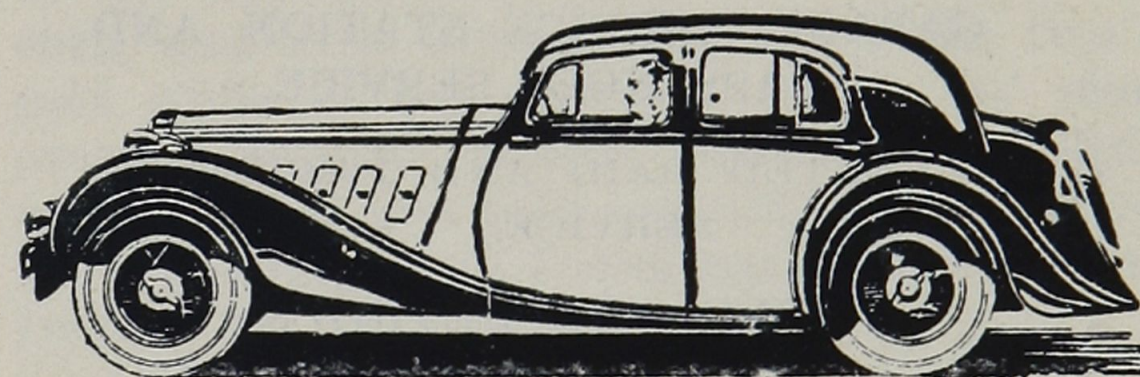
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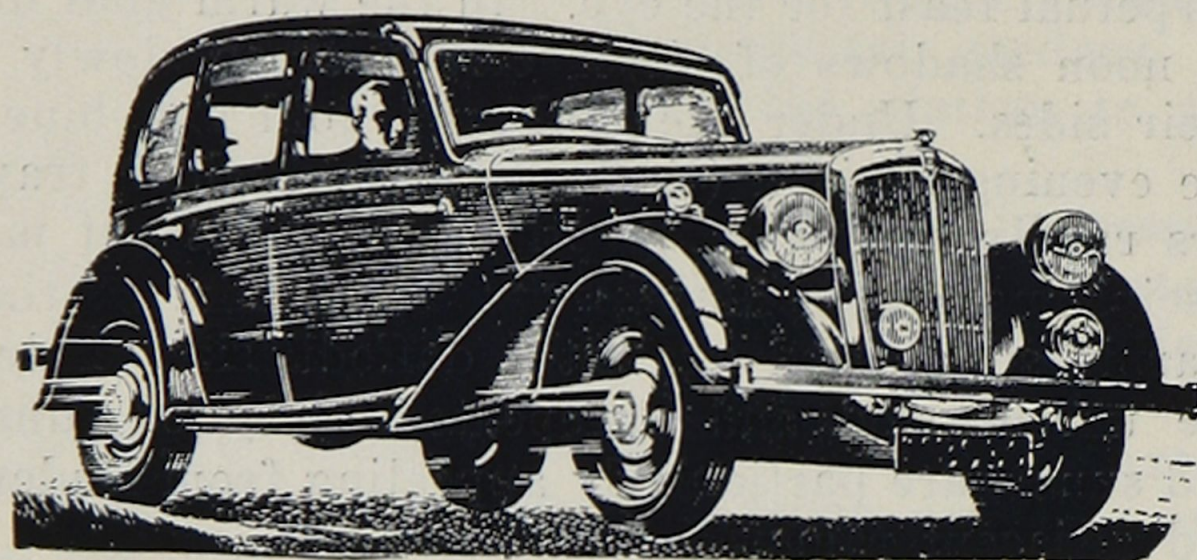
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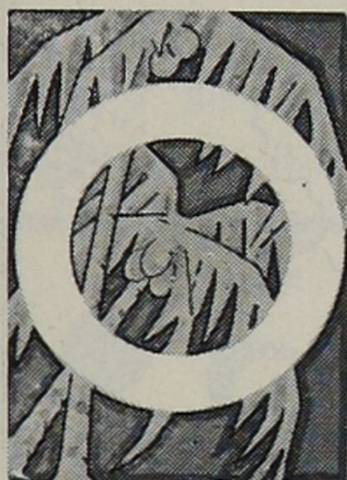
GYMPIE.

'Phone 410

Wide Bay and Burnett . . .

"Pastures and Plantations"

*"Tread with me the wonder-way, it will gladden you
With a gleam of glory where the sweet cane grows
By the sea and to the hills, keen against the blue,
And you'll feel a joyous dance tingle in your toes!"*



UR Queensland Journey now takes us through a rich primary producing area of some 21,000 square miles, extending inland from the coast to the Auburn Ranges, and southward to the Bunya Mountains and the Blackall Range.

Gympie, Maryborough, and Bundaberg, with adjacent seaboard and hinterland, are to be recommended to the visitor, whether he is leisurely touring Queensland or sampling the motor and rail tours which operate from Brisbane. Here will be found agricultural and dairying country possessing much that is desirable in scenic attractions—a smiling land of sugar-cane and satinay, silver sands and sunshine.

On the north-bound "Sunshine Express" the card-players finished the final rubber, and rose from the table prepared to retire for the night.

"Why did you leave old Hogget's place?"

"Oh, they made things too hot. I didn't mind the old man putting my overcoat and hat on one

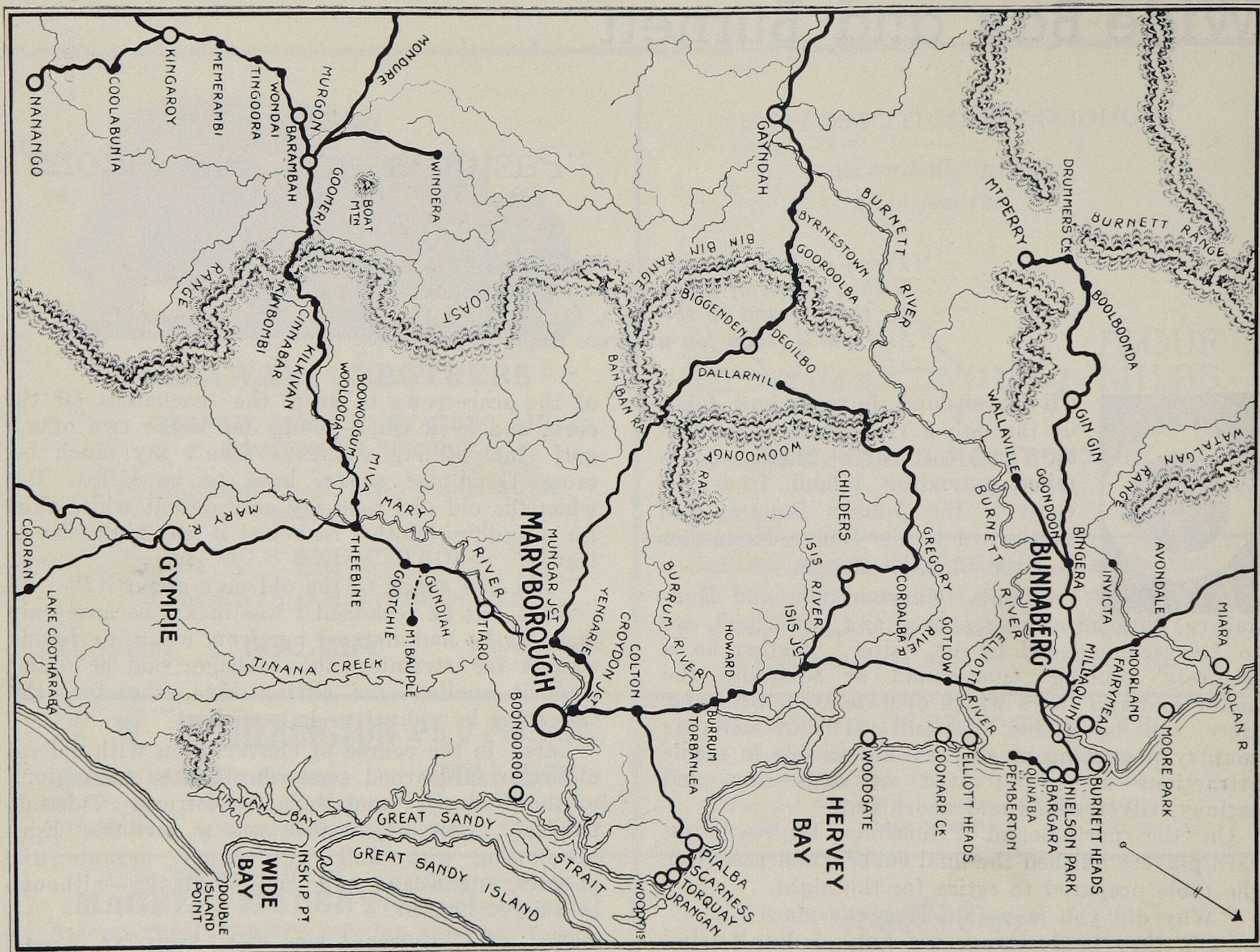
of the scarecrows to keep the cockatoos off the corn, and even when young Joe broke two of my golf clubs killing snakes I didn't say much because I suppose snakes have to be killed. But when the old girl took my only decent white shirt for a pudding cloth I reckoned it was high time to leave."

"Did you speak to the old man about it?"

"Yes, but he reckoned I was lucky, because only that day he had stopped her from using my tennis racquet for straining the cabbage: said he didn't want it spoiled for sifting the ashes for the cementing he wanted to do next day!"

Later, in the course of conversation with a local alderman, I learned something of the attractions of the Wide Bay and Burnett Districts. This subtropical region, it seemed, was a veritable Eden overflowing with milk and honey, peanuts and papaws, sugar-cane and smiling lasses—although he said it himself!

And my informant was not very far wrong. Certainly the district and oceanside holds much of



interest to the visitor from the Southlands.

Those plantations of enormous papaws on the shores of Hervey Bay, for instance—not pretty big ones, mind you, but papaws like bed bolsters!

Blue days on the Bay and the enchantment of Fraser Island . . . wide acres of Virginia Bunch and Red Spanish peanuts (how good they tasted!) . . . juicy oranges at Howard and emerald plantations along the Mary . . . and, of course, the fascinating process of tropical grass undergoing wondrous changes through crushing mills and refinery.

Maryborough and Bundaberg are the chief towns of the Wide Bay Division through which all the wealth of plantation and farm, forest and mine passes on its way to the capital and the marts in the South.

They sometimes call them “twin cities.” But really they have few characteristics in common, ex-

cept that they are both provincial centres maintained principally by primary activities.

Maryborough, with a city area of $7\frac{1}{2}$ square miles and a population of 11,734 is somewhat more “citified” than Bundaberg, which has a one square miles larger city area, and 11,898 residents.

The streets of Maryborough are busy with the latest model motor cars, and, of course, innumerable bicycles. There are up-to-date shops and well-dressed window displays. You will see a red-facaded Woolworths and Commonwealth Bank with pseudo-Doric columns, handsome City Hall, primary, intermediate, and secondary schools, theatres, factories, attractive villas—in all, Maryborough has the air and manners of a young city without altogether divorcing the characteristics of a country town. For in the window of a big business house you may see notices for Musket Flat

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At one time Maryborough, situated 23 miles from the mouth of the Mary River, was a busy port for the produce of the back country. The town became a port of entry in 1859 and large quantities of wool, timber, and sugar were shipped. To-day, however, most of the produce is handled by rail and road transport.

Maryborough first started to develop when gold was discovered at Gympie in 1867. Nash deposited his bags of gold with the manager of the Commonwealth Bank, and the news spread like wild-fire throughout the nation.

As Maryborough was the nearest source of provisions, sawn timber, clothing, etc., to the diggings, it derived considerable benefit from the trade. The little township developed rapidly, expanding in trade, population and industry. One of the industries, engineering, has played an important part in the progress of the town and district.

PIALBA-URANGAN SEABOARD.

In the cool of the early afternoon we set out for the seaside resorts on the shores of Hervey Bay—Pialba, Scarness, Torquay and Urangan—a Spring afternoon tempered by breeze which swept along the pretty reaches of the Mary and across wide acres of emerald sugar-cane. The first lilac clusters of jacaranda were bursting into bloom and the frangipani, too, was awakening to the rising tide of life and warmth.

We passed through scattered dairying and farming areas with bountiful crops of sugar-cane, bananas and pineapples; the verdant Island Plantation, a prosperous German settlement intensely cultivated; a stretch of "wallum" or bad country, and then through the sugar lands around Nikenbah,

Dundowran, Ghost Hill, to the seaboard.

From Cape Vernon a splendid view is obtained of the series of resorts clustering on the silver shores of a gigantic crescent, a far-extending seascape which sweeps south to Great Sandy Straits, with the misty blue bulk of Fraser Island looming in the distance. Then along the water's edge to Scarness, the centre of attractions, where visitors will find all modern conveniences. The Esplanade borders the hard sandy beach for some nine miles through Torquay to Urangan. It is a delightful drive, beautified by a continuous avenue of cypress pines, through which we can see the dancing cobalt blue waters of the bay. These pine trees add a distinctly picturesque note to the foreshores—a tourist acquisition which the Bayside residents have not failed to appreciate.

The all-embracing panorama from Dayman Point, with the afternoon sun silvering a blue expanse of water on which curvet small fishing craft; Woody, Round, and Pioneer Islands standing out like verdant bosses; the golden strands shadowed by the fringing line of pines, and the serene canopy of sky overhead, again reminds one of the infinite number of beauty spots which throng our Queensland coastline. These resorts on Hervey Bay are indeed havens of happiness.

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Road and rail services operate daily to Pialba (22 miles) and the other resorts along the fine curve of sheltered strands and open Bay waters. Launch trips can be arranged to Fraser Island and through Sandy Strait. Fishing excursions also constitute a popular attraction. From the Pialba-Urangan playground Great Sandy Strait extends past the mouth of the Mary River to Wide Bay—a sheltered waterway of some 60 miles rich in marine life. Boonooroo, the Strait's fishing village, is 14 miles from Maryborough by road and exports large quantities of fish, crabs, oysters and prawns. Traveston (27 miles) and Toogoom (22 miles), with sandy beaches, are near the mouth of the Burrum River. Dugong are plentiful in adjacent regions where they feed on the "blue grass" near the river mouth.

Many farms border the shores of the mainland, picturesquely situated homes amid peace and plenty.

AMAZING FRASER ISLAND.

Hervey Bay and Fraser Island . . . Tall tales of big fish, and fishy tales of tall trees! But these thrilling yarns of bay and island are for the most part correct. Hervey Bay is recognised as being one of the finest fishing grounds along our eastern coast. I have spoken to many experienced anglers and yachting men and they are unanimously of that opinion. Incidentally, they all know of secret reefs and deep holes which harbour the biggest and fiercest of fighting fish!

On Fraser Island are State forest reserves of beautiful Queensland trees—veritable groves of Lebanon which indicate the wealth of our incomparable timbers.

Fraser Island is the largest island along our coastline. With an area of 394,800 acres, of which

393,138 acres are dedicated State forest reserves, a length of 80 miles and width varying from 3 to 15 miles, this insular Arden is without question a most fascinating holiday region. Alec Chisholm, writing of this "Bountiful Island of Sand" says:

"Extensive lakes, towering trees and abundant bird life are not ordinary adjuncts of an island composed entirely of sand. But Great Sandy Island, known also as Fraser or Fraser's Island is no ordinary example of its kind. In the estimation of foresters and naturalists it is the most interesting insular sand-mass known to Australia, if not in the world, and, moreover, it carries the fascination of historic romance—of association with certain poignant exchanges between white persons and the native black tribes of Australia."

But most impressive are the satinay trees which tower to 150 feet and over in height. These are the trees which provide one of the world's accepted piling timbers, and also one of Queensland's most attractive cabinet woods. Satinay, with tall, straight stems that yield up to 90 feet of clean length, is only found in quantity on this fascinating island.

PRODUCE OF PLANTATION AND FARM.

The Wide Bay Division comprises the petty sessions districts of Biggenden, Bundaberg, Childers, Eidsvold, Gayndah, Gin Gin, Gympie, Kilkivan, Maryborough, Mount Perry, Nanango, Tiaro, and Weinholt.

This extensive province, containing two cities, seven towns, and many villages, has an area of 21,089 square miles, and a population of 112,000.

Apart from the Bundaberg District, which is noted for its sugar industry, the South Burnett (Weinholt and Nanango), Gayndah, and Gympie are the most important agricultural areas, the

South Burnett in particular being one of the most productive in Queensland.

Although peanuts can be grown successfully on suitable soils throughout the State, the industry is now centred in the South Burnett district where climatic and soil conditions have proved particularly suitable. Moderate rainfall, plenty of sunshine, and a comparatively high temperature provide ideal conditions. The physical properties of the soil is of great importance, as a loose texture allows the pegs to penetrate easily and expand to form pods. The red sandy loams of the South Burnett, having a good humus content, are well suited to supply the nut-in-shell trade, as the shells from the Kingaroy and adjacent districts are clean and bright.

At Howard and Burrum there are some 400 acres of orchards, mainly situated on the banks of the Burrum River. With the aid of a 60 inch rainfall, these fertile soils produce annually about 80,000 bushels of luscious oranges and mandarins, of which the Emperor mandarin holds pride of place. It is a recognised fact that Gayndah lemons are equal to the finest imported Californian and Italian lemons.

The whole of this area is closely settled and numerous prosperous townships owe their existence almost entirely to dairying activities in the surrounding districts. Among the larger and more important so situated could be mentioned Gympie, Gayndah, Nanango, Kingaroy, Mundubbera and Murgon. The importance of this industry is also felt in the business life of Maryborough and Bundaberg. In all, there are fifteen butter factories and one cheese factory operating in the Division. The annual production from these factories for the year ended June 30th,



❖≡❖≡❖
 BURNETT RIVER, SHOW-
 ING HARRIET ISLAND,
 BUNDABERG.

thickness of 2,000 feet. Where the quartz reefs have intersected four beds of carbonaceous shale, heavy deposits of gold have been found, amounting in all to some three and one-third million ounces. In 1903 alone, 147,622 fine ounces of gold were produced. Although production has fallen since then, Gympie has probabilities of further discoveries within a limited area.

Kilkivan, 45 miles west of Gympie, is the centre for the goldfields of York's and Marodian; the

1936, amounted to 37,072,928 lbs. of butter and 157,806 lbs. of cheese.

MINES AND METALS.

Within the Wide Bay Division mining activities have disclosed a wealth of minerals of considerable variety and interest.

Gympie is perhaps the most spectacular and well-known field. Auriferous quartz reefs in fissure lodes occur throughout a two-mile length of heavily faulted sedimentary rocks representing a

copper deposits of Black Snake, Munna, Calgoa and Mudlo; and the mercury deposits at Cinnabar. In addition, silver-lead-zinc, manganese, antimony, cobalt, and bismuth are known to occur. To the south are the Glastonbury and Yabba goldfields and the Amamoor and Kandanga manganese deposits, where deposits of low-grade ore await exploitation.

In the Nanango district, some very fine aluminous China clays—white, yellow and red—occur at



THIS photograph of a Tractor Grubber was taken on Mr. W. Cannon's farm, White Rock, Cairns, and was presented to the publishers by Messrs. Wyper Brothers Limited, Bundaberg.

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Near Maryborough, the graphite deposits of Mount Bauple have yielded high-grade material, and the Burrum coalfields have supplied the demand for fuel. Bituminous coals of high steaming value are worked at Howard and Torbanlea.

To the west, goldfields exist at Eidsvold, Hawkwood, Chewey, Paradise, Stanton-Harcourt, and Biggenden. At the last place reserves of iron ore have been mined in addition to bismuth and gold. Cobalt has also been obtained. At Mount Shamrock gold is mined in a complex ore containing copper, zinc and bismuth. At Ban Ban a large zinc lode occurs.

At Mount Perry and Mount Canindah, deposits of auriferous low-grade copper ore exist. Molybdenite is mined at Wenbah. Gold also has been won from a number of smaller fields. The considerable variety of minerals, limestones, and building stones indicate the value of the mineral deposits occurring in the Division.

BUNDABERG—A "SUGAR CITY."

It is in the Bundaberg district that the visitor makes contact with the sugar-cane industry, which in the Far North reaches enormous proportions. The handsome little City of Bundaberg is virtually besieged with sugar-cane. Sugar is to Bundaberg as silver-lead is to Mt. Isa, or wool to Longreach and Charleville. Without the industry the prosperity would vanish, as indeed the city itself would probably cease to exist.

And here, among sugar-cane plantations and by the pretty seaboard, the tourist may holiday with considerable profit. In the surrounding district, verdant and picturesque, all phases of this nationally important industry can be followed—from the

cutting the ripened cane, crushing mills and the process of clearing of scrubland, planting "sticks", subsequent wondrous process of transformation into brown crystals, and finally the system of refining into the white sugar of commerce. Until recently the process of distillation of various by-products could also be seen.

There is no other district in the State where all the activities associated with the production of sugar can be witnessed.

Compared with Bundaberg, Maryborough is only incidental so far as the production of sugar is concerned. Bundaberg and district last year produced 75,000 tons of sugar, while Maryborough and Mt. Bauple mills combined just touched 8,000 tons. And here will be found the largest plantations in the State—Bingera, Fairymead and Millaquin, which have meant so much to the development and prosperity of the Wide Bay and Burnett districts.

The Wide Bay districts may be said to have pioneered the sugar industry in Queensland. Prior to the opening up of this district production, which was centred around Brisbane and the South Coast, was on a very small scale.

Cane-growing was commenced in the Wide Bay in the late sixties and rapidly became the major agricultural industry, a position which it has continued to hold ever since. In 1935, 104,384 tons of raw sugar were produced from 810,230 tons of cane, the total value of production being upwards of £1,600,000.

The sugar is manufactured by eight mills—Bingera, Fairymead, Millaquin and Qunaba (Bundaberg), Gin Gin, Isis (Childers), Maryborough and Mount Bauple. Of these, five are proprietary companies and three are run on a co-operative basis. In this district cane is produced under an annual

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average rainfall of approximately 40 inches, which is about the minimum for successful cane production, and farmers have to contend with recurrent droughty periods. Consequently, increased attention is being given to irrigation. Two large-scale plants have been installed at Bingera and Fairymead plantations, while there are numerous smaller farm plants. The district is otherwise very well suited to cane production, and where irrigation is practised compares very favourably with the remainder of the State.

Here are the last of the big plantations, which are operated by the Bingera, Fairymead and Millaquin Companies. The industry, however, is essentially a small farm industry and 75 per cent. of the cane is grown by farmers who till an average of some 30 acres of cane.

The Bureau of Sugar Experiment Stations maintains a field experiment station some four miles from the city. This field station was established in 1913 and is situated on red volcanic soil typical of the important Woongarra sub-district. Since its inception the station has been devoted to the carrying out of cultural, manurial and varietal trials for the guidance of the farmers of the district.

CITY AND ENVIRONS.

Bundaberg people are proud of their city. This civic pride is made manifest in a number of ways. Substantial business houses and public buildings, attractive residences with gardens ablaze with colour, tree-lined streets and well-kept parks, all indicate the community interest.

No district outside of the metropolis has such a splendid system of first class roads, which stretch for miles through the canefields. Bourbong Street, which runs through the heart of the city, is one

of the finest in the State—a mile long and 130 feet wide.

At Buss Park, a pretty square of green almost in the heart of the city, I found the memorial to one of Australia's famous airmen, the late Bert Hinkler.

On a granite tablet was the inscription: "Principal Flights: First solo from Great Britain to Australia, First Flight across South Atlantic Ocean from West to East. To the memory of Squadron-Leader H. I. ("Bert") Hinkler, erected by the citizens of Australia. Born at Bundaberg, December, 1892. Accidentally killed in the Prato Magno Alps, Tuscany, Italy, on January 8, 1933, while flying to Australia."

Hinkler Avenue also commemorates the name of one who ranks among Bundaberg's most famous sons. And there have been several others who have brought fame to themselves and their city. The most representative of Australian writers, Vance Palmer, is a native of Bundaberg, and other people prominent in the public eye who can claim Bundaberg as their birthplace are Miss Mollie De Gunst, the celebrated operatic singer, and Miss Gladys Moncrieff, the well-known musical comedy star.

One of the first scenic spots the tourist should visit is The Hummock, a boulder-strewn eminence 350 feet high, from which a commanding panorama of the surrounding country is obtained. It is the Watch-tower of Wide Bay, the most conspicuous landmark in the whole of these flat alluvial plains.

BARGARA AND NIELSON'S PARK.

Further afield are Bargara and Nielson's Park, ocean-side resorts possessing charm and holiday interest, eight miles from the city. Here will be found health and happiness and the lulling music of silver tides, an ideal resort for a quiet, carefree



Ryan's "Hotel Bundaberg"

Queensland has a big Tourist influx, and visitors have a delightfully wide variety of scenery. Ocean, river, mountain, plain—in every direction the visitor finds sightseeing a pleasure. The Burnett River is one of Queensland's loveliest waterways, and therefore to Bundaberg and the Burnett tourists are continually attracted. But more than Nature's charms must be sought—comfortable accommodation is imperative—and so the wise stay at Ryan's.

It is a splendid modern concrete building, with all first-class appointments, excellent cuisine, spacious, sunny verandahs, cool and airy rooms, and a roof-garden overlooking the reaches of the Burnett and surrounding country. Running water in every room. The Tariff is moderate. By application to the Manageress trips can be arranged to the surrounding beauty spots, beaches and localities of interest for which Bundaberg is especially and justly famed.

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vacation. The gently sloping beaches, sheltered from boisterous waves, are admirable for children. Adjacent to Bargara Hotel is a delightful little golf-course overlooking the sea. After a round of golf, players may enjoy a dip in a natural swimming pool in the rocks quite close to the club-house. Nielson's Park also holds much of holiday interest. Good fishing grounds are nearby, and in season mackerel trolling offers boundless sport. Motor buses operate daily to and from Bundaberg.

Elliott Heads is another resort south from Bargara, some 14 miles from Bundaberg. North from Burnett Heads is Moore Park, and then ten miles further on is the Kolan River—both beauty spots much favoured by picnic parties.

"Burnett Salmon"—Queensland lung fish, or *Ceratodus (Epiceratodus fosteri)*—was originally found in the Burnett and Mary Rivers.

When it was realised that this interesting fish—"a living fossil"—was threatened with extinction, fry was transferred to several regions in Southern Queensland, such as Enoggera reservoir, North Pine River, a dam at Cressbrook, a lagoon near Albert River, Condamine River, Upper Coomera Creek, the Brisbane Botanic Gardens, and the Queensland Museum. In all these places the fish were found to thrive. Specimens were also sent to the London and Paris zoological gardens where one lived for 20 years.

BUNDA'S TOWN.

The original settlement of Bundaberg was on the north side of the river, but due to the frequent inundations of the low-lying land, the township was laid out on the south side where the river bank was higher and more land suitable for building purposes was available.

The streets were named by Mr. Surveyor Thompson and his assistant, A. D. Edwards, in 1868-69, who adhered as far as possible to native names. For example, Bourbong Street, the main thoroughfare, bears the native name for a chain of water-holes between the town and Rubyanna. Mr. Thompson had himself just previously taken up a 1,200 acre selection in his wife's name (hence "Rubyanna"), some four miles down the river from the Government township, with the intention of forming a sugar plantation. Targo Street is from "tchago," the aboriginal name for the locality near the junction of the Burnett River and Saltwater Creek. Tantitha, Walla, Bingera, Woondooma, Woongarra, and other streets have similar local derivations.

The name Bundaberg itself is a hybrid given to the new town by Mr. Thompson after Mr. Edwards, who did the practical work of laying it out. The latter was jestingly "adopted" by the aboriginal tribe of Bunda, then very numerous and powerful in the Lower Burnett, and used to be addressed by the blacks and his intimates by that name. To this was tacked the termination "berg," more properly "burg" or "burgh," and the new town became Bundaberg, signifying Bunda's town.

The country inland from Bundaberg was originally devoted to cattle-raising—indeed, stations were

established many years before the first settlement on the site of the present city.

In 1847 Gregory Blaxland, a N.S.W. pastoralist, finding most of the country on the Darling Downs and districts adjacent to Brisbane already selected, journeyed north with stock and necessary supplies and equipment for forming a station. After being on the track for 12 months, Blaxland halted his expedition on the banks of Gin Gin Creek and built a hut. The blacks proved very troublesome and Blaxland, together with two young shepherds, were subsequently murdered. The year following the forming of Gin Gin Station, Dr. and Mrs. Archibald Thompson led another party from N.S.W., following in the tracks of Blaxland, and founded Walla station. In 1850 Messrs. Landsborough and Rankin settled at Kolonga on the Kolan River, and a little later Alexander Walker also journeyed overland and formed Bingera cattle station. From then on there was a continuous stream of graziers in search of new country.

The first man to entertain the idea of selecting land for agricultural purposes was John Steurt, a pioneer timber-getter. He and his brother, Gavin, by deciding the site on which the future settlement was to be built, were the real founders of Bundaberg.

GLADSTONE—AND THE SPANISH GALLEON.

THERE are several highly interesting points to remember about Gladstone—its magnificent harbour, Port Curtis; the attempt made to establish a "North-Australia" colony, with Gladstone as the capital, and Colonel Barney as Lieut.-Governor; the large meat-works and butter factory; the "Port Curtis myth"—the story of the old Spanish wreck on Facing Island,

and its exposure; and that it is the port of embarkation for Heron Island in the Capricorn Group.

Gladstone makes a pretty page in Australian history. I have before me copies of correspondence and other data relating to the Port Curtis "myth." They make fascinating reading. Here, for instance, are extracts from an article which appeared in the

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"Sydney Morning Herald" on August 2nd, 1909:

"There is no doubt that the wreckage discovered at Port Gladstone, Queensland, soon after attempts were made to settle that part of the continent, belonged to a Spanish expedition. Some authorities associated the names with De Quiros and his squadron. Extracts from the navigator's memorial to the King of Spain are adduced to establish the identity of the place. Although the identification of Port Curtis and Keppel Bay with the regions visited by De Quiros during the expedition—and named by him "Austrialia del Espiritu Santo"—appears question-

able, because he described the natives as whites, yellow, mulattos and blacks, the evidence of some Spanish wreck seemed adequate as to the settlement by the same people. . . . The survey party, which went to Gladstone in 1853 found embedded in the sand at South Trees Point a brass cannon, a pivot gun about five feet long, with a bore of one and a half inches, in a fairly good state of preservation. The inscription was "Santa Barbara, 1596." Further on, at Facing Island, on the ocean side, well up in the bush, with the sand and vegetation as a rampart against the effects of the sea, lay the remains of a Spanish ship of very ancient type. She had been there so long that huge oak trees have grown up through the timber. A local squatter prospected for treasure, but found none. Again, on a projecting detached rock at Auckland Point, there was found by the surveyors a remarkable carving of the face of a man in the solid stone. A date was inscribed thereon which was either 1600 or 1800, probably the former. At South Trees Point there were other suggestive features. . . . The conclusions then reached were that long before Captain Cook sighted Australia, a Spanish ship had been wrecked there, and had attempted to form a settlement. Probably the blacks eventually descended upon them and wiped them out. If it was a colonising expedition and failed, the result was not any more disastrous in that respect than the settlement founded at Gladstone in 1846 under the supervision of Colonel Barney."

In his "History of the Catholic Church in Australasia," Cardinal Moran identified Port Curtis as the spot on which De Quiros landed in 1606. "The trend of the land from east to west, the row of islands in front of the harbour, the large Curtis Island at the distance of a few miles, all compound to the 'Har-

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 ❖ ═ ═ ═ ═ ❖

bour of the Holy Cross,' in which De Quiros cast anchor." The Cardinal was convinced that it was on the shores of Port Curtis that the first celebration of Mass on the Australian continent took place.

The historical authorities, however, held a different view. The question of the discovery of the eastern coast of Australia, and more particularly of Port Curtis, has been at various times considered by the Royal Geographic Society of Australasia, as well as by the Royal Geographical Society of Great Britain,

with the result that the claim has been discredited by some of the most competent authorities of the day. Naturally, the statements regarding the supposed Spanish wreck and gun received consideration, but no conclusive proof, even of their existence, seems to have been forthcoming. . . . The Lands Department, therefore, has no evidence of the finding of the gun or the wreck."

So there you are! No Spanish wreck. But it is a romantic story, nevertheless. What a pity! I

would like to have dreamed exciting dreams of noble galleons and gallant Dons of Old Castile. . . .

And then there was the attempt to form a North Australia colony. Briefly, it appears that on September 15th, 1846, Colonel Barney, of the Royal Engineers, returned from England by the barque, "William Hyde," with a commission in his pocket appointing him superintendent of North Australia, intended by Prime Minister Gladstone to be another penal settlement. Early in the following year he left

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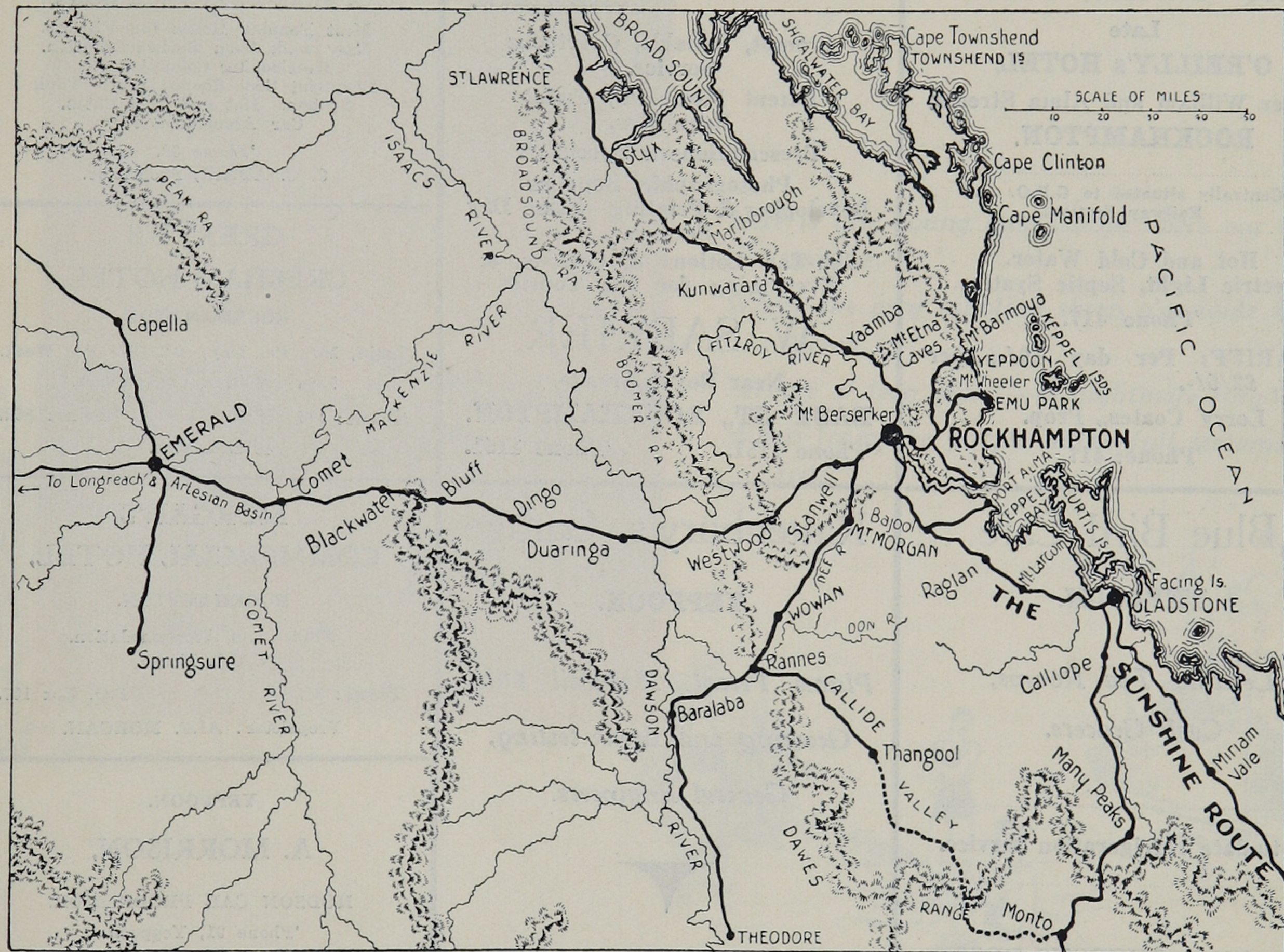
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Sydney for Port Curtis in the "Lord Auckland" with a large party of government officials, mechanics, and 22 soldiers of the 99th Regiment. Many of the officials were accompanied by their wives and families, the whole party numbering 82 persons. The "Thomas Lowry" was to follow with stores, more passengers, and more soldiers. Colonel Barney's barque grounded in attempting to negotiate one of the harbour channels, and the party was forced to land on Facing Island. There they camped for some considerable time under most unsatisfactory conditions. Finally, when the settlement was beginning to develop on the selected site for the township, the good Colonel received orders from Earl Gray (there had been a change of ministry) to abandon the project, and return to Sydney. It is said that none was more delighted than Colonel Barney himself. The 99th and officials withdrew, but some of the civilians remained. In 1854 the Colonial Government sent Sir Maurice O'Connell, "descendant of the Liberator on one side and Bounty Bligh on the other, an ex-Brigadier-General, and a Knight of Spain," to be superintendent of Port Curtis and district.

But—unfortunate township!—the Canoona gold-rush practically drained Gladstone of its population. That "golden fiasco", however, launched Rockhampton on the road to progress, many of the disappointed miners settling in the district. Henceforth the star of Gladstone was eclipsed by the younger township on the banks of the Fitzroy River. Later the central railroad was constructed west from Rockhampton, which also developed into a port of importance. Gladstone, with infinitely better harbour facilities has never ceased dreaming of becoming the great port for Central Queensland.

Most of the hinterland of Gladstone is devoted to cattle raising and dairying.



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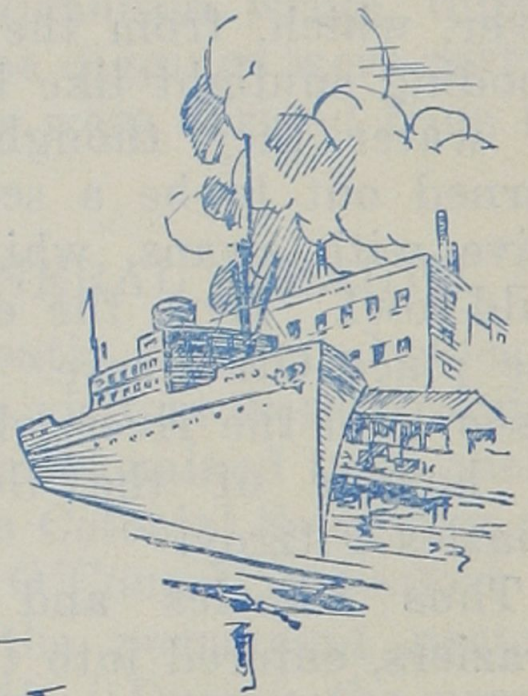
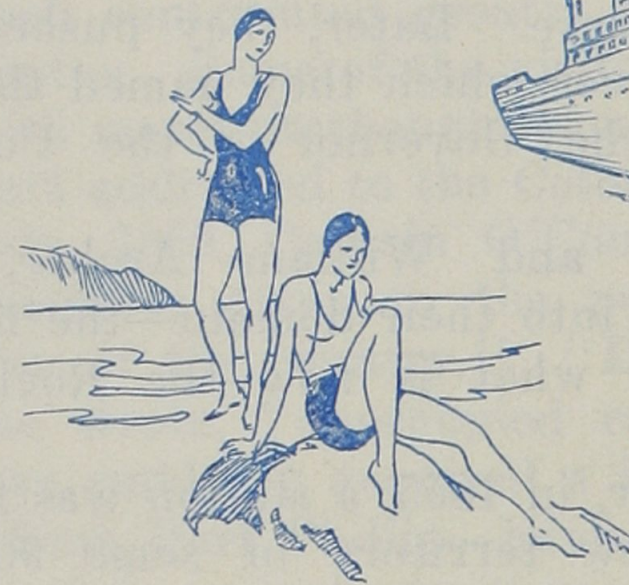
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*Here is this young land's hope; here our chief
treasure,*

*Where the grey nibbling sheep o'er wide fields
spread.*

*Menace of lean years,—as nightmare forgotten,
When from the purple hills—full streams are
fed!*



ROCKHAMPTON . . .

"The Key to The West"



EIGHTY-FOUR years ago three horsemen and a black boy gazed upon a noble panorama which extended from the heights of the Dee Range far away east to the ocean. This, assuredly, was the land indicated to them by Dr. Leichhardt, the famous explorer. Descending the Range, the little cavalcade made towards the river, which, from the heights, had glinted in the flooding sunlight like beaten silver. But the sheet of water they thought was a reach of a river turned out to be a series of beautiful waterholes alive with swans, white geese, ducks, and other wild-fowl. Here the explorers camped and called the place Gracemere. Later, they pushed on and discovered the river which they named the Fitzroy in honour of the Governor of the Colony, Sir Charles Fitzroy.

Thus Charles and William Archer, pioneer graziers, entered into their domain—the first white men to discover what is now the Rockhampton district.

Two years later, in 1855, a station was formed at Gracemere—a new territory of some 900 square miles extending from Yaamba in the north to

Raglan Creek in the south, and from the Dee Ranges and Westwood in the west to Broadmount and the Berseker Mountains in the east. The history of the Rockhampton district and the Central-west had begun.

The Gracemere lagoons are still the haunt of wild geese and other water-fowl. But on portion of the adjacent country a city has been built, a city of 30,000 people, the second largest in Queensland.

One of my most pleasant recollections of Rockhampton is a visit to the old Gracemere homestead, a few miles from the city.

The wide grazing lands, wild ducks whistling low over the lagoons, the beautiful landscape garden round the house—and the old homestead itself, with the original slab walls and floors of native plum and iron bark, the time mellowed oils of pioneer Archers. . . . This historic property has a charm difficult to describe. But they all possess a similar atmosphere, these early homesteads, whether on the Downs, the Warrego, or the Northwest. There are not too many of them left now. . .

Mrs. Alister Archer, from under a large sun-hat, told me interesting facts about her garden—where this tree came from and that; the story of the Chinese elm with mottled bark, and the Egyp-

tian papyrus brought home from the Nile; of how the plum-tree died, and of the enormous bunya-bunya pine and the flood.

We wandered among threshing date palms and old shade trees—poincianas, jacarandas, tamarinds, frangipanni, deep-foliaged chestnuts alive with parrots, oleanders, a “sensitive-tree,” and rare trees from all parts of the world; inspected massed beds of brightly coloured flowers, admired frothing cascades of bouganvillea, fiery canopies of Indian laburnum, breathed the heavily scented air. . . . And away out over the amaranthine beauty of the garden, past Pelican Point and the water birds, were the brown lands whereon stud cattle grazed.

THE GOLDEN FIASCO.

Rockhampton was still a tiny settlement, an assemblage of tents and huts, when there occurred an event which made the town known throughout Australia. The Canoona rush definitely placed it on the map.

The discovery of gold by Hargraves at Bathurst in 1851 had induced in the million inhabitants of Australia an intermittent fever from which they suffered for two decades at least.

The new discovery was in July or August, 1858, reported to Gladstone in general, and in particular to Captain O’Connell, the Government Resident, by a fossicker named Chapple. Captain O’Connell, perhaps without sufficient investigation, published the report. Immediately a human tide set out towards Canoona Station, half a dozen miles from Yaamba and about 30 miles up the river from Rockhampton. Shipping exhibited a hectic activity; the Fitzroy River was alive with passenger vessels. Within an incredibly short period some 15,000 gold-seekers arrived. Of these, at least 6,000

landed at Rockhampton. Many went no further but turned back influenced, as Sir Charles Nicholson afterwards informed Dr. Lang, by “the unfavourable accounts of those who, having failed to realise the most extravagant expectations, were not contented with moderate success.”

The tide, indeed, soon began to ebb and ran out with the same astonishing rapidity with which it had risen. The panic-stricken multitude sought a victim, and would have found one in the person of Chapple had he not anticipated lynching by flight. Captain O’Connell would have been an acceptable substitute; his life was, in fact, threatened.

The dislocating effect that such a rush inevitably had upon the Australian labour market may be readily conceived. Many southern towns were temporarily depopulated. The Governments of N.S. Wales and Victoria both expended large sums in repatriation. Meanwhile, although the diggers in-general had condemned the field without a fair trial, yet, as Sir Charles Nicholson wrote, during the very short period that the diggings were carried on at Canoona 40,000 ounces were derived from the place.

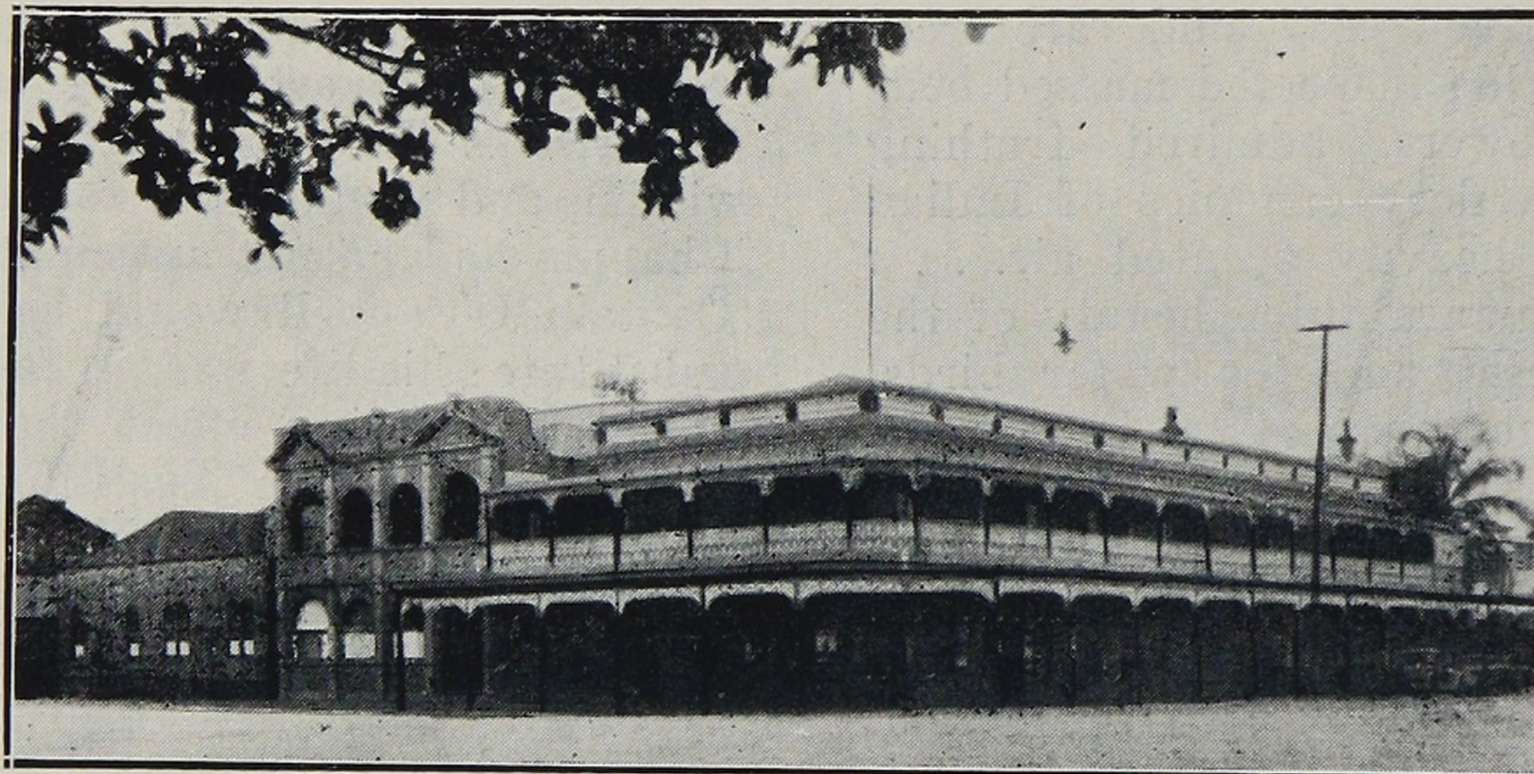
PASTORAL AND MINERAL WEALTH.

The rush contributed greatly to the advance of Rockhampton. Some of the visitors were stranded; others with more forethought remained from choice. In a report addressed to the Colonial Secretary and dated July, 1859, Captain O’Connell remarked the “great impulse given to the permanent pastoral occupation of the country.” “During the present year,” he wrote, “unoccupied runs to the northward have suddenly acquired a high value. Many settlers from Port Phillip—having been convinced, either by their own observation or from the reports

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Rockhampton
PASTORALISTS

of those who visited last year, of the value of the country for pastoral purposes—have acquired properties in it; and altogether there is said to be at the present moment at least 100,000 sheep arrived or arriving to occupy the country to the northward of the Fitzroy."

The first sale of town lots was held in November, 1858. On October 8th, Rockhampton was made a port of entry. In the same month the designing of the town began. Here the plan of wide streets and rectangular blocks was adopted, due largely to A. F. Wood, district surveyor, who had assisted in the laying out of Melbourne. The capital of Queensland might have had similar wide streets but for Governor Gipps, who angrily reminded his surveyor that the streets of the City of London were wide enough for the metropolis of the world, and declared emphatically that a similar width was surely sufficient for Brisbane.

Separation from N.S.W. came on December 10th, 1859. The increased settlement that speedily followed transformed Rockhampton, which, having begun as the port of Gracemere, six miles distant, inevitably became the gateway to an extensive territory almost as large as the Iberian Peninsula. As we have seen, its foundation was due to the joint operation of the two great primary industries, grazing and mining, which have contributed so materially to the development of Queensland, and which are still responsible for the prosperity of the city and district.

Rockhampton is situated slightly north of the Tropic of Capricorn, some 42 miles from Sea Hill, and is spread over an extensive plain broken by the Fitzroy River, the Berserker Range and the lagoons.

The population and area of the chief cities and

towns in the Port Curtis Division are Rockhampton (59 square miles, 30,000 people), Mt. Morgan, Gladstone, Calliope, Wowan, Theodore, Emu Park, Baralaba, Goovigen, St. Lawrence, Duaringa, and Callide. The total area of the division is 31,232 sq. miles, and the population 62,681. The total value of all agricultural production for 1935 was £438,000. Dairying (butter, cheese and milk) was valued at £513,000, and the 161,334 lbs. of greasy wool brought £7,031. Minerals realised £724,028, of which 70,290 fine ozs. of gold brought £617,488, Australian currency value. There are 129 factories in the Division.

At Rockhampton all the railways of Central Queensland converge—an aggregate length of 1,208 miles. The main western trunk extends inland to Longreach, tapping very wealthy pastoral country. At Jericho a branch line serves the Blackall district. Emerald is the junction of the Clermont and Springsure lines, while branches also extend to Mt. Morgan, Rannes and through the new Dawson Valley settlement to Theodore.

The city is served by two ports—Port Alma near the mouth of the river, and Broadmount at the estuary.

If you wish to see a magnificent collection of tropical flora catch one of those extraordinary steam trams which rattle and clank up Athelstane Range to the Botanic Gardens. The displays of crotons and other colourful tropic shrubs are said to be unexcelled. Secondary schools and many beautiful homes are situated on Athelstane Range, which is the main residential area.

The series of limestone caves at Mt. Etna, about sixteen miles north from the city, are of interest. The hills are honeycombed with caves, some of which contain stalagmites and stalactites, while

others are rich in bat guano accumulated over aeons of time. Johaansen's and Olsen's Caves are the largest and most interesting.

The Rockhampton Carnival is held during June of every year—at the height of the “winter” season.

The festivities centre round the Agricultural Society's Show, the Jockey Club's meetings, and the regatta on the serene reaches of the Fitzroy River.

Rockhampton is well provided with golf links, bowling greens and tennis courts. Splendid duck shooting is obtained in season in the surrounding district. Island-studded Keppel Bay and the long indented coastline constitute really excellent fishing grounds.

If unable to break your Queensland Journey at Rockhampton, engage one of the service cars and tour the city and environs during the twenty minutes the Sunshine Express is at the station. Luncheon is served in the dining car after leaving Rockhampton.

YEPPOON AND EMU PARK.

Rockhampton's seaside resorts are Yeppoon and Emu Park, 27 and 30 miles respectively from the city. With their bluff forelands and scalloped shores, their firm sandy strands, delightful climate during winter and summer, and clustering islands set in a springtime sea of blue, they are indeed attractive holiday regions.

The beach at Yeppoon extends in a fine 16 miles curve from Ross Creek to Stockyard Point. The Plantation Road skirts the northern shores to the Byfield tropical fruit-growing settlement. It is in this district that the *Bowenia* fern abounds. Masses of this decorative fern are railed south to

Brisbane to beautify the lounges and tables of several hotels and cafes.

From the grassy bluffs at Emu Park commanding panoramas are unfolded over bay, coast, and plain. The azurite waters of Keppel Bay, the long bulk of North and South Keppel Islands and attendant islets; Cape Capricorn, Curtis Island, The Narrows and Keppel Sands in the south; Shoalwater Bay and the long line of indented coastline in the north; and wide plains spreading westward to the ranges, all add to the panoramic delights which can be obtained from these heights.

A scenic highway is under construction between Yeppoon and Emu Park which will skirt the coast and afford views from the several promontories of a seascape of undeniable beauty.

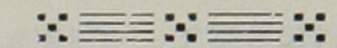
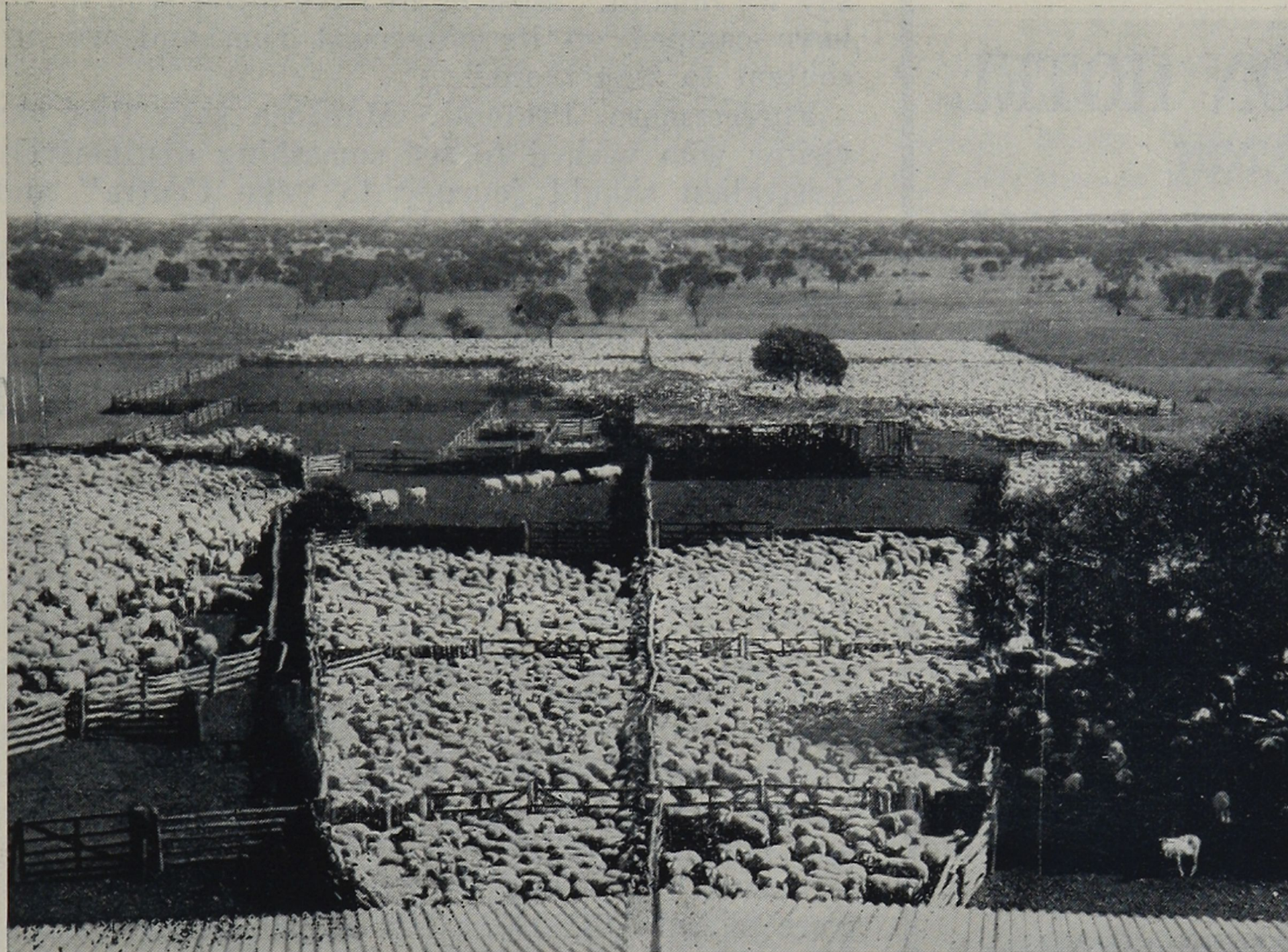
WEST ALONG THE TROPIC.

*“Here are the humping plains, treeless, pale brown,
Where half-grown hills romp roundly, up and
down,*

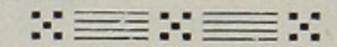
*And fat, white clouds dapple the rippling miles,
With great deep-coloured shadows.” —Mary Lang.*

FOLLOW the sun westward along the Tropic of Capricorn right into the heart of Queensland!

Out where the corellas turn red as they wheel into the sunset, and *zamia* bushes bloom with brilliant colours. When burnt these shrubs give off gloriously incandescent flames of variegated hues. Years ago a favourite recreation among jackeroos and squattocracy lasses was a *zamia* party. They would go from a race ball or other festive gathering and hold high revelry round a blazing *zamia* shrub, in the manner reminiscent of mediaeval may-pole dances. A series of blazing *zamia* flares on a clear, crisp western night is a sight long to be remembered.



SHEEP YARDED FOR
SHEARING, ISIS DOWNS.



miles from Rockhampton. It is claimed that Longreach is the largest purely pastoral town in Australia.

This portion of the country is so very different from the other large primary producing areas of the State. Contrast the Darling Downs, Brisbane River Valley, Wide Bay and Burnett, the far northern coastal belt and the Atherton Tableland. How utterly different they all are!

Queensland is such an enormous territory that the term "typically

Queensland" can scarcely be applied to any specified region. For that matter, indeed, the same can be said about Australia as a whole.

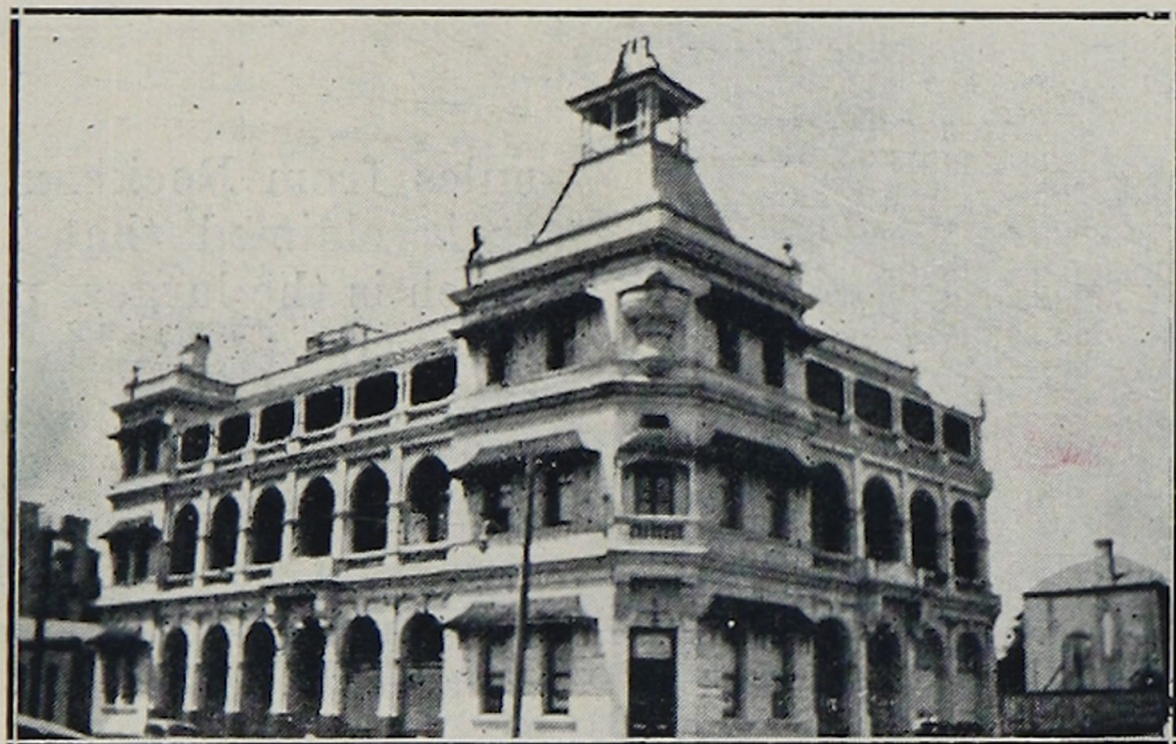
I am reminded of the chapter "Introducing Australia" in Professor Walter Murdoch's "Lucid Intervals," wherein he says: "All we mean by the 'real Australia'—if we mean anything—is the distinctive Australia, the Australia which is not a plagiarism from Europe or America; the huge island-continent which we have the effrontery to

Out where black-coated wallaroos nibble the coarse grasses on flat-topped Mt. Cornish ramparts; where wild pigs grunt along the lush banks of the Landsborough; where flocks of top-knot pigeons whistle over the gidgee scrubs; and where sweet-scented mimosa blooms in golden glory by the bore-drains.

If your Queensland Journey takes you beyond the coastal districts you might travel through the Central-west to Longreach, the railroad terminus 428

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say we inhabit. Most of us have never seen it; we have camped on its outermost rim, and we are content to stay there."

Furthermore, Professor Murdoch says that the visitor who wished to see something distinctively Australian should journey to "the Centre" and the regions around Ayres Rock and Mount Olga, "those two marvellous tors which no tourist should fail to see."

Indeed, he even suggests that the head office of a tourist agency should be situated at Alice Springs!

FINE WOOLS AND BIG CLIPS.

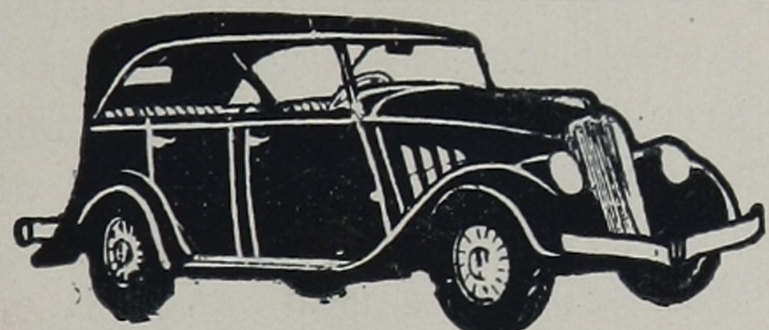
The Central Division comprises 91,379 sq. miles with a population of 26,080. The chief towns are Longreach (3,683), Barcaldine (2,277), Blackall (2,079), Clermont, Emerald, Springsure, Taroom, Aramac, Alpha, Tambo, Capella, Jericho, Muttaborra, Ilfracombe and Bogantungan. The total agricultural production for 1935 was valued at £4,000, consisting mainly of cotton and oranges. Greasy wool (47,662,986 lb.) realised £2,077,312, and minerals (coal, gold, gems, opals and silver) were worth £93,064. The livestock returns for 1936 were: sheep 4,915,297, cattle 509,993, horses 38,505, pigs 987.

The Central-Western Division includes the towns of Winton (1,778), Isisford, Boulia and Jundah. The area of the Division is 103,595 square miles, and the population 3,305. The value of greasy wool for 1935 was £816,443 (18,732,908 lb.).

In Central Queensland are some of our finest sheep areas. Two disabilities, however, protrude themselves—prevalence of drought and distance from markets. Many of the best flocks in the State are depastured on these lands. Plains are among the outstanding characteristics of the Central-West.

One may travel in some directions for nearly 100 miles without encountering tree vegetation of any kind. Generally speaking these plains are excellent sheep country but it must be admitted that shade belts would greatly improve them. The climate is extremely hot in summer and extremely cold in winter. Intermediate seasons do not seem to exist or only to a slight extent. Artesian bores are a common source of water supply. Nearly all produce, including wool and fat stock, is railed to Rockhampton from where it finds its way overseas or, as happens in most instances, to the Brisbane markets. The wool produced is of high quality.

It is claimed that one lb. of the finest western merino wool can be spun to an unbroken length of 22 miles.



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It was near Blackall, at Alice Downs station, that Jack Howe, the champion "ringer," sheared 321 merino sheep with hand shears in a little under eight hours. This record has never been beaten in Australia or anywhere else in the world. Claims have been made that bigger tallies have been put up by the machine, but none has been recognised.

The best performance achieved with machine shears was that of Danny Cooper at Bundooran, near Richmond, when 316 merinos were "barbered" in eight hours. There are numbers of fast shearers who have shorn around the 300 mark with the machines but none has yet exceeded Howe's old time blade record.

ROMANCE OF MINING.

But we have a mining as well as a pastoral ancestry. Fathers and grandfathers of many present day Queenslanders earned their first money in this country on a mining field. Many more Queenslanders can trace a change in the family fortunes to the lucky or unlucky pick of a "spec." To-day across the length and breadth of the State gold, silver, lead, zinc, copper and minor metals are being won in increasing quantities and value.

Mt. Morgan—the world famous "Mountain of Gold"—which is connected by the Dawson Highway with Rockhampton, is the chief gold mine in the State. The story of its discovery, subsequent development and regeneration several years ago reads like the pages from a romance and is familiar to every Australian.

The lode, which was discovered in 1862, was worked by Mt. Morgan Gold Mining Co. Ltd from 1886 to 1927. During that period five and a-half million ounces of gold, valued at £22,000,000 sterling, and 140,000 tons of copper were produced

from 9,000,000 tons of ore. The Company went into liquidation in 1928 and the present Company, Mt. Morgan Limited, commenced operations in the following year. The lode is being worked open-cut. No smelting is being done at present, a gold-copper concentrate being produced at the Company's floatation plant and shipped overseas for treatment.

A plant to treat low-grade oxidised ore, formerly regarded as over-burden, is now completed. During the last three years 591,000 tons of ore have been quarried and treated for 99,842 ozs. of gold and 2,981 tons of copper. Reserves still stand at 9,000,000 tons.

There are several other mines in adjacent districts, such as Hidden Star, Crocodile Creek, Jubilee, Mt. Cassidy, Hunter's Gully on the Morinish field, and the Great Fitzroy copper mine at Mount Chalmers. Numerous small "shows" are also being worked in the district—mines, prospectors will tell you, that "never had a chance."

"On ev'ry field they can be found, and each old chap can tell

About a mine, or two or three, that should have turned out well.

Of all the yarns in goldfields' pubs they tell there's none so sad

As those of mines that didn't get the chance they should have had!"

Coal mining is another important industry in Central Queensland, the mines at Blair Athol, Collinsville and Styx River being among the largest in the State.

AUSTRALIA'S "DIXIELAND."

Central Queensland extends from Bundaberg in the south to St. Lawrence in the north, and includes the rich agricultural dairying lands of the Upper Burnett, Callide and Dawson Valleys, and some of the best cattle-raising areas in the State. Rockhampton is potentially the metropolis of this vast area, which is also served by the ports of Bundaberg and Gladstone. Branch lines connect the hinterland with natural port facilities.

The production of cotton greatly exceeds any other primary crop in Central Queensland. The main cotton belt is situated in the Callide Valley and Upper Burnett areas—Australia's Dixieland—while small areas are grown along the coastal belt. Approximately 90,000 acres of land are utilised for this crop, from which two-thirds of the total cotton crop of Queensland is produced. A cotton ginny is established at Glenmore, Rockhampton, where 9,500 bales of cotton were ginned during the 1935-36 season. Apart from the production of cotton, 10,000 acres were used for other agricultural purposes.



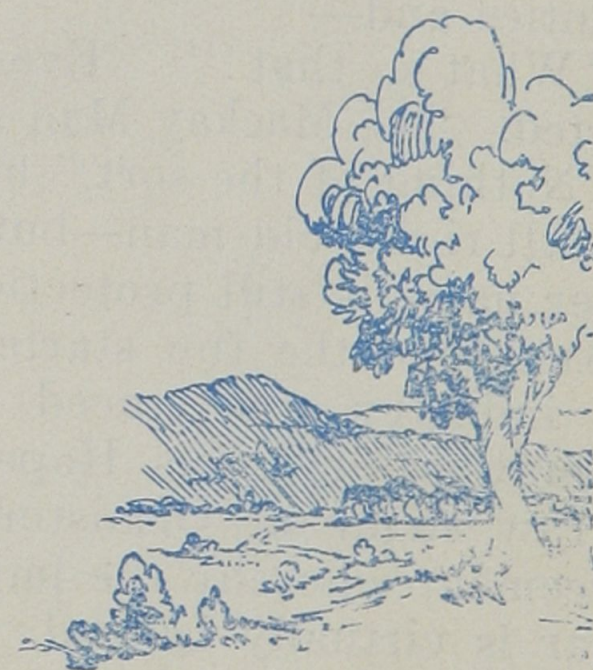


*There's a souging like the sea, though we're
twenty miles inland,*

*'Tis the wind in the canefields!—Oh the
scent!—the song! the chime!*

*The laden trucks come lumbering in to sugar
mills at Ingham,*

*All the air is sugar-sweet through the North at
crushing time.*



Mackay and Pioneer Valley . . .

"Sugar Cane and Silver Shores"



HE conversation began very quietly and innocently on the hotel veranda. Didn't the sugar-cane fields surging in an emerald flood through the Pioneer Valley look a really delightful picture? Yes, they indeed did, affirmed the Victorian Visitor, especially with the misty-blue background of ranges and isolated peaks. A wonderful land, the North! And a great industry sugar-cane growing. Bolstered up, of course, what with bounties and—

"What's that!" Everyone on the veranda started. The Mackay Man seemed rather annoyed.

"Nothing of the sort," he retorted.

"All right, old man—but a bounty called by any other name is still protection. . . ."

And then the fun started! The development of the industry was traced from a genesis in 1866 when Captain Louis Hope produced the first ton of raw sugar at Ormiston, near Brisbane, to the agreement whereby the importation of black grown sugar is virtually banned.

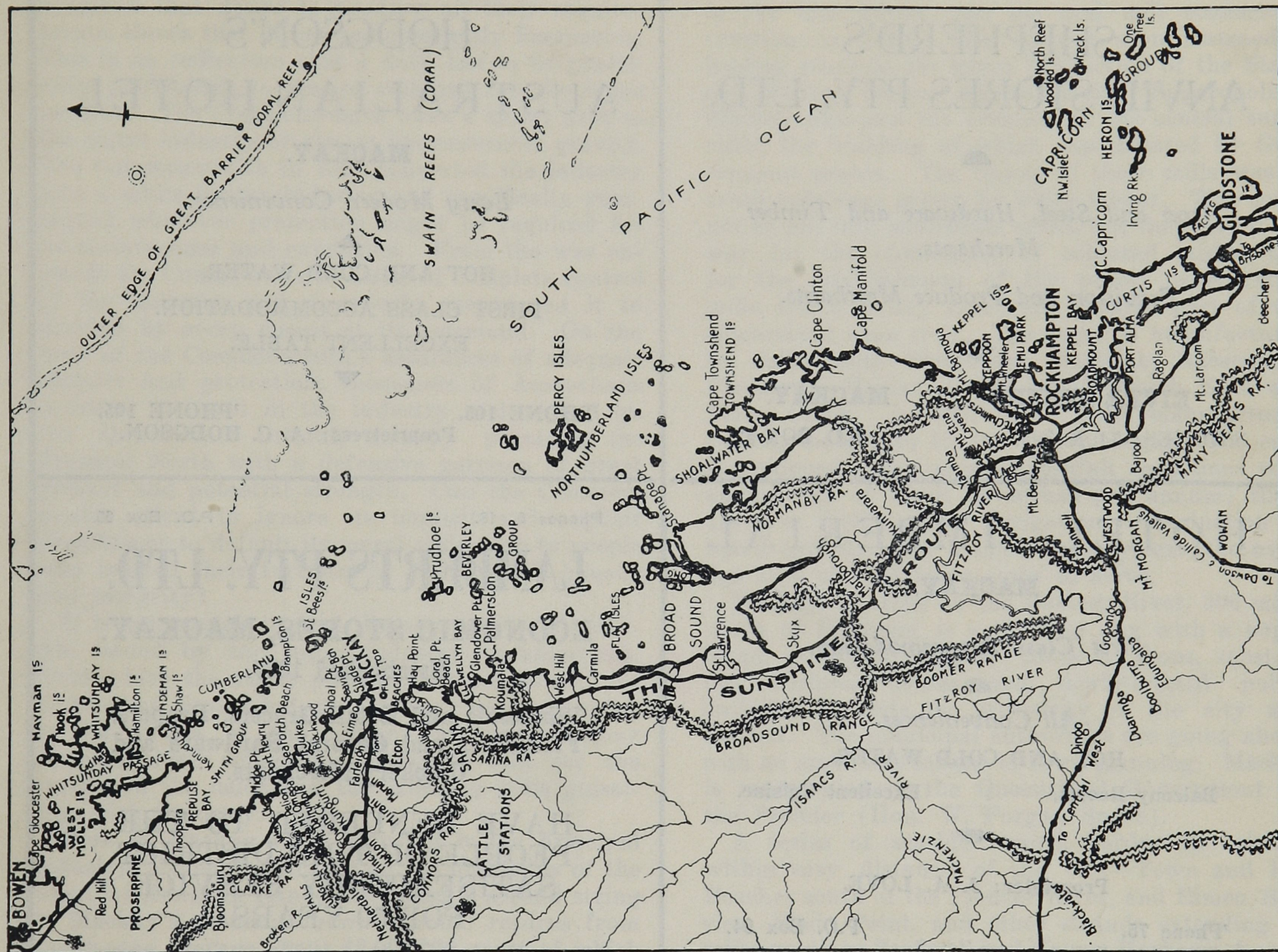
I learned once again how Queensland had abolished coloured labour in the interest of Federation; the salient points of the White Australian policy; the vicissitudes of the industry during the war

period; why the embargo was imposed in 1915 and since then repeatedly renewed and maintained until there is an annual surplus for export—indeed the whole economics of the industry propounded in a clear-cut resonant voice that commanded admiration and somewhat knocked the wind out of the southern visitor's sails.

But the critic's arguments, intelligent though they were, revealed how little the average southern Australian knows of this magnificent northern enterprise.

I went out into the sparkling sunshine and saw concrete evidence of what the industry was doing for Mackay at all events.

The Australian sugar industry requires to be protected against the product of low paid coloured labour in tropical countries and against the heavily subsidised beet-sugar production of European countries. In both instances sugar is sold for export at below cost of production and an embargo against import is the only practical method of counteracting prices which are not regulated by any standard values. Furthermore, the import duties on many primary and manufactured products are so high as to make importation prohibitive, and this in effect is the same as an embargo. A study of the history of protective duties on sugar in those



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countries that desire to produce all their requirements, shows that duties are constantly fluctuating. This is an indication that a duty has to be practically prohibitive to ensure stability for the home product. The Commonwealth owes a moral debt to the sugar industry of almost immeasurable gravity. The Commonwealth in 1901 converted the industry into a white labour industry and specifically guaranteed whatever protection might be required for its maintenance and expansion. From the war onwards the Commonwealth assumed complete control of the industry and vigorously encouraged it to develop by every means at its command. On the faith of the Commonwealth's assurances of adequate support and protection, thousands of Australians invested their all in the industry and settled on the Queensland littoral, thereby providing the Tropical North with a defensive garrison of great present and potential strength. Can the Commonwealth afford to ignore its implicit and explicit promises or to default its moral obligation to people who trusted their fortunes to the nation's honour and integrity?

It is not enough to read the many splendid booklets issued by the sugar industry organisations, from which the above passages are extracted. To understand just what part sugar-cane is playing in the affairs of the nation you must journey through these colourful Northlands and see the cutters in the fields and the crushing mills pulsating with industry.

Here at Mackay sugar growing is the principal industry, although dairying on the highlands of the adjacent Eungella Range has added a second string to Mackay's economic bow. Annual returns from sugar-cane average about £2,000,000, most of which circulates in the district comprising 26,000 people.

Sugar growing commenced in the Mackay district

in the late sixties, and the first mill commenced crushing in 1868. This district soon assumed a leading place in the sugar production of the State, and Mackay became known as the "Sugaropolis." Mackay also saw the creation of the central sugar mills, the building of which was assisted by Government grants. The object of these mills was to crush only cane grown by white labour. This could not be put into immediate effect, but they paved the way for the elimination of coloured labour and for the establishment of the purely co-operative mills which to-day crush the greater part of the Queensland cane crop. The sugar is manufactured by eight mills—Proserpine, Farleigh, Racecourse, Pleystowe, Marian, Cattle Creek, North Eton and Plane Creek. In 1935 these mills manufactured slightly more than 150,000 tons of sugar. The cane is produced under natural rainfall conditions with an average of about 60 inches per annum; there are few facilities for irrigation. Production is based entirely upon a small farm system, the average area planted being some 40 acres.

Mackay, situated on the Pioneer River, 300 miles north of Brisbane, is a thriving city with a population of 10,880 people. Modern shops, substantial business houses and newly-erected public buildings indicate the prosperity of the city and district. The municipal authorities are going ahead with an ambitious scheme of town planning. Mackay is represented in the Queensland Government by the Premier (Hon. W. Forgan Smith).

A series of seaside resorts border the shores within easy distance of the city—Town and Far Beaches south of the Pioneer River, and Eimeo, Seaview, Slade Point, and other strands extending 30 miles north to Seaforth and Newry Harbour. A very pretty seascape is obtained from the heights of Eimeo, the principal bathing resort. On a clear

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sea liners, is estimated to cost in the vicinity of £1,000,000.

Sarina, a fertile and picturesque district south of Mackay, is the centre of the power alcohol industry. Proserpine, north of the city, is also a large sugar-cane district. Visitors for Day Dream Island and Haymen Island, within the Whitsunday region, detrain at Proserpine and journey through Canon Valley to join auxiliary launches.

Mackay is the point of embarkation for Brampton and Lindeman Islands,

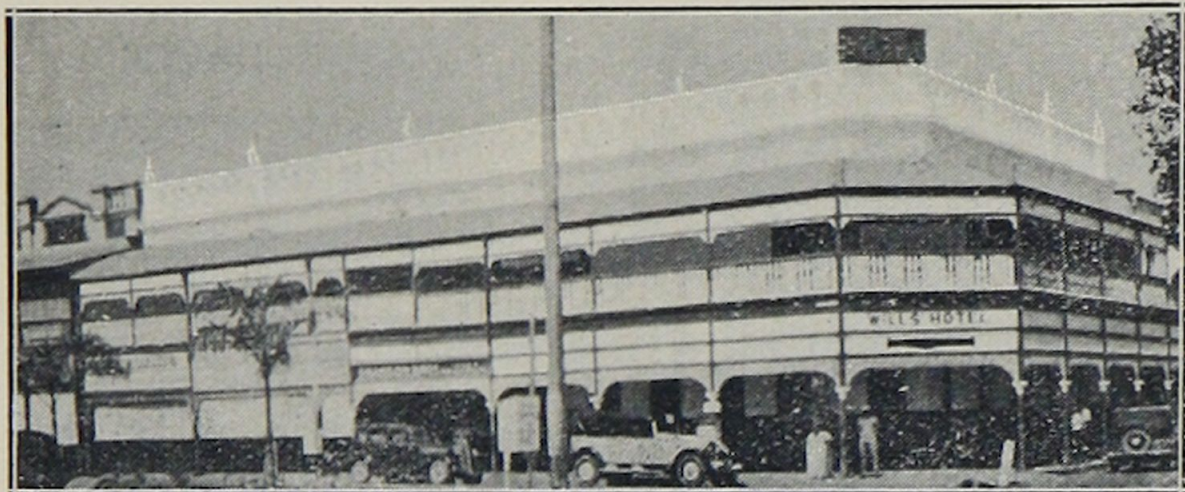
which will be discussed more fully in a subsequent section devoted to the Great Barrier Reef and island resorts.

SEAFORTH AND THE BLUE-FISH.

Bill said I must visit Seaforth and Port Newry. So away we bumped in his ancient car while the dew was still heavy upon frond and whorl. Bill looked something like Mr. Pickwick, but talked like Sam Weller. We passed through Farleigh Valley, pausing for a moment at the mill to inspect

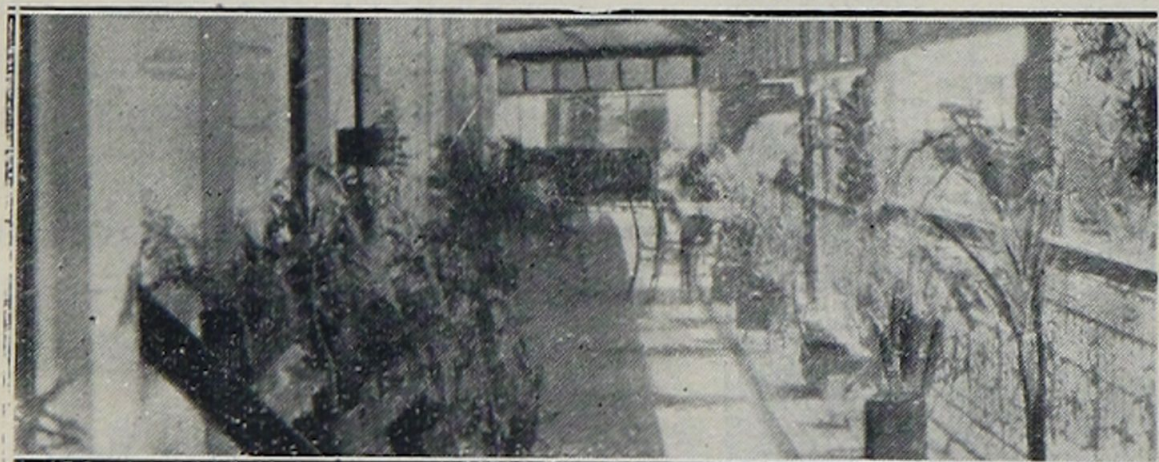
day several islands of the Cumberland Group can be plainly seen—Brampton, Carlisle, Keswick, Cockermouth, Penrith, St. Bee's, Scawfell and Calder.

On the coast a few miles from the city, engineers are constructing a deep-sea harbour. Metal, quarried from adjacent Mt. Bassett, is being tipped into the sea to form breakwaters. It is truly an amazing sight to see the electrically operated Telpha crane manipulating huge blocks of stone. The harbour, which will be able to accommodate over-



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Effort is directed by the Management to ensure the comfort of guests, and to suit their individual desires . . . the Cuisine is first class; the catering excellent . . . The Hotel is central in Mackay to the retail, financial and theatrical centres.

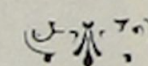
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the large ship's bell which once summoned the kanakas to labour. Then on to Mt. Jukes Valley along a road bordered by wild guava hedges and hibiscus, sun-flowers and the lavender blooms of the quaint little "sensitive plant." The valley between the frowning crags of Mt. Jukes and Mt. Blackwood is exceedingly pretty, being filled with waving cane which surges far up the slopes.

Feathery cocoanut palms, leaning at an angle, and an avenue of kauri pines; a firm sandy beach forming a golden edge to the horseshoe shaped cove, very blue and sparkling in the sunlight Seaforth. Freshly caught mackerel for lunch, and then down to the sea where Bill's motor boat was riding at anchor.

I confess I thought it was a bigger boat. But all the more fun in a little craft. So I rolled up my trousers and waded out. With Bill steering there wasn't any room for me in the stern so I crawled up into the bows and hoped for the best. Away we went, Bill shouting anecdotes about Seaforth characters which were mostly drowned by the happy popping of the exhaust.

Salt spray and seagulls swooping. We bravely rode the waves and turned into Newry Harbour among the necklace of islands. Every one seemed thickly forested, with snug little coves and shell-strewn beaches. It has been claimed that Port Newry should have been the site for Mackay's deep water Harbour.

And then we pulled into a sandy spit and met Mr. and Mrs. Wooster.

"We thought you would be here earlier, so we cooked a big blue-fish for lunch."

Well, that seemed rather extraordinary, seeing that only Bill and myself knew about the trip.

Mrs. Wooster, blue-eyed, vivacious, laughed mer-

rily and attributed it to the "island telegraph."

What was that? Ah, that would be telling!

So we went indoors and ate juicy slices of pineapple grown on the island. Surreptitiously I looked round for a telephone receiver—or possibly a beam radio!

Only turtle shells, corals and other Barrier Reef curios. And the blue-fish was there alright, waiting to be served. Amazing.

Chugging homeward a little later as the setting sun was touching the waves obliquely, a mirror flashed from another island. We drew in and the man and a dog came down to greet us.

"Hello, I heard you were up this way. What's the news?"

Bill swears he knows nothing about it. The islands to his knowledge had not been visited for two days.

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—E. J. Brady.

IT was a golden singing afternoon when I entered the Pioneer Valley—the Valley of Changing Lights and Shades. Magpies were carolling and brolgas dancing in the flooding sunshine as they joyfully followed the warm brown trail of the plough.

The air was the colour of ale. All about were waving green lakes of sugar-cane, while on all

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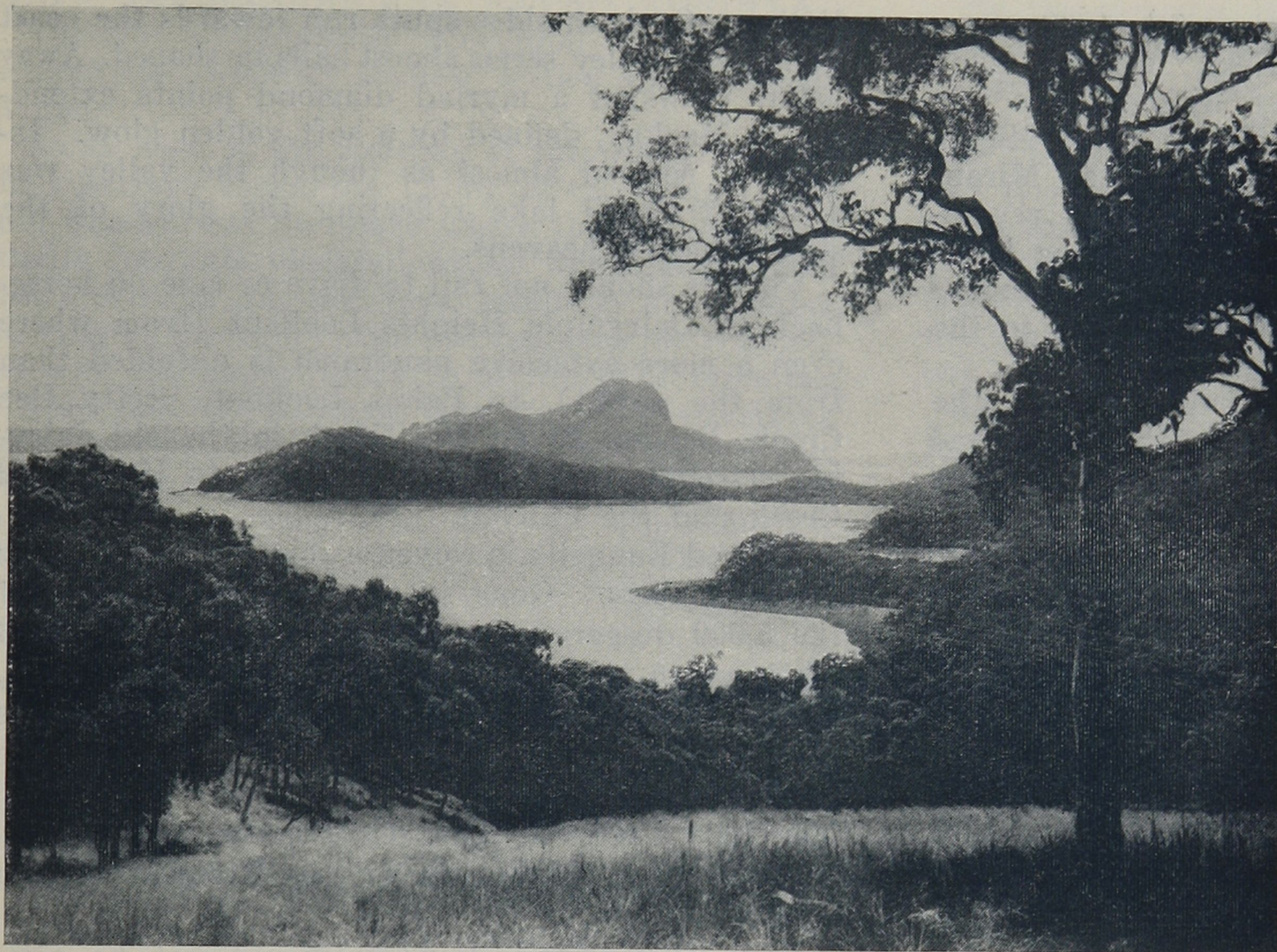
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Eungella—the aboriginals’
 “Mountain of Mists”—
 some fifty-two miles from
 Mackay.

So I set off for the
 Chalet on the summit
 of the range, along the
 road once used by the
 pack-teams of the gold-
 seekers—over the route,
 indeed, Captain John
 Mackay trudged when,
 conquering the coastal
 ramparts, he entered the
 Promised Land, the first
 white man to behold its
 virgin beauty.

Standing like sentinels
 above the surrounding
 country were Mt. Dal-

sides and in the dim distance ahead, sapphire-
 misted mountains swept upward to cerulean skies.

A million acres of cane, phalanx on phalanx,
 marched through the valley to the silver shores,
 miles on miles of green fields and chocolate-brown
 ploughed lands, broken here and there by little
 townships and settlers’ homes bedecked with vivid
 splashes of poinsettia and the glory of “golden
 glow.”

Through this smiling valley winds the road to

rymple, which for so long resisted all attempts to
 climb its rugged jungle-clad slopes, Mt. Jukes, Pin-
 nacle, Mt. Vince and other smaller peaks.

Soon the first of the several sugar mills was
 reached—Racecourse mill—and then the old Palms
 Estate, the bamboos at Pinnacle and the giant shade
 trees at Walkerston. A little further on past Pley-
 stowe mill I was again reminded of Captain Mackay
 and his intrepid band of explorers by the sight of
 the red-roofed Greenmount homestead, “formed”

by the courageous Scot on January 7th, 1862.

Marian, the "Nightingale's Nest," was for many years the home of Helen Porter Mitchell, who was to become the Queen of Song—Dame Nellie Melba.

Still heading into the sunset we passed Mirani and Finch Hatton, nestling amidst riotous vegetation, and as darkness descended the stabbing headlights played fantastically among tall-standing masses of cane which encroached right on to the road.

The dimly seen tropical landscape and the friendly lights in settlers' homes, the two-edged spears of cane standing silently in the starlight, the tangled valley scents, dancing lanterns like gigantic glow-worms indicating where the rail motor was to drop mail bags or goods, all assisted in creating the illusion that one was journeying through an Enchanted Land. And far ahead, away up on the mountain crest, twinkled the lights of the chalet.

From the Netherdale the road ascends to "The Top," as the Eungella settlement is called—a four and a half mile climb to 2,600 feet through deep tunnels of rain-forest.

I shall never forget the sight which we beheld as we burst out of the jungle and swept up the chalet drive. The chalet is ideally situated on the eastern fall of the Eungella Range, with a magnificent view for 50 miles through the Pioneer

Valley. On both sides spurs run towards the coast so that the valley seems almost hairpin shaped. Away below twinkled a myriad diamond points extending to Mackay, defined by a soft golden glow. Indeed, it seemed almost as though the valley was a vast tranquil lake reflecting the glory of the star-encrusted heavens.

Visitors should not fail to drive or ride on horseback to Dalrymple Heights Lookout (from where even a more extensive panorama is unfolded than from the chalet), to Palms Lookout, pretty Bee Creek, Broken River, Pla Creek in the old dairying settlement, and if time permits, to Hazelwood Creek and the Canyon.

Around Eungella is woven a romance of the early goldfield days. Gone is the frenzied activity of the 5,000 diggers who flocked to the field in 1886 when a rich pocket was opened in the Orchid mine. The five crazy pubs and red cedar humpies have long since disappeared, but there still remains the old water wheel and the battery at the "Diggings." Now only a few old prospectors fossick for the precious metal in Broken River, the River of Broken Dreams.

Your Queensland Journey would not be complete without a visit to Mackay and district. By shore and summit there are infinite delights which are peculiar to North Queensland alone.



HOW DOURAN-DOURAN SAVED KORINYA.

There is a delightful aboriginal legend woven around the beautiful Pioneer Valley and Eungella Range.

Away back in the morning of the world, the far-off alkaringa times, the Valley of Changing Lights and Shades was the place where the powerful and kindly Larrakia blackfellows sat down. Game and fish abounded in the lush meadows and singing streams of the valley, and the fragrant air resounded with the happy laughter of the little birralees.

Then one day Korinya, who was always walking about seeing strange lands and hearing strange things, came back to the tribes after a long walk-about with a wonderful tale of Eungella—the Mountain of Mists, or Land of the Clouds.

By the campfire that night he told how he had braved the minggahs, the spirit-haunted trees, and binaginbil, the place of leeches, and at last scaled the mountain wall and reached the top. But as he was looking for a way across the range, Woor, the evil spirit, sent Ho-too-worry the clouds to stop him. Korinya could not see his woomera before his face, so thick was the mountain mist, and was frightened, for he thought he would be killed by the murra-murras, the primitive blackfellows without proper faces, who were lurking all around him.

In desperation, he called loudly to the great Byamee, father of all the aborigines, to help him. And the third time he called Byamee heard, and sent Douran-Douran the north wind, who chased Ho-too-worry away from the mountain.

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Bathe in summer seas and laze on shimmering sands, or within the inviting shade of thick-foliaged mango trees.

Orchards border the serene reaches of the Don, and tropic breezes sigh among the beech-oaks—

*“Laurelled with lotuses from Capricorn,
Sea-dewed from Orient islets of the Blest.”*

Truly Bowen, with its island-sheltered harbour, and homes and gardens dotted over one of the peninsulas, is one of the most prettily situated towns along the northern coast. And for scenic beauty the golf course compares favourably with the best in the State.

Here you will find salt fields, meat works, modern electric light and power plant, the largest electric coal loading transporter in the southern hemisphere, coke ovens, large coal mines in the adjacent district, and prosperous orchards and farms. Large consignments of fruit and vegetables are sent to the Southern markets.

Thus Bowen is a port of power, plenty—and promise.

Although the oldest of the North Queensland ports, Bowen has not yet been accorded the attention which its many resources, scenic attractions, and climate merit.

On the Queensland coast are two magnificent ports almost entirely ignored by shipping—Bowen and Gladstone. Just what Forrest did for Freemantle to despite Albany, so Philp did for Townsville to spoil Bowen, and Kidston did for Rockhampton to out-class Gladstone. When Towns and Black had their historic row with the local bumbles, and betook their outfit to the banks of Ross Creek, there the “port” stayed, and Bowen with all its natural beauty and resources languished. Both Gladstone and Bowen seem to be coming into their own again, however, on the sheer merits of their virtue as ports, and this is being helped by the development of the hinterlands.

Seventy-eight years ago the schooner “Santa Barbara” rolled in the gentle swell off Stone Island, and the splendid harbour for the first time was revealed to white men.

The inscription on an obelisk in Bowen reads:

“Commemorating the discovery of Port Denison on 16th October, 1859, by Captain Henry Daniel Sinclair, James Gordon, Benjamin Poole, and W. H. Thomas in the “Santa Barbara,” and the settlement of Bowen on 12th April, 1861, by 111 persons under George Elphinstone Dalrymple, Government Representative.”

Hon. Charlie Cooper, Colonial Secretary at the time, stated in the “Sydney Morning Herald” that full compensation would be paid to anyone discovering a port for the produce of the Kennedy grazing lands.

Lured by this promise Sinclair set sail from Keppel Bay on September 1st, 1859, in his 9-ton hooker, with Gordon and Poole (who were to receive one-third interest in any reward) and Thomas as paid mate.

Threading their course through the clustering

Cumberland and Whitsunday groups of islands, they passed Port Denison still thinking, as others did, that the mouth of the Burdekin concealed the port for which they were seeking. Likely creeks were examined without success, and as they were having trouble with the blacks, and their water supply was running low, the schooner was headed south, hugging the coast.

Sailing inside of Gloucester Island they anchored for the night in a snug little bay near Ben Lomond. Sunrise revealed the beauty of the harbour, and they exuberantly named Sinclair Bay, Poole Island, Mount Gordon and Thomas Island to perpetuate the glory of the day!

Blacks again forced them to raise anchor without much delay, and after calling at one of the Cumberlandlands to cut a pine-tree for a bowsprit and effect

general repairs, and grounding on a sandbank in the Fitzroy, they sailed for Sydney to claim their reward.

In the meantime, however, Cooper had gone out of office, and Queensland was separated from New South Wales.

The party was referred to the new Colony.

But as the infant Treasury had been left only 7½d., they were not able to be paid. They were never paid. Even the land to which they laid claim was withdrawn.

Sinclair, however, was made pilot at Bowen, Gordon was appointed Customs officer, and Dalrymple Commissioner of Crown Lands and Government Resident.

Their sad tale is similar to several others during that strenuous colonial period.

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Box 128.

*Bookings at Leading Hotels and Queensland
Government Tourist Bureau.*

AYR AND THE BURDEKIN.

ALTHOUGH the Ayr District and Burdekin Delta is in the so-called "dry belt" between Townsville and Bowen, with a yearly rainfall of 43 inches, the area is abundantly supplied with sub-artesian water. Spear-pumps tap the water at a shallow depth and windmills lift it to overhead tanks. Ayr was one of the first districts systematically to adopt irrigation for the purpose of growing sugar-cane.

At Home Hill is a large pumping plant which supplies water and electrical power to the whole of the district surrounding Ayr and Home Hill. There are also numerous private pumping plants which irrigate a considerable area.

Ayr, named by Sir Thomas McIlwraith after his Scottish birthplace, is situated on the north bank of the Burdekin River, 50 miles south from Townsville and 782 miles north of Brisbane. It is a very busy and distinctly progressive town with a population of 5,260. The picturesque district comprising Home Hill, Brandon and other townships has a population of about 14,000. The area is watered by the Burdekin, Houghton and Reid Rivers and Bar-

rata, Wangaratta, Kalamia and Plantation Creeks. The ocean beach at Cape Bowling Green is ten miles from Ayr.

Sugar-cane is, of course, the principal product. The initiation of the industry in the Lower Burdekin and Ayr country was in 1879, though crushing operations did not begin until 1884. The subsequent prosperity of the area can to a great extent be attributed to the late John Drysdale, known as the "grand old man" of the Lower Burdekin.

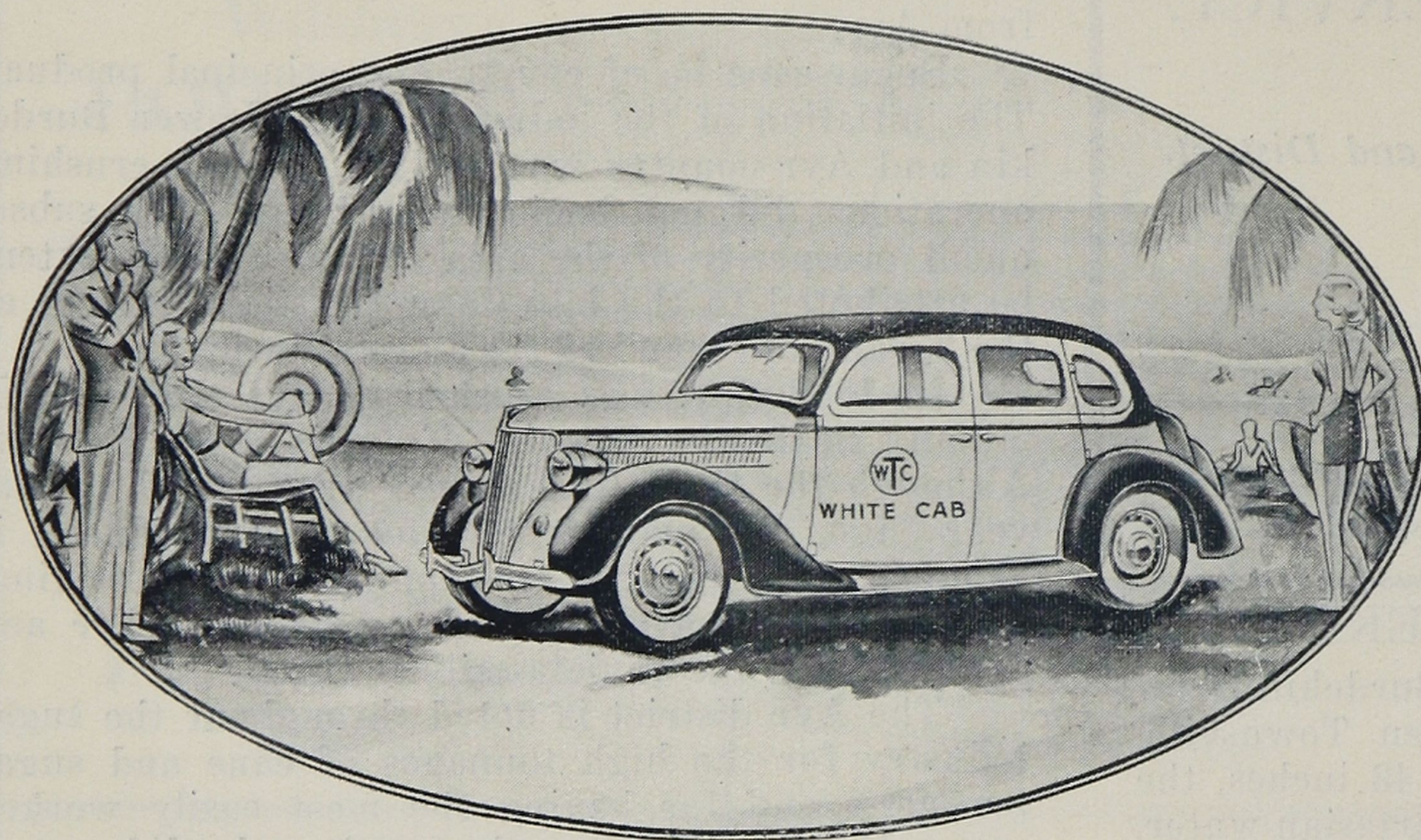
In 1888 cane was crushed at five mills—Airdmillan, Seaforth, Drynie, Kalamia and Pioneer. Although the three first named were closed several years ago, the amount of cane now produced is about fifteen times greater than that by the original five mills. Lying about midway between Ayr and Townsville is the Invicta mill at Giru.

The Ayr district is noted throughout the sugar industry for the high tonnages of cane and sugar per acre, and for having the most easily worked cane. For several years, due to the splendid system of irrigation, it has led the rest of Queensland in yields of sugar-cane per acre. The extraordinary supply of underground water is an immense asset to this flourishing centre.

Cane crushed at Kalamia, Pioneer and Invicta mills is shipped from Townsville, whereas that crushed at Inkerman is usually shipped from Bowen.

The Bureau of Experimental Stations has maintained an inspector in cane culture at Ayr for the past seven years, and much has been done to raise the standard of efficiency of the farms. The only other agricultural activity on the Burdekin Delta is tobacco growing.

There is some first-class pastoral country in the Ayr hinterland, a fact which supports the contention that cattle raising can be successfully conducted in areas on or adjacent to the northern coast.



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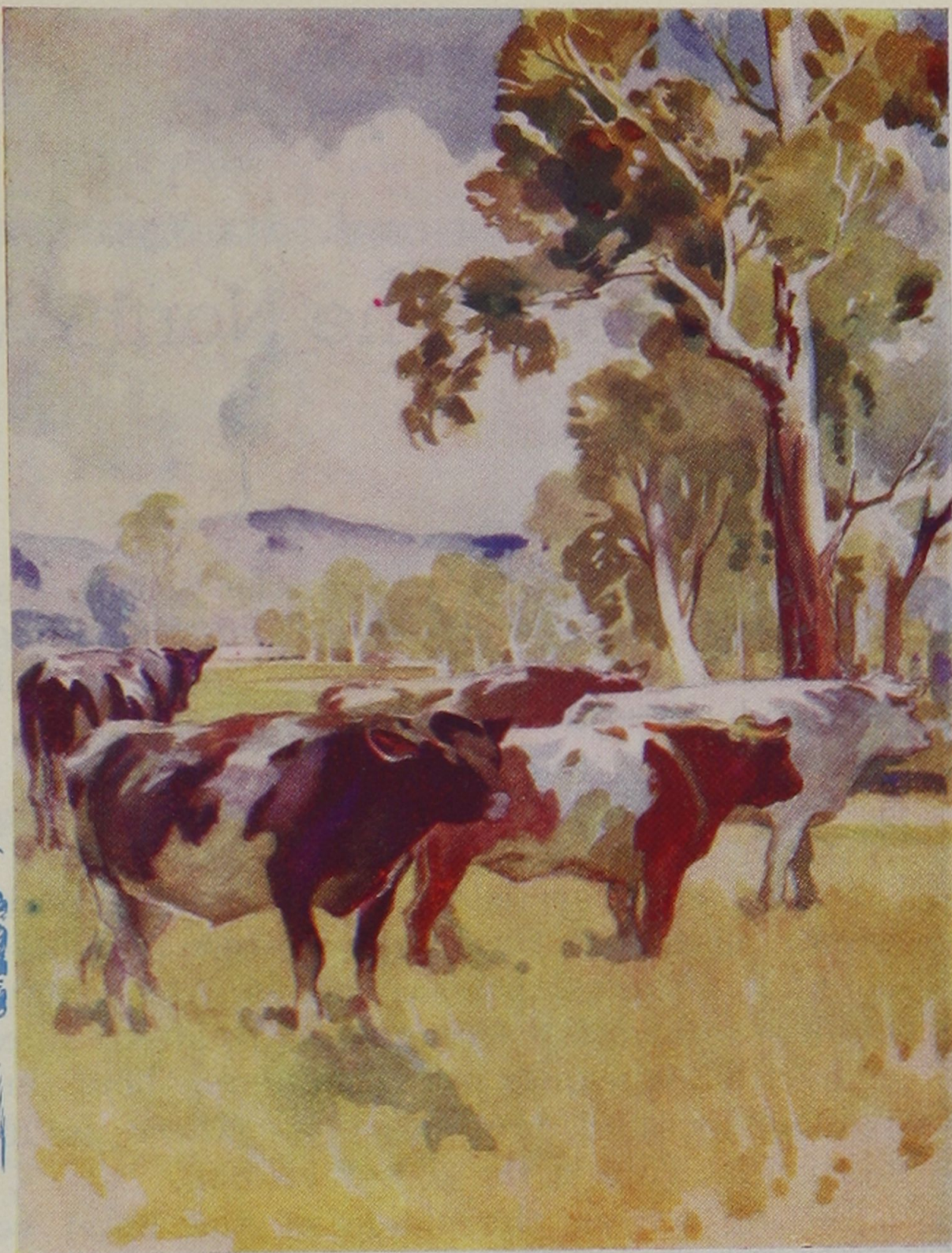
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*Proud heads that snort disdain, at the rare
stranger;*

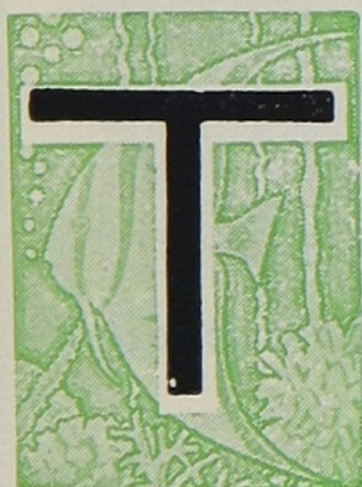
*Lords of the pastures, deep in Mitchell grass;
Their's a rich Kingdom—fertile, tranquil-
hearted;*

Goodly its giving, as the full years pass.



THE MAGIC NORTHLANDS . . .

Townsville and The North-West



HERE are some words that beat in the brain like the sound of distant drums; others that ring like silver bells. Names, pregnant names, that peal out wild Aeolian floods of sound or thrillingly reverberate with all the haunting beauty of a carillon ringing to the moon. . . .

Places are like that—Queensland places that are salient in the memory. Barron Falls, Bellen-den-Ker, Condamine, Capricorn—these names, to pick a few at random, seem to me to be the very breath of Queensland.

Working bullocks on the Boonjie Plateau, and four galloping horsemen riding through Maranoa mists into the bursting east; galahs wheeling in a poem of rose and grey over a lonely Augathella borehead; lyre-birds ringing through the Coomera Gorge, and glorious sunsets over the western battlements of the Carnarvon Ranges. . . . Only names to most of us. But for those who know them other than by name—they stir memories more precious than gold.

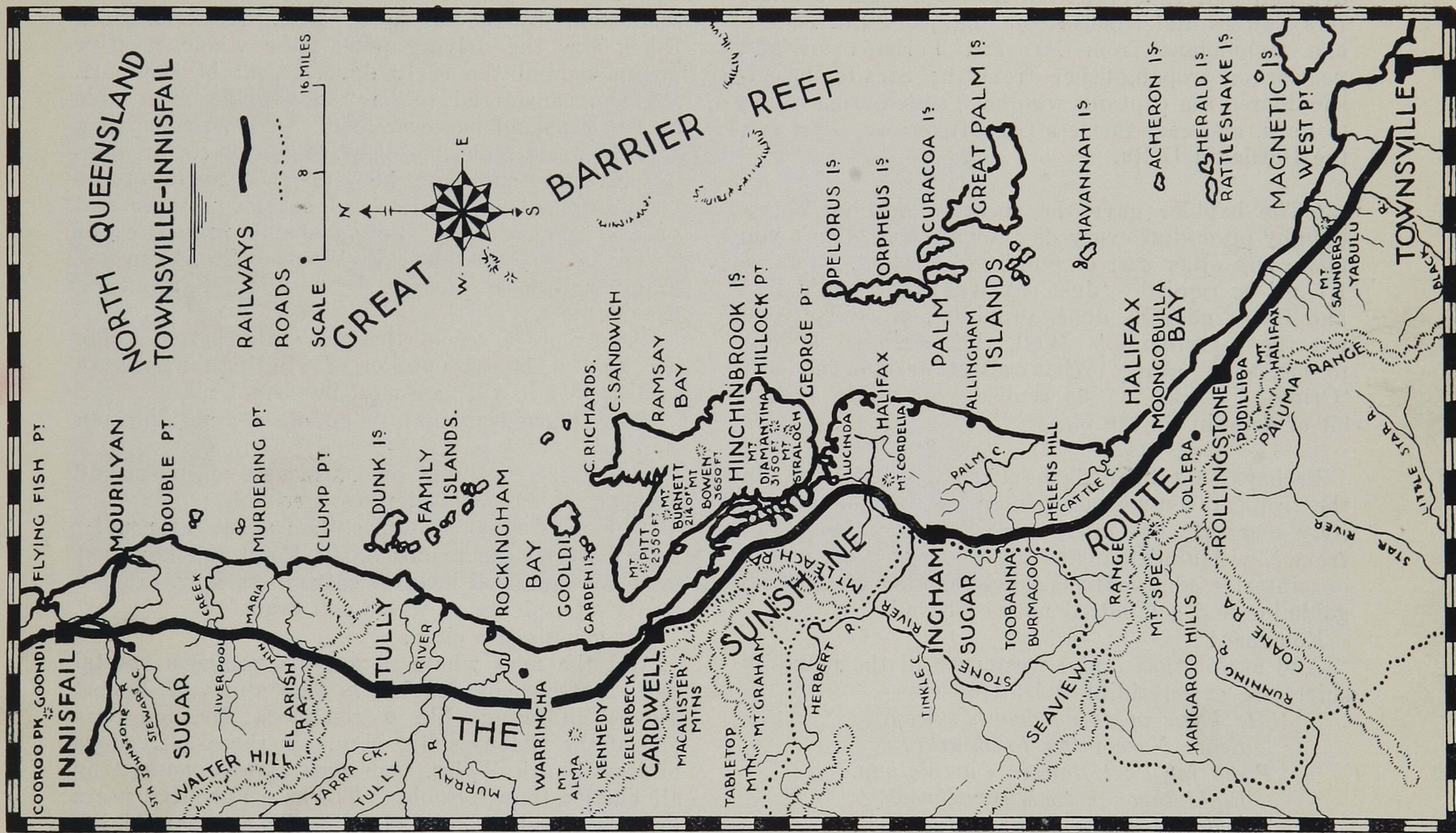
And so it is with Townsville, most characteristic of northern cities. Happy indeed are my recollections of this burnished Gateway to the Tropics.

Townsville is situated on the silver shores of Cleveland Bay—ever blue and sparkling, the washing-bag blue of Pacific seas which have churned and threshed through the Barrier reef-eries. Tall coconut palms, leaning at odd angles, softly whisper to fragrant breezes wandering down from the Coral Sea.

“This summer isle of Eden”—Magnetic; the great plains of the north-western inland—cattle country, sheep-stations, mines; the languorous, opulent warmth; serene cobalt-plated skies; the colourful pageantry of oleanders, bougainvilleas, poincianas, and crotons. . . . There is no mistaking it. This is the Tropic North.

Sitting within the shade of the hotel veranda, cool and green with palms, ferns and pot-plants, I can see the blue waters of Cleveland Bay glinting in the sunlight. Freighters loading wool and beef and mutton, and white trading schooners from Torres or South Sea Islands are berthed within the sheltering arms of the breakwaters. The air has a softness, an insouciant caress. Somewhere a frangipani is in flower.

People clothed in tropical white are sipping iced drinks. Visitors, tourists from various parts of Australia, and even from abroad? Yes, but



also from the Outback—and the Back-o'-beyond. Cattlemen from the Gulf and the Territory; graziers from the sheep country around Hughenden and Saltern Creek; miners from historic Charters Towers and Duchess; or engineers and American technicians from Mt. Isa. Perhaps an odd pearler or trepang-fisher from the Straits, broad-shouldered sea captains who have sailed from China to Peru, and cane-farmers from Inkerman, Ayr, and the Burdekin Delta.

* * *

“The babbler gave the shearers nothing but a doughy plum-duff every day for weeks. ‘Can’t you make any other sort of pudding,’ I asked. ‘Course I can,’ he replied. ‘Just say what sort you’d like and its as good as done, providin’, of course, I’ve got the ingredients.’ Well, that sounded alright to me, so I said, ‘What about a blancmange?’ ‘Cripes, I’d like to,’ he replied, ‘but there ain’t a bit of drippin’ in the place!’ ”

* * *

Perhaps that little dark-haired lady reclining in the tropical lounge, manicured, perfumed, exquisitely gowned, has lately travelled the long trail from New Guinea jungles where, in the mountainous interior, she controls single-handed an alluvial goldmine and a hundred notice “boys.”

Romance!

And as for that lanky westerner in the new silk shirt and green riding-twist trousers—

*“He knew of every drover’s way,
From Normanton to Bourke;
From far Port Darwin’s ample bay,
Right through to Muswellbrook.
The desert plains he knew full well,
Where dust storms blind the eye;
And oft he’d come from Camooweal,
Drivin’ stock to Narrabri....”*

Yes, characters, personalities all of them—as were the pioneers and early settlers of Townsville.

John Melton Black, for instance, a hard-headed and far-seeing Scot who established the original settlement by the banks of Ross Creek in 1863. Black was the driving power, the whole creative genius behind the early development of the port. He was considered to be “one of the most able men Queensland has ever seen.” A born colonist, a keen business man, merchant, engineer, editor, mining investor, surveyor, he journeyed north at the beginning of the ’sixties, and became partner and general manager of the pastoral properties of Towns & Co.—Jarvisfield, Woodstock, Dotswood, Fanning Downs, Victoria Downs, and Carpentaria Downs.

“The more I see of the place, the better I like it. And it is the opinion of all those who have seen it, that it will be a most important place.”

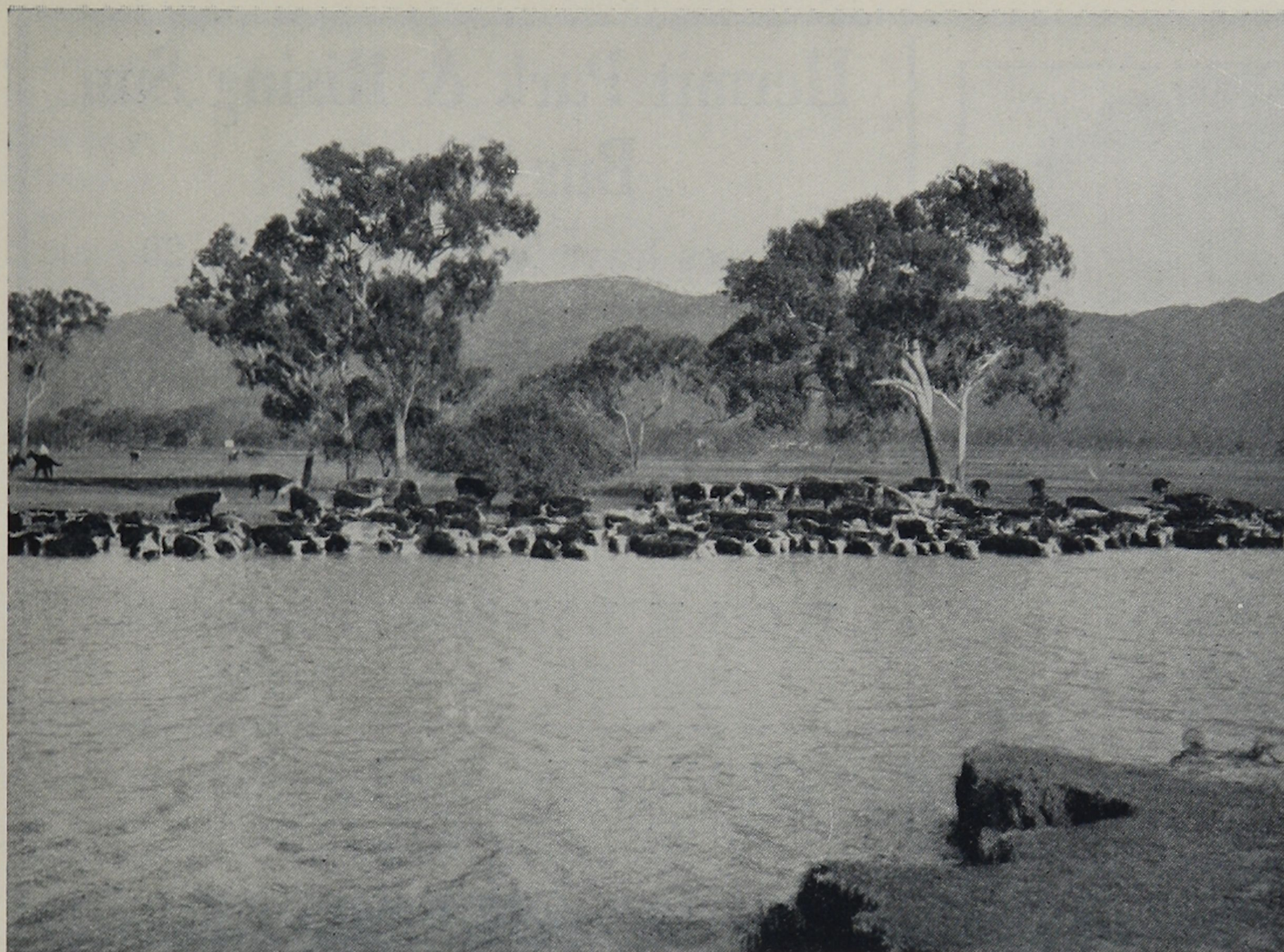
“The place is bound to go ahead; nothing can stop it.”

Such were the notes of courageous optimism and enthusiasm which his letters revealed.

“I have formed a head station about seven miles from here on the banks of the Ross, and have got some five hundred head of cattle here now. It is a pretty site, plenty of water and grass.”

The genesis of a city

And the man whose name this northern capital perpetuates—what of him? The story of Robert Towns’ life reads like a romance. He, too, was one of the Colony’s Big Men. In those early days of New South Wales, none was more honoured by all classes than “Bobby” Towns. For fifty years he was closely identified with the commercial life of Australia. Owner of a fleet of vessels, some engaged in the South Sea Island trade, a director of the New South Wales Bank, cotton and sugar



❖≡❖≡❖
CATTLE CROSSING, ROSS
RIVER, TOWNSVILLE.
❖≡❖≡❖

planter, pastoralist, legislator—indeed there were few enterprises with which Captain Towns was not associated. With Sir John Robertson and Sir Charles Cooper and others he held immense tracts of pastoral country, the “Plains of Promise,” on the Norman and Albert Rivers, Gulf of Carpentaria. When the Constitution was passed in 1856 he was appointed a life member of the Legislative Council.

And so, from a humble beginning as a boiling

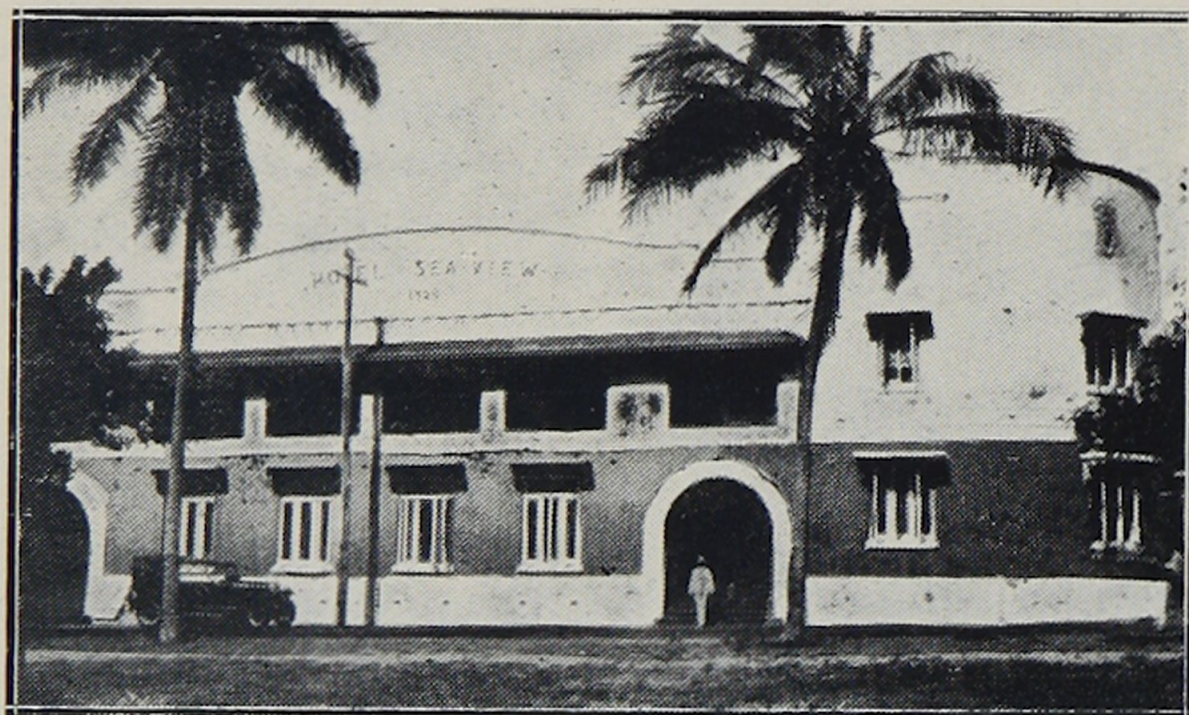
down depot for the produce of cattle from the surrounding stations, Townsville has grown into a city of 28,000 inhabitants, the second largest provincial city in the State.

Townsville lies in the same latitude south as Bombay north, but south latitude is cooler by about five degrees than north latitude, and in addition, Townsville is cooled by regular south-east breezes.

The Port of Townsville has an annual export trade value at £7,000,000.

Exports consist principally of meat, wool, sugar, minerals, timber, and tobacco. Ross River and Alligator Creek Meatworks, the largest in the Commonwealth, handle the produce from the cattle country and export many tons of frozen beef and canned meats.

Flinders Street, wide and long, and with a line of palms and acalyphas down the middle, is the business centre into which comes most of the varied traffic from the territory of North Australia.



Hotel Sea View

"AN HOTEL OF DISTINCTION."

The HOTEL SEA VIEW was rebuilt in 1930, and is the most modern hotel in North Queensland.

Ideally situated at the western end of the Strand, its elaborate Lounge and Balconies overlook Magnetic Island and the enchanting Pacific.

Every Bedroom opens on to a spacious verandah, and all are fitted with running water and electric light.

THE HOTEL IS SEWERED ON ALL FLOORS.

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The famous 20-ton electric travelling crane is operating on the wharves. It is recorded (on unimpeachable authority) that on one memorable occasion this enormous crane was accidentally hooked to an oversea liner, and before the astonished stevedore could signal his mistake she was lifted half out of the water!

Indian minahs are squabbling in the trees, and the lagoons are pink with water lilies.

Streamlined taxis flash past a horse-drawn cab, a relic of the "grand old days when the West was rich." Many years ago, when it was the custom, and honour, to ride in these cabs drawn by two spanking horses, the wealthy young squatters used to make the welkin ring during Carnival Week and racing fixtures!

From my hotel verandah I can see the service launch to Magnetic Island, making its way across the sparkling blue waters of Cleveland Bay. This popular Island of the Sun, with its sunlit coves of peace, palm groves and idyllic climate, will be referred to more fully in the concluding section of Queensland Journey.

Another popular tourist trip is to Mount Spec, a jungle retreat ramparted among the clouds at 2,830 feet. Splendid views are obtained all along the route as far north as Hinchinbrook Island. The Mt. St. John botanic gardens, zoo and bird sanctuary are also worth a visit. Here among all sorts of bird life you will find the quaint jabirus, with navy-blue heads and long navy-blue bills. These little-known North Australian birds, about the size of brolgas, are sometimes called "policeman birds." They stalk up and down with an air of vast dignity. Excursions are also arranged to Palm Island, the aboriginal reserve north of Townsville. It, too, will be discussed in a subsequent section.

If you call at the Government Tourist Bureau in

Flinders Street, the officer will arrange trips to the abovementioned places, short tours of the city, to Kissing Point, along the Strand, or to Castle Hill.

* * *

Townsville (55 sq. miles) is the chief city in the Edgecombe Division, an area of 40,920 sq. miles with a population of more than 98,500. Other towns (in order of population) are: Mackay (11,050), Charters Towers (8,100), Ayr (5,260), Home Hill, Bowen, Proserpine, Sarina, Collinsville, Finch Hatton, Eton, Mirani, Ogmoo, Ravenswood, Pentland, Nebo. The total area of land under cultivation in 1935 was 169,819 acres; under crops 134,019. Agricultural production realised £2,300,000. The 233,897 tons of sugar made brought £3,401,751. The value of dairying was £57,000, and minerals realised £310,105.

The Home Hill sugar-growing district which supplies cane to the Inkerman Mill is a comparatively new area. The district is most interesting, for it embraces the Inkerman irrigation scheme. All farms in the area are watered from wells, with pumps operated electrically with power supplied from a central station. It is one of the most intensively farmed areas in Queensland. In normal years the average tonnage per acre is more than thirty. The cane is also very rich in sugar, and it is recorded that for several weeks on end this mill has manufactured a ton of sugar from less than six tons of cane.

CASTLE HILL AND THE WESTERN PLAINS.

[I]n the early afternoon I drove up Hynes Highway, the new scenic road which winds in easy gradients to the summit of Castle Hill. From a height of 933 feet a most impressive panorama opens out on all aspects.

An open vision of the world.

Miss Dulcie Deamer, of Sydney, traveller, poetess, writer, one of the many Australian women who have achieved literary success, told me that she was impressed with the similarity of this view with that obtained from The Peak at Penang, a mountain at the back of the city overlooking Malay Straits and Peninsula.

Certainly it is one of the most commanding views in the whole of the State. There is absolutely nothing to obstruct the view of the wide-spreading coastal plains, the far distant Main Range and the expanse of ocean and bay waters.

Rattlesnake Island and the Palm Group is to the north; nearer at hand Cape Palaranda, Magnetic Island, sweeping south to Cape Cleveland; and then round to Harvey and Leichhardt Ranges, with the city spread out below.

In the Far North are the surging sugar-lands, commencing at Ingham; southward more sugarcane, dairying, general agriculture around Inkerman, Ayr, Brandon, and along the fertile banks of the Burdekin; inland, extending interminably to the rim of the sunset, the wide brown lands depasturing herds of "fats" and fine merino flocks, and copper mines, gold mines, mountains of silver-lead.

Out into the boundless plains of the North-West the railroad thrusts on and on 481 miles to Cloncurry and then branches long leagues to Mt. Isa, Duchess, Dajarra, Koolamarra and Mt. Cuthbert, and towards the Gulf to Dobbin on the Leichhardt.

Camooweal is some 150 miles further west again—about 600 miles as the crow flies from Castle Hill.

And then across the Dead Heart and endless miles of sand ridges and spinifex to the Indian

Ocean, the "bath of all the western stars"

Westward, where mirages form and fade in the mighty plains of the scarcely known Outside Country—Death-o'-Day, Back-o'-Beyond, all the lone, lone, Never-Never, which is slowly retreating before the advance of civilisation.

The State of Queensland is one of the world's biggest landowners. It controls 429,129,000 acres, of which only $6\frac{1}{2}$ per cent. has been alienated or is in the process of alienation for the Crown. In the latest report of the chairman of the Land Administration Board (Mr. W. L. Payne) it is shown that the last five years, in spite of the depression and bad seasons, and the five years that are immediately ahead, will probably be regarded in the future as a decade of extraordinary development, for "never before has so much new development work been undertaken or projected." That is not an empty boast, for it has been endorsed throughout the pastoral districts of the State by practical men. After the drought of five years ago enormous areas of Crown land were abandoned and remained idle for several years, involving reduced revenues, a decline in exports, and considerable unemployment. To-day, after a period of drought and depression, the board is able to say that 382 million acres of Queensland are occupied and only 46 million acres (mostly in Cape York Peninsula and far west sand) are unoccupied. Most of it, says the report, "is useless even for relief purposes and not worth a rental of even 2/- a sq. mile." Apropos of this statement, the board utters a warning which has some political significance in view of loose talk about the vast empty spaces of Australia. It states that there are no vacant spaces clamouring for occupation, all land of any economic value whatever being in the possession of Crown tenants or having been reserved

for timber or other public purpose. This does not mean that the limits of settlement have been reached in this State. The board indicates that they are capable of expansion through subdivision and resumption in various forms, the reclamation of waste land and the construction of communications.

The population and chief towns in the Carpentaria Division are (1935): Mt. Isa (3,301), Hughenden (2,045), Cloncurry (1,801), Richmond (1,195), Normanton, Camooweal and Croyden. The total area of the Division is 155,372 acres, population 15,367. The value of 25,319,349 lb. of greasy wool was valued at £1,103,502. Minerals realised £887,602 (lead £470,480, silver £277,918, zinc £68,863, copper £49,609).

THE "FLYING DOCTOR" SERVICE.

Cloncurry is the headquarters of the Australian Inland Mission which originally sponsored the "Flying Doctor" medical service.

I stood outside the "Canberra," Brisbane, for a solid hour late one night, listening entranced to "Flynn of the Inland" and his dreams for the future of the A.I.M. and the Outback. Rev. John Flynn will go down in history as the first man to organise the two-way radio telephone for lonely settlers. He initiated the scheme whereby women of the west are enabled to talk to their neighbours over endless dreary miles of sand by means of pedal generators. Flynn of the Inland told me how it was proposed to extend the system so as to link up children in remote stations to teachers in the town, and to enable them not only to listen to their preceptors but also to ask questions. This scheme (midnight was striking at the City Hall!) was to be undertaken as soon as the medical section of the A.I.M. was properly provided for. The A.I.M.

patrol car operates over an enormous area of the Far West. Radio is making a big difference educationally to Queensland's back country. Time was when correspondence schools looked after remote pupils, the system sometimes being reinforced by periodic visits of teachers by pack horse and buggy. Now between 2,000 and 3,000 children get instruction by radio, as well as by that splendid institution, the State Correspondence School, whose headquarters are at Brisbane.

Little by little John Flynn's dreams were realised. Beyond all the farthest fences ready medical aid is now available. A mantle of safety has been spread by his efforts over an extensive area of country and a new era has begun for frontier development. Truly, the "Flying Doctor" service is one of the most romantic chapters in the history of the Nation.

Cloncurry, a rich copper-producing district, was once the bustling centre through which all the pastoral and mineral wealth passed on its way to the seaport at Townsville. But as a result of the development of great silver-lead mines at Mt. Isa the population and prosperity of the town has declined. Hatfield says: "Cloncurry did everything big in the fifteen years or so from the time it was linked to the coast by an extension of the line past Richmond from Townsville, till the copper boom was ended with the falling off of the demand for munitions. Big hotels, where men knocked down big cheques, big stores, big gambling schools, big fights, big bank robberies, and big cattle 'duffing'. You could see a 'posse' of vigilantes ride down the hot, dusty main street, revolver on saddle, off on the trail of bands of cattle-thieves out in the intricate gorges and secluded flats among the mountains, . . ."

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MT. ISA AND CHARTERS TOWERS.

Mt. Isa is the most thriving town in the Far North-west to-day. The discovery of silver-lead-zinc deposits in 1923 by a lonely fossicker who was looking for a lost horse, John Campbell Miles, was followed by a wild rush, and an area of 25 square miles was pegged out. The story of subsequent development is brimful of romance. It soon became apparent that the high-grade ore was limited and that the large, low-grade bodies could only be successfully worked on a big scale. Two companies were formed and later merged as Mount Isa Mines Limited, with the Russo-Asiatic Company holding a controlling interest. The nominal capital of the company was £2,000,000. The assets were acquired in 1932 by another company of the same name with a nominal capital of £10,000,000, of which £1,944,202 is issued and fully paid up. The chief ore bodies to be exploited are the Rio Grande, Black Star, and Black Rock. A central shaft taps all the ore bodies by means of drifts along which the ore is electrically hauled. The carbonate ore was worked by means of glory holes; the sulphide ore mainly by shrinkage and stoping. A dam with a capacity of 1,500,000,000 gallons was constructed on Rifle Creek, some 20 miles from the mine. In 1929 the construction of a branch railway from Duchess, connecting the mine with the coast at Townsville, 603 miles away, was completed. The mill and smelter commenced operating in June, 1931, and to the end of 1936 produced approximately 211,000 tons of lead valued at £2,884,000 and 12,488,000 ounces silver valued at £1,175,372. The production of zinc concentrates began late in 1935 and the quantity of zinc contained therein to date amounts to 34,717 tons valued at £507,764. Mining operations have been carried on at a loss owing to the unprece-

dently low prices of the metal produced. It is expected, however, that the company will show a profit in its next financial year as the prices of silver, lead, and zinc have improved materially.

A most interesting feature of the undertaking is the town itself—a model town complete with most conveniences. The employees of the company are housed in comfortable cottages erected by the concern. Under such conditions the discomforts caused by heat, flies and bedouries or dust storms, are reduced to a minimum! Indications are that Mount Isa will be an important industrial centre for many years to come.

Another mining centre of importance along the North-western railroad is Charters Towers, with its romantic history and memories of bygone wealth. Gold was first discovered at the Towers in 1872 by Mosman, Clarke and Fraser, and a great rush took place some months later. In that year the rich surface stone yielded 32,000 ounces of gold. With the discovery of new reefs and deep sinking on known ones, production rapidly increased until the peak year of 1899 when the output was 319,572 ounces. From 1905 the production fell steadily until in the years preceding the present revival it had shrunk to negligible proportions. For five or six years the figures have shown an upward trend, due almost wholly to production from outlying districts. The bulk of the field's output was supplied by the Day Dawn and Brilliant reef systems, but the Queen, Just in Time, Old Queen Cross, Victory, and St. George were all important contributors.

FLOCKS AND HERDS.

The ramifications of the sheep and wool industry in Queensland are so far reacting that it is difficult to deal with it in a few words.

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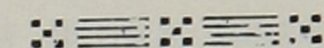


'Phone 145.

Prop.: S. MACREE.



❖❖❖❖❖
TOWNSVILLE, GATE-
WAY TO THE TROPIC
NORTH.



market and the consequent excessive rail freights. The wool produced in this far North West is of excellent quality, in many cases showing a high yield. A large proportion of the wool grown is, for economic reasons, scoured in the district and either shipped direct overseas from Townsville or sent through that port for shipment to Brisbane. Climatic conditions are usually dry with the exception of the "wet season." The type of

the boundary of sheep population in that portion of Queensland, the distances and areas are so great that they have to be experienced to be realised. Out there, light stocking is the order of the day. In the majority of seasons it may be taken as correct that the production of wool almost entirely forms the basis of the graziers' income. This is not to say that sheep do not fatten; in fact the contrary is the case in a good season, but the disabilities may be put down to distance from

sheep grown in this area must of necessity be strong constitutioned to withstand the periodical drought conditions experienced hereabouts.

Queensland is largely dependent on its cattle industry.

In addition to meat for domestic requirements, interstate and overseas' markets are supplied in considerable quantities. It must be remembered that Queensland supplies over 80 per cent. of Australia's export beef.

In the far North-West, the prairies of Central Queensland are interrupted in their westward march by a long tongue of broken ranges bearing southward from the Gulf of Carpentaria, leaving the plains of Cloncurry on its eastern flank. But beyond these ranges we meet the open Mitchell grass prairie again on the western border of the State in the region of Urandangie and Camoo-weal.

This portion of the interior plateau is known as the Barkly Tableland, of which only the small Queensland portion is devoted to sheep. The remainder lies within the Federal Territory of North Australia, stretching a distance of 500 miles by road into the centre of the continent, with a depth of about 100 miles. Though situated mainly within the Northern Territory, the Barkly Tableland (extending like a great tongue from the Southern border) is in essence a province of Queensland, held mainly by Queensland cattlemen and adopting Queensland markets for trade. Here lies a vast area yet to be fully developed, much of it being eminently suitable for merino sheep. A subsidised ship with refrigerated space and passenger accommodation gives a monthly service to the Gulf, and a smaller vessel connects with the Roper River in "the Territory."

BY A NORTHERN WATERWALK.

I DESCENDED Castle Hill still musing about the North-west, and strolled along the Strand where I enjoyed, once again, the strangely intimate companionship of these northern waters. They lapped against the moss-draped rocks at Kissing Point, and swished over the wet sandy marge in little foam-fringed curves. How calm and restful, yet strangely exciting, is the evening light in the tropics. Near at hand, somewhere, lay a sounding

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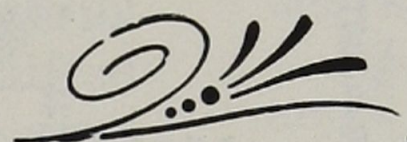
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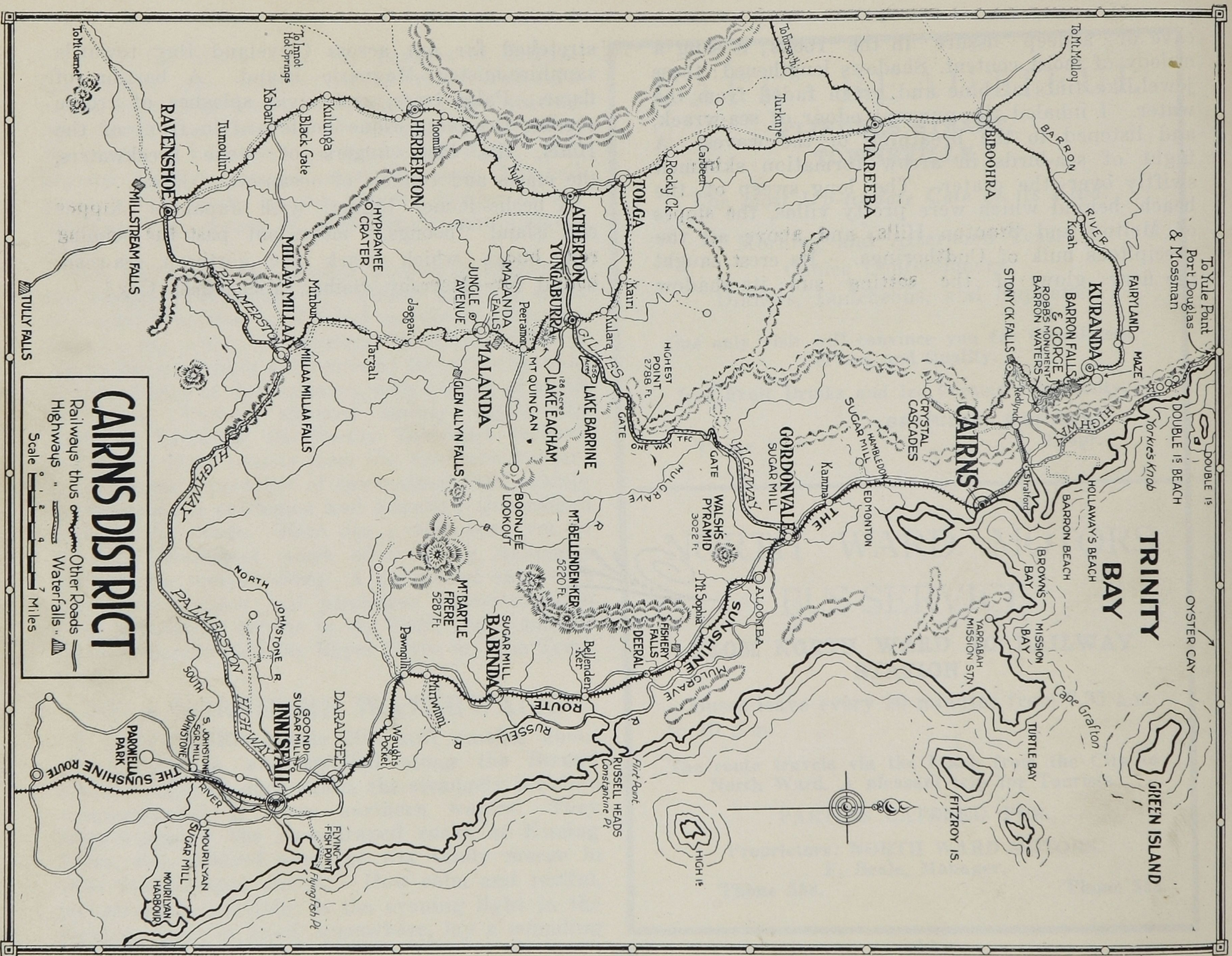
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cave or a deep fissure in the rocks; it sang a melody of moist content. Shadows lengthened; those jewel-like tints of blue and green faded from the water. I inhaled the pungent odour of sea-wrack, and listened to the breathing of the waves. A flight of sea-birds in arrow formation skimmed swiftly over the water. The long sweep of the beach, behind which were pretty villas, the slopes of Melton and Stanton Hills, and above all the precipitous bulk of Cudthoringa. Its crest caught the fiery glow of the setting sun; its shadow

stretched far out across Cleveland Bay towards sapphire-misted Magnetic Island. A bastion of flame. Palm trees, and vivid splashes of tropic shrubs, the picturesque boulevard in front of the Hotel, the long fingers of stone breakwaters, the masts and funnels of ocean-wise ships....

A beche-de-mer lugger, with Japanese skipper and island "boongs," moves out past the bobbing red buoys which mark the northern sea-road, bound for—Moresby, Saibai, Michaelmas Cay?



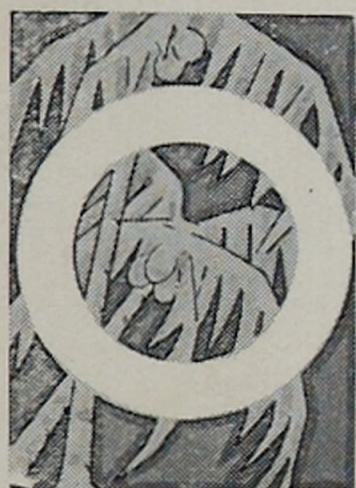


Cairns and The Hinterland . . .

Wonders of The Great Plateau

"I know Australia better than most Australians, and if there is one place more than another which clinches my belief in our country as the finest on earth it is that land of opulence and beauty—the Magic North."

—Randolph Bedford.



NE half of the beauty of beauty lies in the wonders of its discovery—in the sweet amazement of that instant when the wild and secret thing reveals itself, exquisite and intangible and indescribable; and the mind like an uplifted cup of honey mixed with wine shudders and glows and clouds between exaltation and blissful melancholy. Afterwards none can explain to his neighbour why he suddenly gaped or trembled or became radiant. For beauty does not appear to all in the same guise nor at the identical moment. So that there may be two who stand side by side, the one in a seventh heaven of delight, and the other wondering where and when he may dine."

How apposite was the foregoing quotation from Nina Murdoch's "Seventh Heaven" on one never-to-be-forgotten afternoon when resting on a spur of the mighty Bellenden-Ker Range, some 5,000

feet above the coastal plains!

Three of the party of four were gazing entranced at the ineffable panorama which opened out over the most picturesque portion of the Australian littoral—transported indeed into a seventh heaven of delight.

A cat-bird wailed from the deep tumult of jungle, and a Regent bower-bird swooped into liana tangles, a flash of black and gold.

All else was quiet—indescribably quiet. It seemed as though we were looking down upon a Tropic Eden from some celestial vantage point, not of this world, but another. Suddenly the Fat Boy complained:

"I bet that piece of corned brisket was left behind!"

* * *

And so we come at last to the Wonderland of the North.

Colourful—a flamboyantly colourful region—sun-kissed and opulent, extravagantly green with

jungles and forests and plantations, a land possessing all the varied and redundant charms of the Tropics.

The Esplanade at Cairns, lapped by tranquil Trinity waters; cascades of the Barron, and wonders of the Great Plateau; crater lakes and Chillagoe monoliths. . . .

Here on the north-eastern shoulder of the Continent is an extensive region which is utterly and completely different from the Southlands.

Within easy distance of one another are coral cays and silver shores, majestic mountains and temperate tablelands—lofty plateaux possessing a temperate climate although within the Tropic Zone.

What better holiday could the traveller seek? No wonder the fecund beauty of the Magic Northlands impelled Thomas Wood to write:

“Tasmania is good; the South-West of Western Australia is good; South Queensland is good. But the cream of all the Continent rises to the top of the milk, in North Queensland.”

One must resist a tendency to reach for a thesaurus so as to enrich the stock of adjectives! That would never do. To attempt the “riotous style” would spoil everything. Simply say that no other area of similar extent in the whole of the Commonwealth of three million square miles holds within its borders such a diversity of really beautiful scenery, in addition to an incomparable winter climate.

* * *

But before discoursing on Cairns and the Hinterland, we should refer to the fertile coastal country from Ingham, Tully, Innisfail, Babinda, to Gordonvale and Cairns. This section of the Sunshine Route is the most impressive of that sun-shot road of adventure and romance.

From Townsville the Express traverses cattle

country to Rollingstone. Uninteresting to the train observer. You may be excused if you doze for an hour or so.

But when you awake you will notice that the country has assumed a more tropical appearance; a more purposeful air is over the landscape.

Scattered sugar-cane plantations. Cane trucks and loading banks. You will notice all this idly and with pleasure, but with no awareness of the enchantment closing round you.

And then the first of the northern “sugar towns” is reached—Ingham, a pretty little place. Masses of bougainvillea and waving palms, terraces of vegetable gardens, settlers’ homes surrounded by

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❖≡❖≡❖
 TYPICAL NORTHERN
 SCENERY.
 ❖≡❖≡❖

of the ill-fated "Maria" and the terrible privations of those on board the raft which beached on the north side of the Johnstone River, the massacre of the boat's crew on the south bank, and the rescue of the survivors by Captain Moresby of H.M.S. "Basilisk." All these northern Barrier waters are charged with romantic history.

From this little port on Rockingham Bay in May, 1848, started the party under the leadership of Edmund Kennedy, surveyor of much experience

dark buttons of mango trees, and the pennon of smoke from the Victoria crushing mill. On the station platform is an excited babble of voices.

We are now passing through really tropical country. Clouds of red dust in the wake of a tractor; portable tramlines criss-crossing the fields, and gangs of cutters among the cane; across the Herbert River and then the Seymour, finally to arrive at Cardwell.

This historic township brings to mind the story

under Lieut. Colonel Mitchell, to explore Cape York Peninsula. A brave but disastrous adventure. Hardships beset the gallant band from the outset, culminating in the death of the leader and almost all the party in December of the same year. Most Queenslanders are familiar with the story of courage and devotion displayed by Jacky Jacky, the black tracker—the gallant Galmahra.

With the clangour of a violently ringing bell in our ears inviting us to partake of delectable

oysters and fish for luncheon, we might stroll on to a palm-fringed beach for a few minutes. Across the calm waters of the bay, Dunk and other "happy isles" can be seen. In the south is Hinchinbrook Island, Queensland's largest National Park. In all, a charming glimpse of a truly tropical coastline.

Then on past Tully, one of the newest of the townships in this "Sugar Heaven," a thriving centre amid dense jungles and sugar-cane plantations which creep up the lower slopes of Mt. Tyson and surge almost into the streets.

Fan-palms, sugar-cane, palms, jungles, sugar-cane alternating. Through the plains round El Arish,



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with the varying tones of greens and reds, Silkwood, Japoon, then to one of the most cosmopolitan of all Queensland towns—Innisfail.

Here, without question, we have entered the Kingdom of Sugar.

INNISFAIL—"A MODERN BABEL."

INNISFAIL—with memories of those hectic days of the eighties and nineties! Wild, treacherous blacks, almost impenetrable jungle, floods and long overdue supplies . . . the mad rush when this extremely fertile agricultural land was thrown open, the boom in bananas, pineapples and then sugar-cane . . . the influx of Latins, Orientals and all types of Europeans, and the consequent mingling of foreign customs and confusion of tongues which produced a veritable Babel . . .

"How did Innisfail become truly cosmopolitan?" I enquired, vaguely recollecting a half forgotten yarn.

"Well, it was this way. A joker once came up here—a bit of a sport—who was so impressed by the fact that only one nationality, the Eskimo, had never been represented in the town, that he made an exhaustive search for one throughout the country. The nearest he could get, however, was a Greenlandic, and accepting him as a representative of the race of Iglu-dwellers, had him brought to the town to repair the deficiency!"

But the presence of a cosmopolitan population

**CHEMIST BRAY "NIGHT
OR
DAY"**
INGHAM, NORTH QUEENSLAND.

is not very apparent to the visitor. The foreigners, really a very small percentage of the community, are mostly engaged in agricultural activities in the surrounding district. However, you will see in some of the shop windows notices in Italian—"El Buen Gusto"—and possibly black olives and Italian dried fish.

The Johnstone River district was discovered in 1873 by a party of explorers under the leadership of George Elphinstone Dalrymple. Inspired by his glowing accounts, settlers began to move northwards. A farmer from the Logan district, near Brisbane, P. N. Nind, selected land at the junction of the north and south branches of the river, and the future site of Innisfail became known for a while as Nind's Camp. In 1880 Thomas Henry Fitzgerald established a plantation which he named "Innisfail", and that name was eventually conferred upon the township—which at one

period was also known as Geraldton.

When the success of Fitzgerald's plantation and crushing mill became known a rush set in to the Johnstone River lands, which became famous for the prodigality of sugar-cane and tropical fruits.

There are few agricultural areas in the whole of the world that can compare with the fertility of this northern coastal belt.

"So you call this the Million Pound town?"

"Oh, no—that was years ago. To-day it is known as the Two Million Pound Town!"

Sugar-cane alone is not responsible for the district's richness, however. Dairying, and timber-getting on the untamed ranges a few miles inland, yield more valuable returns every year.

Innisfail is picturesquely situated at the junction of the two branches of the river, with Bartle Frere (5,287 feet) and Woodoonoran (5,128 feet), rising from the Bellenden-Ker Range, rival guardians.

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Visitors will find this an admirable base from which the beauty spots of the district can be reached.

A visit to Mourilyan Harbour will prove full of interest and beauty. This charming little haven, ultra-marine blue and almost land-locked, was named by Lt. Mourilyan of the "Basilisk" in 1871.

What an ideal pirate's lair! And what tales the old-timers can tell of the "black-birding" days. On the slopes not far from the wharves is all that is left of the "Blackbirders' Retreat," the scene of high revelry and reckless escapades in the days when the plantations were worked by indented labour from the South Seas and China. The railway line connecting the harbour with Innisfail was mainly built by Oriental labourers, and it is said that due to the ravages of a fever brought by them from the East, a Chinaman died for every sleeper laid down. There were once rubber, coffee and rice plantations on the shores of the harbour. To this day you may find a few rubber trees. But the fruit sampans and trading vessels of yesteryear have given place to the "mosquito fleet" which loads raw sugar and transships the cargo to larger vessels at Cairns and Townsville.

Etty Bay is a delightful little watering place. The jungle drops steeply down right to the edge of the wide sandy beach. Flame-trees on the jungle-clad slopes, cocoanut palms, and those wonderful shade trees with the big white flowers, all provide a striking background for the gleaming sands and blue expanse of sea.

Another of the many scenic trips to be made in this picturesque district is to Millaa Millaa on the Tablelands via the new highway through the Palmerston Scrub. On both sides of the highway the virgin jungle has been preserved for a width of 20 chains, providing a drive of unparalleled beauty.

Tourists now have the opportunity of making a

round trip from Cairns to Kuranda at the head of the Barron Gorge, on to Yungaburra and the other centres on the Great Plateau, and then return to the coastal plains via Palmerston Highway to Innisfail, and back to Cairns by rail.

It is a truly wonderful journey, the most advantageous way of seeing the beauties of the Tablelands within a limited period.

THE PALMERSTON PROVINCE.

UP in this Cascade Country, where jungle-guarded creeks dash themselves headlong from the Tablelands to the plains of the coast, Queensland's greatest farm development scheme of the decade has been started. Trumpets are not proclaiming the advent of the pioneers, but in the history of the State's advance their quiet story will be ranged alongside the romantic episodes of the last century, when settlers came to open the great farmlands of Southern Queensland.

The Province of Promise is back of this coastal strip, inland from Innisfail—in the lands that perpetuate the name of Christy Palmerston, that large, intrepid fellow who blazed a track up through tropical scrub from the seashore to Herberton.

First step in this large developmental scheme was the opening of 9,700 acres in the East Palmerston in 1935. Land was cut up and made available under perpetual lease tenure in 53 portions ranging from 152 to 258 acres. To encourage genuine expansion it was restricted to landless men with experience and the capacity to develop the country, and the settlers have been given permits to cut and remove timber for sale from their properties, on condition that the ruling rate of royalty is paid. Sugar, of course, must not be grown, but otherwise the selectors are free to sow whatever crops they like.

Slowly, but ever so surely, the North is developing

other great agricultural industries besides sugar. The cane provinces, from Mackay northwards, are all realising the necessity for having, as it were, the industrial eggs in more than one basket. Palmerston but signifies the trend. Its importance cannot be over-estimated, whether one views national progress from the point of production or of population.

NORTHERN LIGHTS.

IF you break your Queensland Journey at Innisfail and travel by rail motor through the Mulgrave Valley to Cairns, you will not have cause for regret. This section is by far the most colourful and interesting of "the Long Trail, the trail that is always new."

The majestic Bellenden-Ker Range is ever near, dominating the landscape. The air, a honey-tinted screen of light, hangs like a delicate drop-screen

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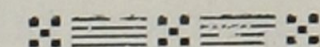
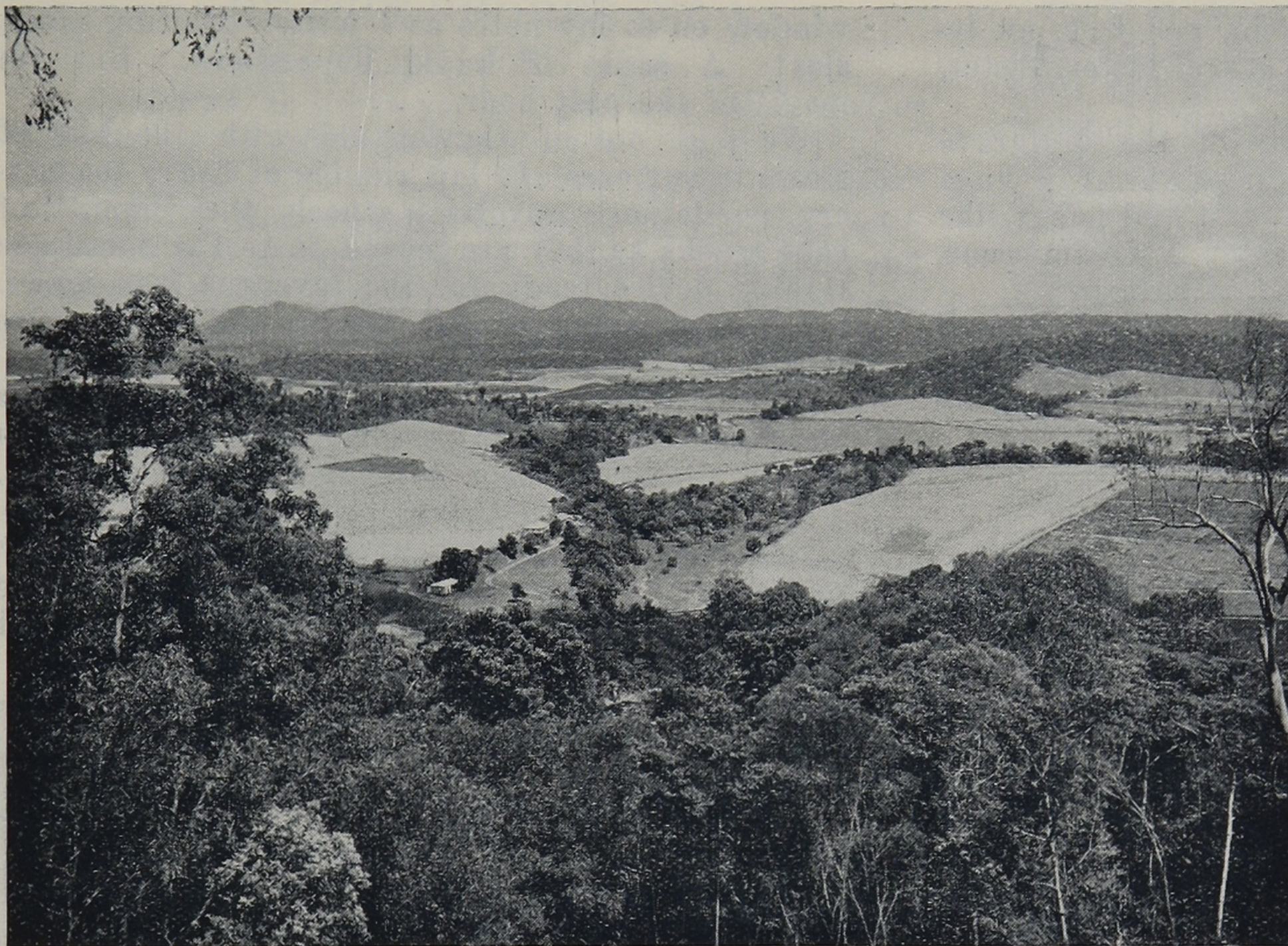
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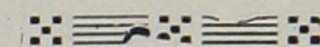
between the mountains and sugar-cane farms.

This northern landscape, in changeful samite, green as jade and blue as lapis, lies soft and still and smiling.

A wonderful sunlit journey in the late afternoon. The passengers, cosmopolites all of them. Dainty blue curtains in the little rail motor and the driver leaning over to me and shouting out points of interest. The sun touches the crest of Bartle Frere and a gargantuan beam of light streams slanting to earth. Timber in station yards, silky oak and walnut. Wraiths of smoke from burning "trash"



SUGAR CANE FIELDS
FROM THE BASILISK,
INNISFAIL.



4,947 feet and 4,750 feet respectively.

The broad pencil of light fades from the cane fields and now seems to be slanting upwards, not downwards. Only the highest peaks are aglow—crowned with an aureole of gold. The play of sunlight on these peaks! Aloomba people should be very happy, living in this Valley of Peace and Plenty.

Ranges on the right now as well as the left, sapphire-misted. The highest clouds are rose-tinted. Green fields,

become entangled in the mighty ray of sunlight and weave fantastic patterns.

Babinda and Innisfail share honours for the highest rainfall. Deeral also absorbed 20 inches in eight hours on one memorable but moist occasion. If you wish to climb Bellenden-Ker ramparts, de-train at Babinda.

The centre peak in the Bellenden-Ker Range is 5,181 feet; north peak 4,226 peak; south peak 3,974 feet; and two other peaks not named on the maps

bright blue sky and rose-tinted clouds? A pheasant rises heavily from the rail track and five laughing children on an old horse try to force a canter. Over a river or two gleaming like sheets of silver, and through little townships, with patches of bright flowers along the wayside.

On the left Walsh's Pyramid (3,022 feet) points to the sky, a most striking landmark. Long lines of cane trucks, stacked high with purple rods, are drawn swiftly over the fields by snorting, imperious

little locos. As evening closes in, one feels an inclination to urge the driver to travel faster, faster, before darkness falls!

And as the twinkling lights of the Mulgrave Mill shine through the duskiess ahead a huge lemon moon slowly rises in the east and hangs like a Tibetan prayer lamp in the sky. A dream scene, a northern phantasy, too unreal to be true

But should I say, to borrow Bernard Shaw's phrase: "Too true to be good!" For as we draw into Gordonvale, and are assailed by the smell of crushed cane—

"Sugar smells sweet, sorta, don't it."

To which the other lady concurred:

"Yeah, don't it—like toffee."

Gordonvale looks like a model of a township in the semi-darkness. Myriads of lights. The Mill is ablaze with light, which shines through the carriage

window on to my notes as I write. Halting notes, alas! A series of rapid impressions. But the magic of the past hour. . . .

We pull out of Gordonvale with the hiss of steam in our ears, the low rumble of heavy machinery, ponderously revolving wheels, the "bump" of cane trucks as they are moved on to the automatic tipping device ready for the ravenous iron maws.

The last stage of our Queensland Journey to Cairns.

Soft darkness all around. Moths flashing in the headlights like golden meteors. And the reflection of that theatrical moon dancing in the windscreen.

And so I entered Cairns by the light of a conniving moon. This most northern Australian city was en fete. Carnival spirit was abroad in the streets. Another tourist liner was in port, and romance was in the air!

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BY THE SHORES OF A WINTERLESS SEA.

"Cairns, as towns go, is a chit of a child; and as cities go an infant hardly weaned".

—Dr. Thomas Wood, "Cobbers."

BUT this youthful Daughter of the Sun, with her jade-green dress, laughing blue eyes, and scarlet flower in her golden locks, possesses a magnetic charm which none can resist.

Memories of sun-drenched days in this truly tropical region stir Elysian emotions.

"My definition of Heaven is North East Australian between May and September—the Queensland Coast for a thousand miles within the reef in the so-called winter. I have gloated over its memories in the bitter middle of the year in Melbourne, and in the end have rushed away from mere duty to its romance."

No more graphic pen has ever been wielded in Australian interests than that of Mr. Randolph Bedford, M.L.A., novelist, playwright, journalist, and parliamentarian.

Langourous, invitingly restful days by Trinity Bay; the crisp, invigorating climate of the Great Plateau, or the entrancing, volatile beauty of reefs and cays . . . Cairns and district have the magical allure born of infinite variety. Never dull or commonplace; always exciting, fascinating. Let's bask for a spell in this glorious, never-to-be-forgotten sunshine.

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CHARGES MODERATE.

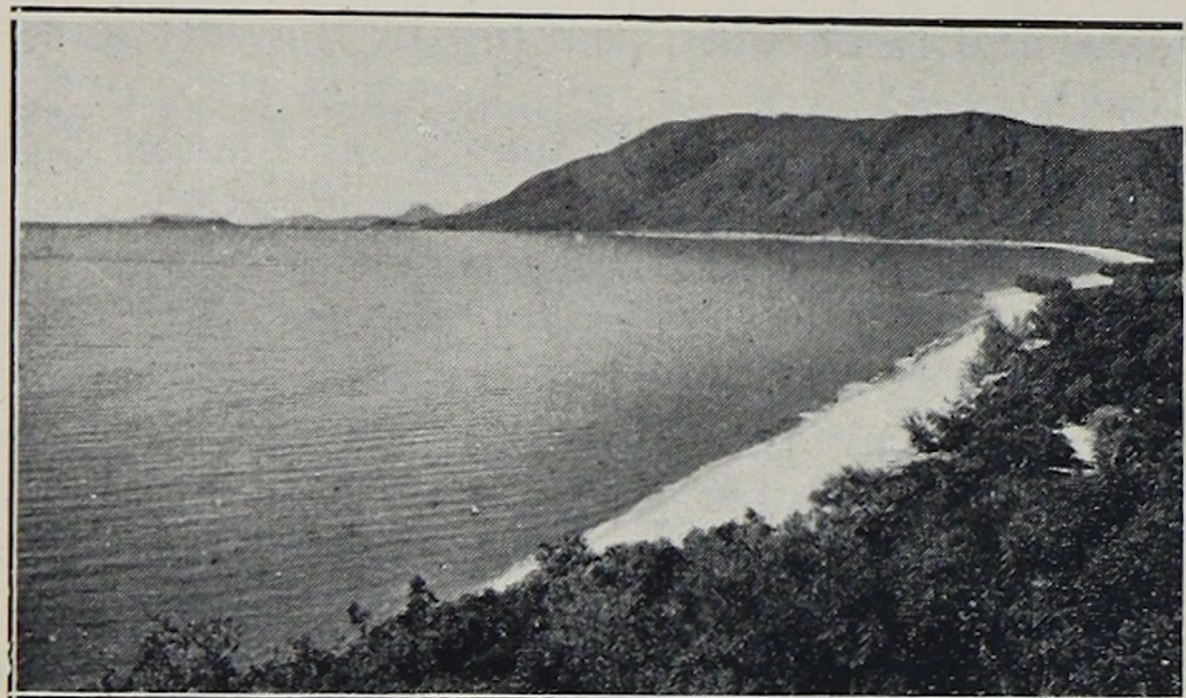
So I sit dreaming in a tropic sun-dappled garden, among palms and crotons, loquat-trees, plantains and tamarinds, soaking in the soft air of the Northern Riviera on which comes delicately "the faint, faint scent of magnolia like a bouquet, elusive and disturbing, of a paradisiac wine."

Here we may pleasantly idle for a while before adventuring "Over the Bump" to the Tablelands. Minah-birds hop within arm's reach, cheekily demanding crumbs. Butterflies of blue and chrysoprase and sulphur-yellow hover from flower to flower. "The world's a woman in velvet . . ."

Way out across the sunlit Bay, where the cerulean meets the cobalt, a freighter is sailing away to the marts of the world—a modern argosy laden with tropical produce. A little skiff jibing into the breeze, and a canoe dancing on the waves. . . .

In imagination I seem to see phantom vessels which sailed these coral waters in the far off alkaringa times. Proas, junks, sampans from China Seas and Arafura; the gallant gentleman pirate, Yamada Nagamasa, sailing for Seiyo—the "Coral Land of the South"; perhaps early Dutch navigators and Spanish and Portugese captains It is recorded that sea-rovers from the East and the Old World visited these northern waters long before the "Endeavour" sailed past the Bay on Trinity Sunday, 1770.

Voyages of the "Investigator," "Mermaid," "Beagle," "Fly," "Rattlesnake"—and Bligh's long-boat. After the mutiny of the "Bounty" the able but tyrannical Bligh and his 17 loyal followers navigated the treacherous waters of the Barrier Reef and Torres Strait, and made Timor after sailing 3600 miles in an open boat for forty-one days—the longest recorded voyage in an open boat in history. Within two years the "Pandora," with some of the "Bounty" mutineers on board, was also



JENSEN'S ROYAL MAIL MOTOR SERVICE.

Daily Tourist Trips to Port Douglas and Mossman.

Special Trips to Atherton Tablelands.

PARTIES CATERED FOR.

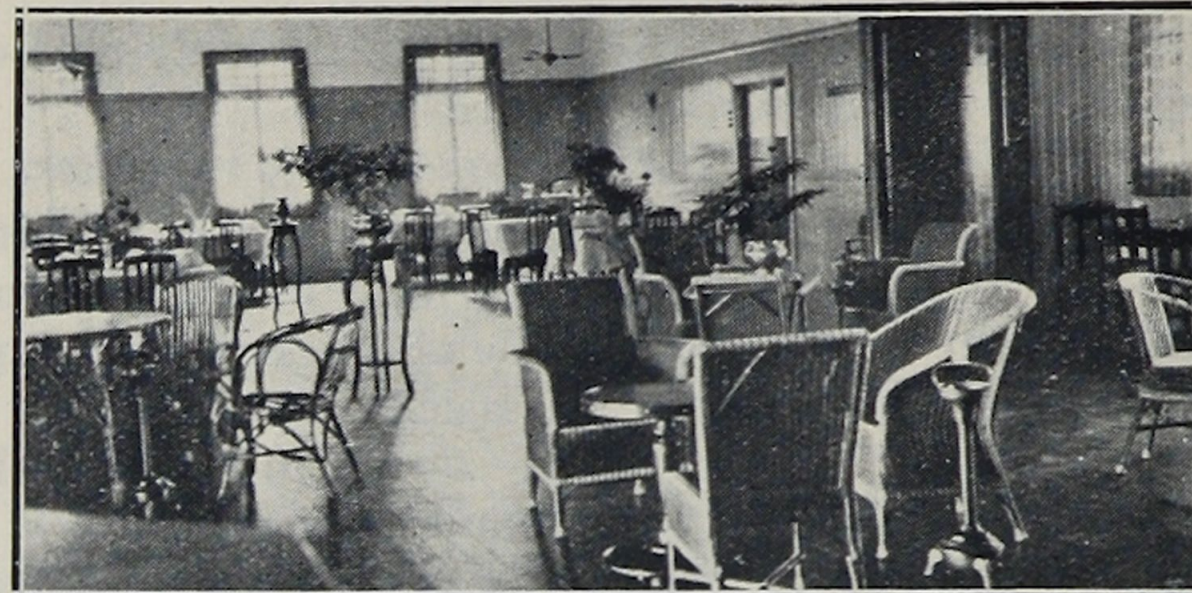
TRAVEL IN COMFORT.

BOOKING OFFICE AT POST OFFICE HOTEL.

Proprietor: **H. JENSEN.**

The route from Cairns to Mossman takes the tourist over the Cook Highway and commands panoramic views of the Ocean. This is said to be one of the most delightful trips in the world.

The Atherton Tablelands is the home of all the best and most beautiful marketable timber in Australia. The trip through this area is well worth having.



EXCHANGE HOTEL MOSSMAN, N.Q.

A Modern and Up-to-date Hotel.
Has every Convenience.

Large airy rooms, opening on to Spacious Balconies.
Modern Septic System. Running water in each room.
Beautiful Ballroom and Lounge.

Personally conducted by the owners.

TARIFF: 14/- a day or £2/10/- weekly.

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"WHITE ROSE CAFE."

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Suppers.

Choice Fruits
In Season.

Confectionery,
Tobacco and
Cigarettes.

'Phone: 130. **BABINDA.** P.O. Box 131.



wrecked on the Barrier Reef, and four open boats again set out for distant Timor.

An aureate breeze, whispering in the date palms, tells once again those half forgotten tales of early voyages and ship-wrecks and exciting incidents along the reef-fringed coast.

LAND OF BELIEVE IT OR NOT!

*"Spellbound, by a sweet fancy
At evenglow I stand
Beside an opaline strange sea
That rings a sunset land."*

—Victor Daley.

THERE are extraordinary things in the North. Indeed (to borrow a well-known phrase) North-east Australia is a Ripley Land—a Land of Believe It or Not!

On the Tablelands you will find tree-climbing kangaroos, tomatoes growing on trees, ferns which grow upside down, fantastically shaped monoliths around Chillagoe (amazing results of the last phase of vulcanism on the Continent), giant pendas, and banyans through whose roots a car can pass, and enormous strangling fig-trees. . . .

Believe it or not, there are ants in the Peninsula that Morse-signal by knocking the ground with their heads. Tap the desk five times with the point of your pencil and immediately ants in the vicinity will hurry to the spot in the belief, presumably, that a scout has summoned them. There was once an extensive native traffic from the Gulf to Boulia and beyond in pituri, a plant with narcotic properties.

Believe it or not, as it sails through beautiful Albany Pass the "Wandana", Thomas Brown's well-known little vessel which trades between Brisbane and the Gulf, still salutes the now deserted residence at Somerset. In 1864 a detachment of

marines, a resident magistrate and a medical officer, were stationed at this historic settlement on which £12,000 of Government money was expended. It was anticipated that Somerset would become the official port of the north; but the owners of the pearling fleets preferred the anchorage at Thursday Island.

Another interesting link with the early days are the frescoes on the walls of the West Coast Hotel, Cooktown, and the picture of an old prospector, Charlie Weiss, panning off dirt. The historic Palmer field, opened in 1873, reached its zenith in 1875, and dwindled to insignificance by 1886. Those were hectic days for Cooktown, through whose streets once jostled a rag-tag population of some 20,000 diggers and many Chinese.

At Cooktown you will find a monument to Cook, who repaired the timbers of his bark on the banks of the Endeavour River, beside a fountain dedicated to the memory of Mrs. Watson. This gallant woman, with her child and a faithful Chinese, perished on No. 5 Howick Group after escaping in an old iron tank from natives.

Believe it or not, there are certain areas in Cape York Peninsula where you could not tell from the flora and fauna whether you were in New Guinea or Australia. Many strange and exotic plants grow in this far northern region, including gorgeous epiphytic orchids, the ant-house plant, the curious pitcher-plant, and others strange to Australia.

And believe it or—but there are far too many items of interest about the Magic Northlands to try to crush within the pages of this publication. Anecdotes by old miners, cattlemen, pearlers, and pack-trackers about the Peninsula, Thursday Island, the Palmer, Batavia and Coen fields, would require chapters to themselves!

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WHARF ST. (Right at Quay),
CAIRNS.

Reasonable Tariffs.

Good Accommodation.

All Modern Conveniences.

'Phone 2853.

TOM CASEY, Proprietor.

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Every Modern Convenience.

Moderate Tariff.

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Mrs. K. C. McCANN.

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End Bus, and for 1/- return,
see greater part of city and
suburbs.

Route passes Brewery and Veneer
Mills of Cairns Timber, Ltd.

Go to the Seaside on Sundays.

Regular week-end trips to Surfers'
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'Bus leaves Tropical Theatre,
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CAIRNS.

*Every Convenience For
Tourists.*

Excellent Table, Airy Bedrooms
Centrally Situated

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Proprietor.

GENESIS OF OUR NORTHERN FRONTIER.

⌋UT Cairns itself possesses an interesting history—the brave story of how a lonely outpost of Empire was settled and developed. From a collection of bark huts on the banks of the crocodile-infested mangroves a thriving modern city of 13,000 people has been evolved—a city, moreover, which is of vital strategic and economic importance to the nation.

Cairns on the North-east and Darwin on the North-west are the Gateways to the Far East.

Within a few hundred yards of this tropical garden in which I am writing the cutters "Flying Fish" and "Coquette" anchored in the Inlet and landed G. E. Dalrymple and party. Pastoral lands were being opened in the hinterland and the Ethelridge and Palmer goldfields were scenes of frenzied activity. So Dalrymple was commissioned to find a suitable post for the produce of the back country. He carefully examined the northern coast, the facilities afforded by Trinity Inlet, and the potentialities of the adjacent country for agricultural purposes.

"Soon to be the gem of Australia", was the tribute he paid to the tropic littoral.

Within six months of the presentation of his report to the Government six new northern towns were opened and a considerable area of country selected before many more months had elapsed.

But it was not until J. V. Mulligan reported the discovery of a rich find at Hodgkinson, in 1876, that it was finally decided to establish a settlement at Trinity Inlet. B. G. Sheridan confirmed the existence of a safe harbour lying snugly between Murray Prior and Whitfield Ranges, and on November 1st, of the same year, the Port of

Cairns was established—named in honour of the Governor of Queensland, William Wellington Cairns.

Then commenced the most arduous task of finding a track on to the Tablelands. Communication with the hinterland was the main reason for the existence of the settlement. The precipitous jungle-clad ramparts, however, presented an almost impossible task.

"Bill" Smith cut a track over the range to where No. 9 tunnel of the railway was later constructed; Douglas came over what was called the Springs; Warner's track was via Kuranda, and Collinson's north of Double Island Point. The cutting of the early tracks through the almost impenetrable jungle was truly a magnificent achievement.

But the problem of road communication with the inland was not wholly solved. Several other routes were tried from time to time—culminating in the construction of the rail-road through the Barron Gorge in 1886 and the Gillies Highway in 1926.

On the occasion when the Premier, Sir Samuel Griffith, turned the first sod of the railway, more than 300 navvies invaded Cairns and painted the little township red. A bullock was roasted at the lower end of Abbott Street, and 200 loaves of bread and four hogsheads of beer were consumed. The celebrations, were, to say the least, riotous!

The young township soon had two serious rivals—Smithfield on the lower reaches of the Barron River, and Port Douglas, some thirty miles to the north. The settlement founded by Bill Smith (originally a depot for the pack teams) was after a few years completely obliterated by a flood. And when the Government built the range railroad, Port Douglas began to decline.

**TROPICAL PLANT LIFE.
TROPICAL NURSERIES.**

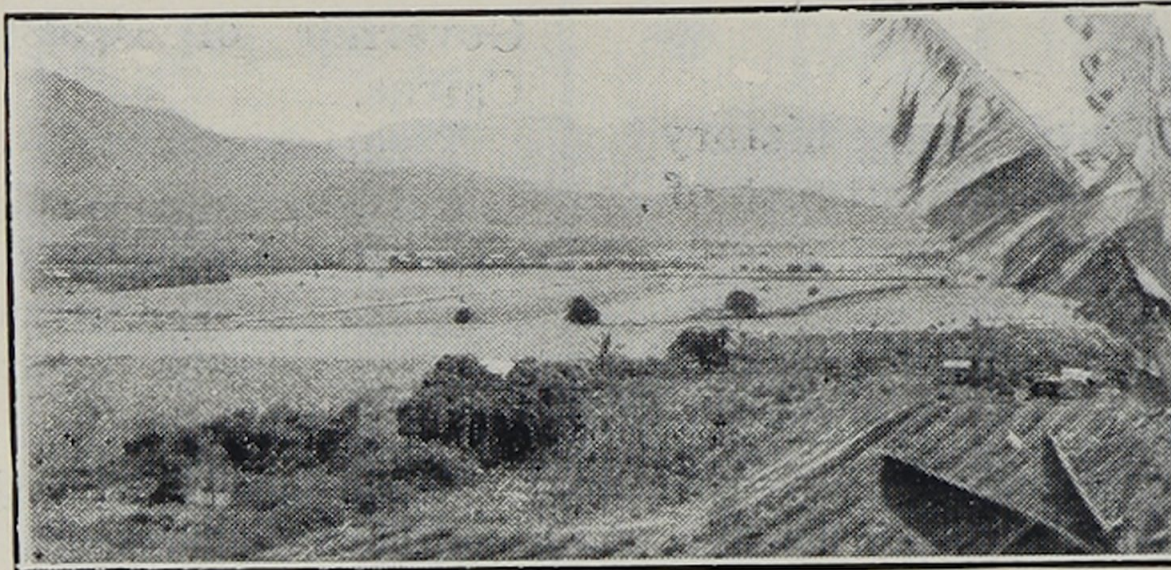
(A. G. HAWKINS & J. B. SEARL,
Proprietors.)

Should you be interested in Tropical plants then take the Edge Hill 'bus at either 10 a.m., 1 p.m., 3 p.m. or 5 p.m. right to the Nursery Gate. The fare to Nursery is 1/6 return. A fine display of the unique Tassel Fern, Rare Orchids, native and exotic.

Beautiful Colourful Shrubs, Crotons, &c.

**WE SPECIALLY CATER FOR
TOURISTS.**

**Morning and Afternoon Teas
Served in the cool shade**



Panoramic View from Eagle Hill

EDGE HILL'S 'BUS SERVICE.

W. Simpson, Proprietor.

'Phone 2488.

Take a 'bus trip to Edge Hill, Cairns' beautiful suburb. Trip takes three-quarters of an hour.

'Bus leaves Stand at Commonwealth Bank at time-table:—10 a.m., 1 p.m., 3 p.m., and 5 p.m. This permits tourists to spend an hour at the nursery.

Return Fare: 2/-.

Don't miss paying a visit to the Nursery, situated in the Garden Suburb of Cairns,

TROPICAL MOTORS

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GREASING AND SPRAYING.

**OXYWELDERS, MECHANICAL
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Is Now

The Most Up-to-date Hotel in CAIRNS

**Williams'
Commercial
Hotel,
Cairns.**

The inimitable home-like cooking, well furnished, airy bedrooms opening to spacious balconies — warm friendliness and personal effort to make guests comfortable—is appreciated.

A new wing lately added provides guests with all that can be desired in ball-room dancing and lounge comforts. The walls of the lounge are so designed that natural light, air and coolness are always provided—a boon in the tropics.

Every Modern Convenience.

Hot and Cold Water.

Excellent Service.

First Class Table.

15/- Per Day. £3/10/- Per Week

Children under 12 years half

Rates.

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CAIRNS, MECCA OF THE
TOURIST.

and timber country on the tablelands; the sugar-cane belt from Ingham to Mossman; mining and pastoral lands again in the Peninsula; and the Barrier seas with their marine harvests — all these wealthy regions pay tribute to this golden step-child of the Orient.

Bright tropic shrubs and flowers in a hundred sunlit gardens, wide foliage-shaded streets, little emerald parks, modern shopping centres, the chatter of fruit-eating birds in the giant fig-tree in Abbott Street, with

The wealth of field and forest, farm and mine, poured into Cairns, which prospered steadily until to-day it is amongst the most thriving towns in the State.

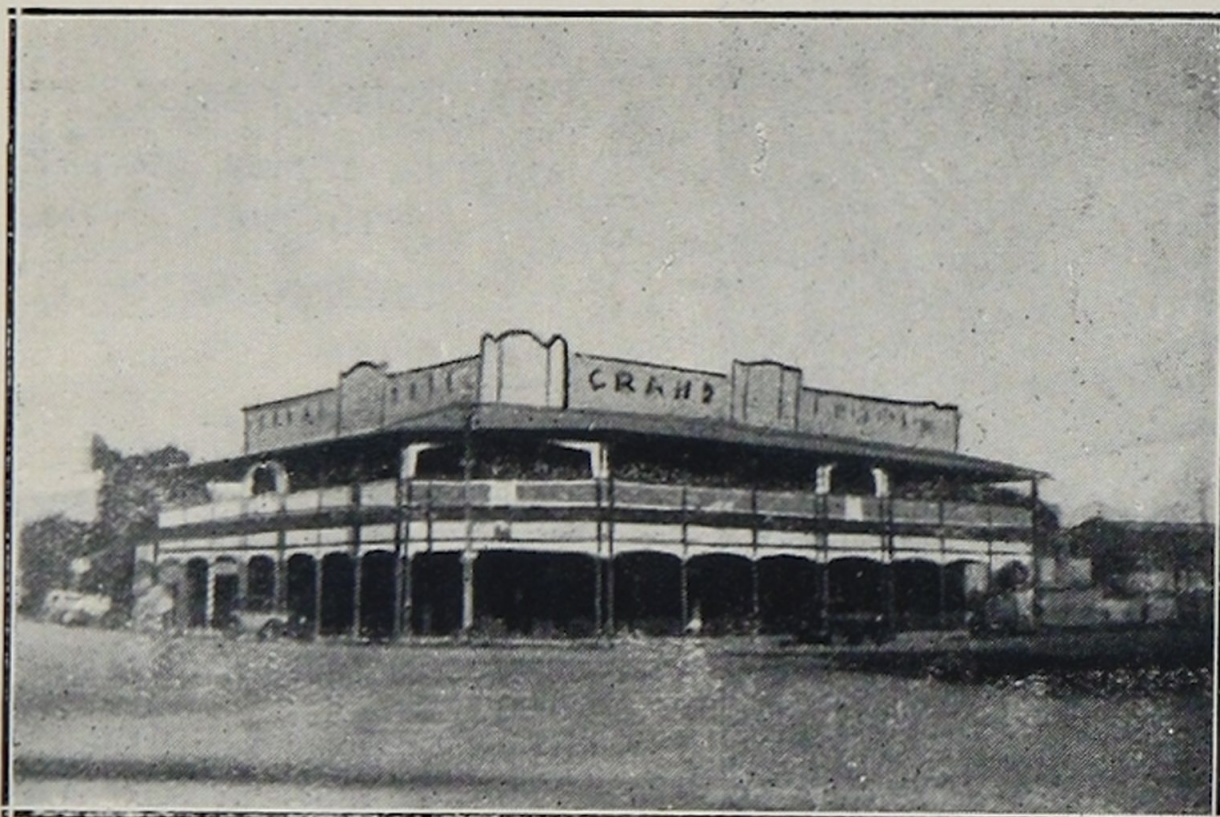
TRINITY OF TOURISTS, TIMBER,
AND CANE.

TO-DAY the mineral and pastoral lands away out west to the Gulf; maize-growing, dairying,

twisted roots and flanges and hoary trunk and limbs laden with ferns and orchids. . . .

And always the dancing waters of the Bay, and the “witching beauty of the ranges wearing the ages down tenaciously.”

Rounding Cape Grafton in the early morning, William Hatfield was entranced: “And you should be on deck, though you stayed up half the night, unable to tear yourself from the rail watching the



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GRAND HOTEL

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Opp. RAILWAY STATION.

A DELIGHTFUL HOTEL, offering the
BEST SERVICES that are pleasing to
the most exacting traveller or tourist.

HOT AND COLD WATER.
WIDE COOL BALCONIES.
MODERATE TARIFF.

White Cars (Cairns)

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Road Motor Trips to all far Northern Beauty Spots,
including Gillies and Palmerston Highways—Lakes
Barrine and Eacham—Crystal Cascades—Tully
Falls.

DAILY SERVICES BETWEEN:

Cairns and Atherton Tableland.
Cairns and Mossman (via Port Douglas).
Innisfail and Ravenshoe (via Millaa Millaa).

LOOK FOR THE WHITE CARS.

"SERVICE & SAFETY."

gorgeous moonlit panorama float dreamily past on the phosphorescent sea. You stand in round a wooded cape that rises ethereally on the port beam and resolves itself into land as by magic from the hazy line of sea and sky, and as you round the cape there glides into view the loveliest town in all the Coral Seas." And he added: "Here are all the things the tourist posters claimed, and lots that mere flat colour never can portray!"

Cairns, with an area of $14\frac{1}{2}$ square miles and a population of 13,000, is the chief town in the Rockingham Division, which embraces the districts (in order of size) of Innisfail, Ingham, Mareeba, Tully, Gordonvale, Atherton, Mourilyan, Halifax, Herberton, Millaa Millaa, Ravenshoe, Kuranda, Mt. Mulligan, Cardwell, and Georgetown. The area of the Division is 23,284 square miles, and the population is about 73,500. Thursday Island ($1\frac{1}{4}$ square miles, population 1,490), Mossman, Cooktown, Port Douglas, and Daintree are in the York Peninsula Division of 54,690 square miles.

The total area of land under cultivation in 1935 was 157,535 acres; under crops, 132,933. The value of all agricultural production amounted to £3,263,000. The 258,563 tons of sugar made was worth £4,194,567. The total value of dairying (butter, cheese, and milk) was £244,000. Minerals realised £229,810, of which tin brought £142,767, and gold £33,229. Gold, tin, and silver in the Peninsula was valued at £35,852. Of the eleven goldfields on the Peninsula, active mining is being carried on in two only—Claudie River and Batavia.

The area between Ingham and Cairns lies in the heaviest rainfall belt in Queensland, the average annual fall approximating 150 inches. To quote Hatfield again: "I have seen it rain a yard in a week in Cairns. And that is ordinary. In Cairns it can keep up an inch an hour the double clock round.

I saw it touch the twenty inches in one twenty-four hour stretch. When you've seen it rain like that, well, you've seen rain. Down it comes, drumming on the roofs in a solid ceaseless mass, till you acquire a wet-season throat from a constantly raised pitch of voice to make yourself heard."

But that, of course, is in the Big Wet, during certain times in the summer months, not in the winter tourist season.

Innisfail people call the Cairns downpours Scotch mists in comparison with their deluges. Some years ago, so a local yarn goes, a visitor from America, seeing a large sheet of water at the back of the post office, threw off his clothes and dived in. The constable met him coming out.

"Don't y'know there's no swimmin' allowed 'ere?"

"Waal, I reckoned you could bathe in any Gahdam' waterhole in this one hoss hamlet!"

"Waterhole?" returned the Law. "It's the rain-gauge av' the post office!"

They say Babinda and Innisfail people have webbed feet. I wonder if that's true.

The hot, moist conditions during summer are ideal for sugar-cane culture, however, and some excellent yields are obtained. The cane crop is almost exclusively the famous variety, "Badila," one of the world's sweetest canes, which was found growing in a native garden in New Guinea and brought into Queensland in 1896. The four mills produce as a rule upwards of 100,000 tons of sugar annually. Of considerable interest in this area is the township and district of Tully, which some 13 years ago was dense tropical jungle. It is now a closely settled district, producing in the neighbourhood of 300,000 tons of cane annually. Rainfall decreases in the Cairns district from 150 inches at Babinda to about 70 at Mossman. Four



"UNDER VICE-REGAL PATRONAGE."

THE TOURIST RENDEZVOUS

HOTEL PACIFIC

D. I. LORDAN, PROPRIETRESS.

Esplanade.

CAIRNS, N.Q.

(Overlooking beautiful Trinity Bay)

Offers Service that is pleasing to the most exacting Traveller and Tourist.

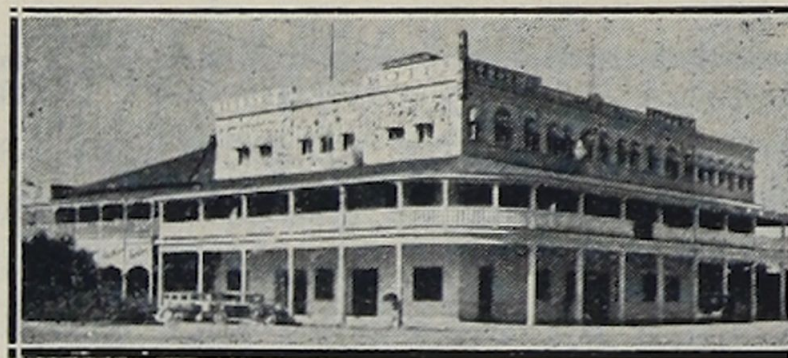
Hot and Cold Water Service, Electric Light, Sewerage, all floors.

Large, airy Balcony Bedrooms, First Class Cuisine.

Tropical Fruits in abundance.

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In Cairns. **"IT'S THE PACIFIC."**



HIDES' HOTEL, CAIRNS.

The Largest and most Popular Tourist Hotel
in North Queensland.

Three-storied concrete building, fitted with Electric Lift, Wireless service, Hot and Cold Water throughout. Situated in the busiest section of the city.

Write or Wire for Reservations.

Lake Street.

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CAIRNS, NORTH QUEENSLAND.

The Largest and Most Up-to-date Timber and Veneer Mills in Queensland.

Exporters of logs and furniture timbers. Large stocks of kiln dried and air-seasoned timbers always on hand, including Walnut, Maple, Silky Oak, Kauri Pine, etc.

Manufacturers of High Grade Veneers.

Enquiries are solicited and quotations gladly furnished on application.

P.O. Box 107,
Cairns.

Automatic 'Phone
2145, 2146.

mills—Babinda, Mulgrave, Hambleton, and Mossman—together crush annually about 750,000 tons of cane to give upwards of 100,000 tons of sugar. The chief experimental station of the Bureau of Sugar Experiment Stations is situated near Cairns. Here the sugar cane plant flowers freely. Cross pollination is carried out, and the seed collected, and sent to the Southern stations for propagation. The chief entomological laboratory is also here.

The activities in general agriculture and dairying in the Cairns district are confined mainly to the Atherton Tableland, while around the city of Cairns and the Daintree River dairying alone is engaged in. Under the category of dairying and general agriculture the farmers in the Cairns district depend mainly on dairying and mixed farming, poultry raising, pig raising, and the growing of maize, peanuts, tobacco, and vegetables.

LAND OF ADVENTURE AND ROMANCE.

“There is a note in the soft north-easter as it blows along the Great Barrier Reef, rustling the fruiting palm trees and the sugar cane, which is not found in any other Australian symphony.”

—E. J. Brady.

AT the height of the winter tourist season—those wondrous months from June to August when the Northlands are invested in a glorious panoply of warm, rich tones—there is in the atmosphere a spontaneous note of gaiety, happiness, care-free abandon. Days are devoted to sight-seeing or lounging in the cool shade of wide tropical verandas; fragrant nights are charged with magic.

Beautifully gowned women at cocktail time in hotel lounges, brilliantly lighted, and decorated with flowers which have stolen their colours from tropic sunsets; dancing on the spacious decks of

a luxury liner, flood-lighted, and dazzling with streamers of multi-coloured globes; the exciting throb of an orchestra rolling across the Inlet; thrilling drives by moonlight through the cane-fields, with the intoxicating perfume of frangipanni and port-wine magnolias in the air. . . .

Truly, the Far North is an Enchanted Land, charged with adventure and romance!

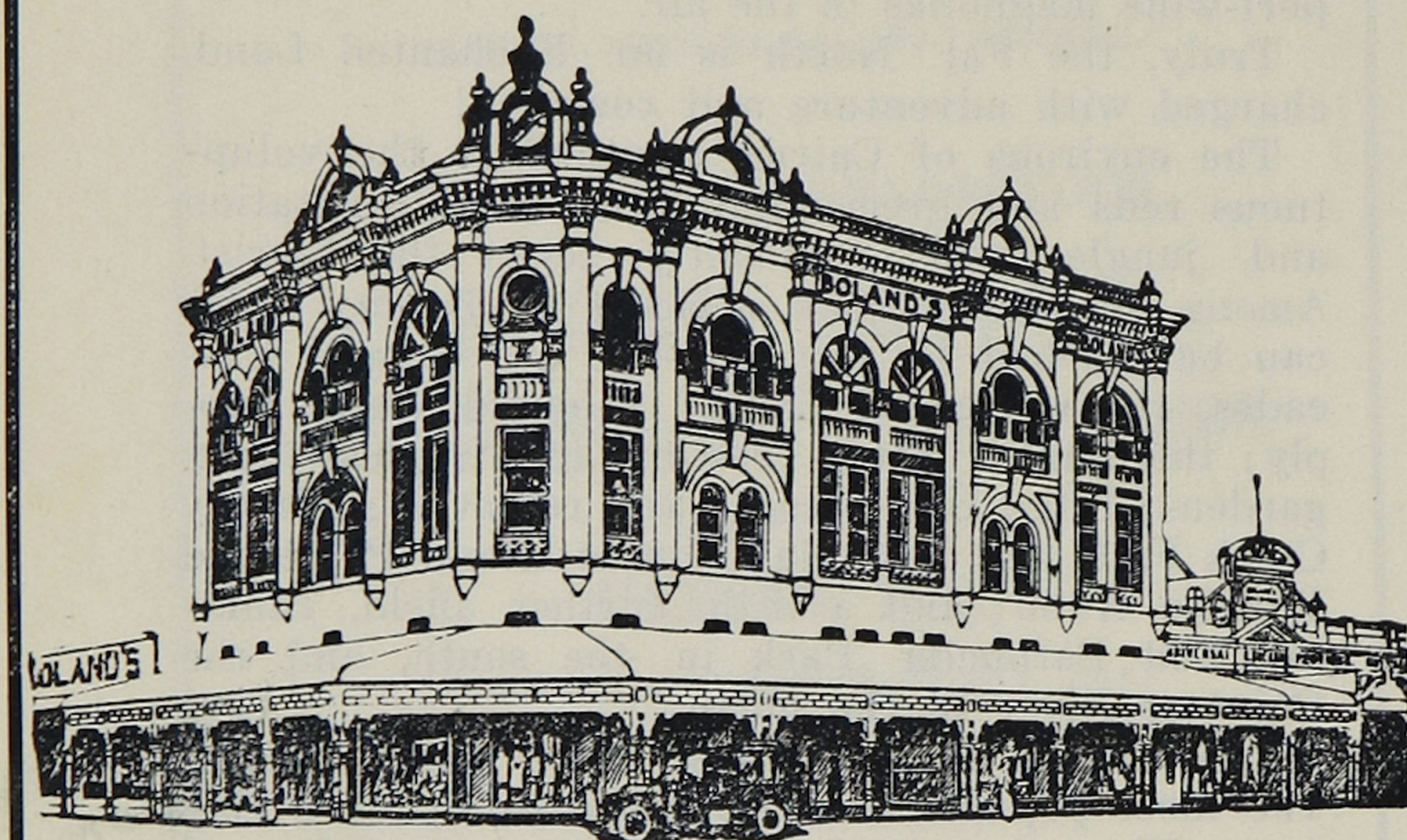
The environs of Cairns, swathed in the voluptuous reds and greens and browns of plantation and jungle, will pleasantly repay the tourist. Among the beauty spots adjacent to the city which can be reached by car and bus are Crystal Cascades, the source of Cairns' splendid water supply; the Barron River crossing and tropical fruit-gardens; Edge Hill nursery and reservoir; Fishery Creek Falls and Babinda; Double Island Point and Yorkies Knob; and a little further afield, Innisfail and Paronella Park in the south, and the Daintree River in the north. $\frac{1}{4}$

The various launch trips are a sheer delight. The most popular excursions are to Brown's Bay (crocodile and natural zoo); Mulgrave and Russell Rivers; Green Island (coral reefs, fascinating marine life); Michaelmas Cay and Upolu Banks (huge rookeries); Fitzroy Island; Turtle Bay; and the upper reaches of the Inlet.

Tourist coaches leave regularly for Yungaburra, Malanda, and Atherton on the Tablelands, via Gillies Highway. From these centres the numerous scenic attractions are easily reached. During the tourist season there are rail services every morning and afternoon to Kuranda, via the Barron Gorge and Falls. There is ample time before the train returns to Cairns for visits to The Maze and Fairyland Tea-Gardens.

An impressive motor trip is to Port Douglas and Mossman, via Cook Highway, which for the

WE CORDIALLY INVITE YOU
TO VISIT OUR ROOF LOOK-OUT



BOLAND'S

NORTH QUEENSLAND'S GREATEST STORE
AND FINEST CITY LOOK-OUT.

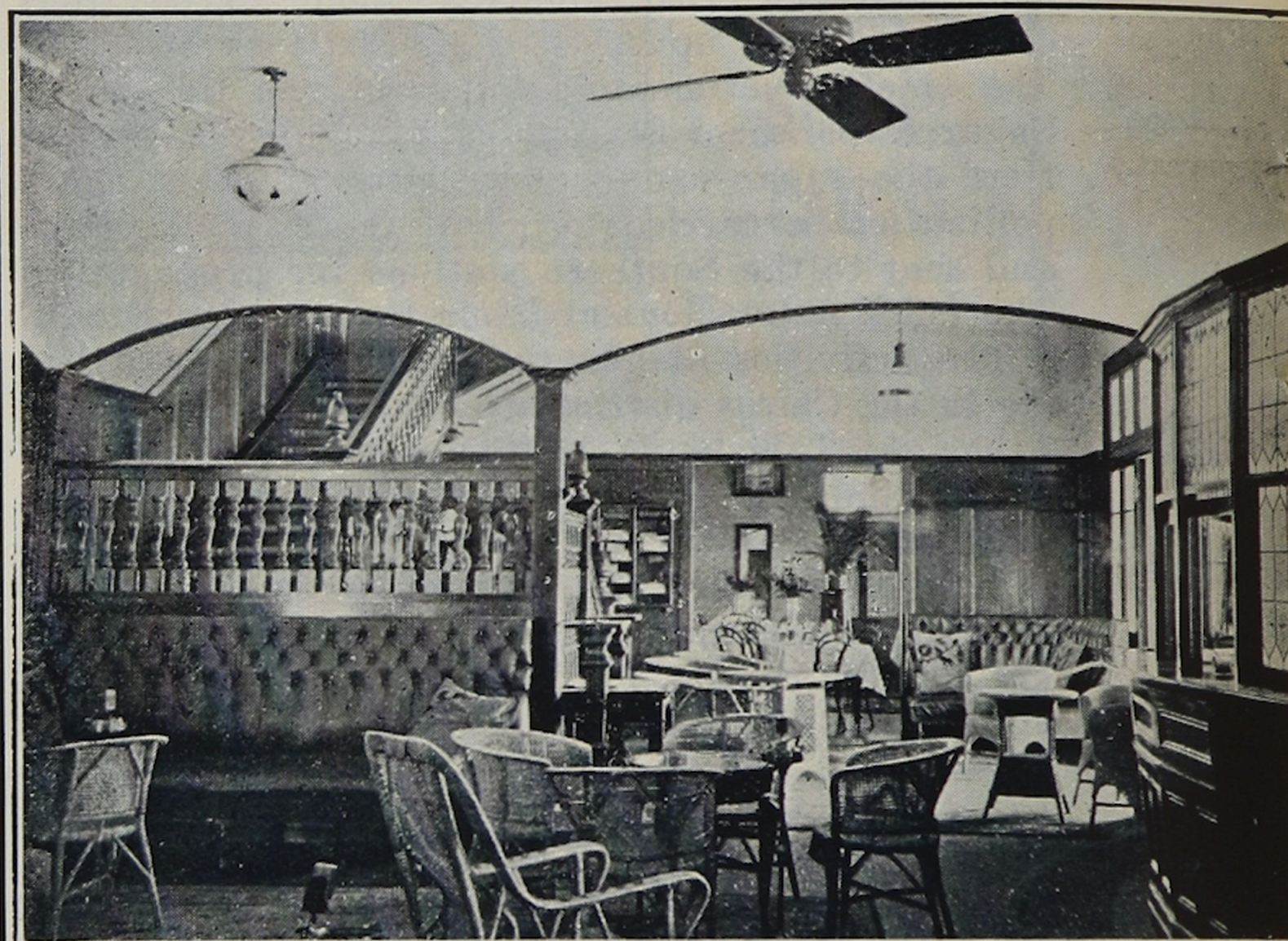
A VIEW TO BE REMEMBERED.

When visiting Cairns never miss viewing this wonderful City of the Tropics from BOLAND'S ROOF LOOK-OUT. Boland's Pty. Ltd. cordially invite you to visit their modern Store, take the elevator to the roof garden, and view Cairns and its wonderful surroundings.

This is an opportunity of a lifetime and one you shouldn't miss.

See Boland's Special Souvenir Section, Ground Floor
(Main Doorway).

BOLAND'S PTY. LTD., BOX 7, CAIRNS



Portion of Lounge.

THE STRAND HOTEL

Esplanade, CAIRNS.

A Modern Hotel on the Beach in the centre of the City, adjoining the Post Office and opposite Anzac Park. Sewered on all floors. Hot and cold showers and plunges. Sea water swimming pool in the hotel. Electric light and fans. Beautiful new ballroom lounge. Dining room opens on to the sea. Fresh fruit from our own farm.

C.T.A. House.

Booking Office for Tableland Cars.
Early Room Reservation Necessary.
Personally Conducted by the Owner.
PROPRIETOR.

S. H. McCARROLL,

Phones: 2189, 2967.

Box No. 86.

greater part of the distance skirts the coast. Splendid seascapes are obtained from several vantage points along the route. Returning from Mossman the motor coach speeds along the hard surface of the beach for some considerable distance—an experience as thrilling as it is unusual.

Upon arrival in Cairns visitors are advised to consult the officers at the Government Tourist Bureau in Abbott Street. Various publications issued by the Bureau describe the above-mentioned resorts more fully, and include details as to costs, methods of access, etc.

BARRON CASCADES AND GORGE.

“There is great promise of life and a Viking strength in winds at blow by Gabo; but the magic of silken breezes, spice-laden from Arafura, is true black magic, and no man who knows it can withstand its spell.”

—E. J. Brady.

WHILE Cairns has not quite awakened from the spell of a silvery dream, we prepare for our adventure through the Barron Gorge on to the Great Plateau.

Trinity waters are like mother-of-pearl, unbroken except by a school of porpoises playing away out near a beacon. The first flush of a glorious tropic dawn suffuses the eastern sky, and vagrant breezes stir the palm fronds.

Jan-da-berry pee-ta pee-ta!

A little migratory bird, late in returning to New Guinea jungles, calls from the Fiji almond-tree. And those indefatigable Indian minahs squabble among themselves as to the reason why people are not awake and moving about!

This section of our Queensland Journey, the ascent on to the Tableland through the Barron

Gorge in the little mountain train, will leave indelible memories.

Details of the ascent may fade from “Time’s sweet-scented manuscript,” but certain cherished impressions, varied according to the individual, will be retained for all time.

Thus some of us may recall, immediately Cairns and the Hinterland are mentioned, the curious resemblance the far-surgings of the sea have to an extensive well-mowed lawn as the train climbs higher and higher; the amaranthine beauty of lantana-pied slopes; or the jungle-cooled streams which sing among the foothills.

Others may be impressed more vividly with the silver pathway of the early morning sunlight across Trinity Bay; the spray which splashes on our faces when passing Stoney Creek Falls—or the excited laughter of the pretty girl in the blue dress!

First recollections for others again will be Robb’s Monument, the great column of rock by the edge of the Gorge which is a memorial to the engineer who constructed the railroad; the silver thread of the Barron River far below winding to coral seas—“a serpent in diorite”; the blue-fretted distance, fold on fold of ranges; or the saffron butterfly trembling on a wild hibiscus trumpet. . . .

Everyone sees and exclaims at something different. And what is the more important, or the most beautiful, who can tell?

But the excited babble of voices are quietened as the Barron Falls come into view.

Surely the spectacle of a river falling 770 feet into a rock-strewn gorge would be magnificently impressive anywhere. But here the beauty of the scene is marvellously enhanced by the dense rain-forests which clothe the slopes of the gorge.

It is a thrilling sight—these sun-shot green

PHONE 2801

HOTEL IMPERIAL

PHONE 2801

CAIRNS

EVERY MODERN CONVENIENCE.

HOT & COLD WATER. SEPTIC SYSTEM.

EXCELLENT CUISINE.
LARGE AIRY BEDROOMS.

Centrally Situated.
Commanding Panoramic Views of the Ocean.
Tourists Specially Catered For. Tariff Moderate.

CAIRNS

*Absolute Privacy, Every Comfort And Yet
Quite Adjacent To All Centres Of Activity.*

The Olde
Coffee Shoppe



(Under Vice-Regal Patronage)

Visitors One and All.

You are naturally interested in our scenic wonders. You will also naturally be interested when you visit the BLUE BIRD — the beautiful Tourists' Rendezvous on the corner — which is noted for its artistic surroundings and excellent service of dainty morning and afternoon teas,

BLUE  BIRD
BEAUTIFUL
CAIRNS

Modern
Restaurant
Service

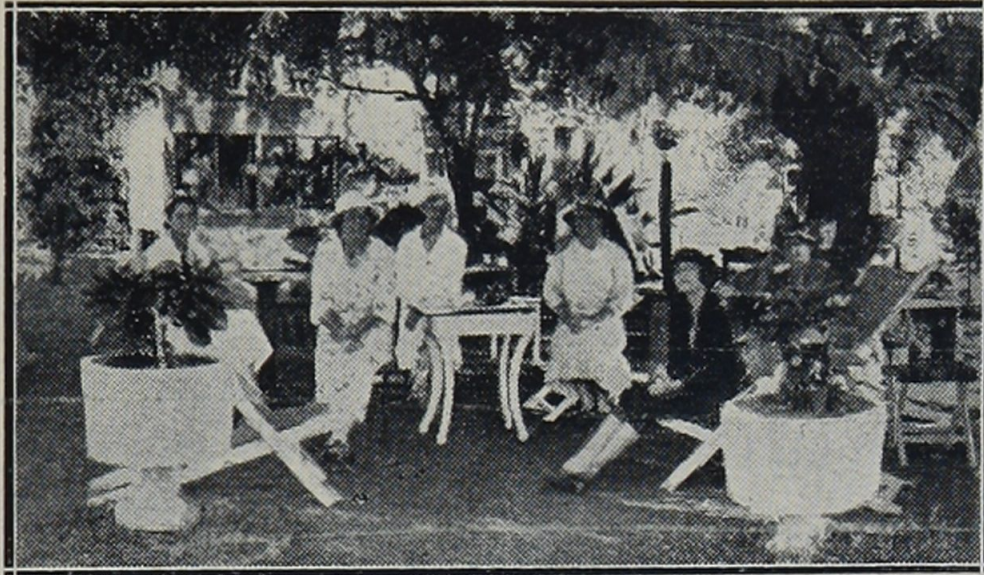


delightful selection of a-la-carte dishes introduced in Luncheon, Dinner and Supper menus, served in an atmosphere of comfort and cosiness in the Lounge Dining Room and Ladies' Gallery.

Tropical Fruit Sundaes a Specialty.

Direction: L. Coras & Sons.

THE CONTINENTAL
CATERERS.



THE STRAWBERRY HOME

A visit to the strawberry gardens at the home of Mr. and Mrs. T. Haines, West Cairns, is a real pleasure. Here are seen many new and varied shaped beds, planted with young life-pansies, cinerarias, amaranthus, gerberas, salvia in three shades, eucharis lilies, coral bell, dianthus, hydrangeas, Jackabeans, carnations, lupins, begonias, white, red, pink and (watermelon) stripe, asters, Mexican sunflowers, meadow-sweet, violets and New Indian climber (Lakwa).

Some very pretty cement pots hold verdant ferns, while others are showing nasturtiums with a cute kewpie rising from the centre of the plants.

Comfortable buses leave from Anzac Park every hour. Passengers alight at the entrance gate to the gardens, and may join the service at their convenience. The return route traverses the natural scenic beauties of the Cairns district.

tons, these foaming avalanches of water crashing on the impregnable—a fitting climax, indeed, to the long journey to the Wonderland of the North.

“The whole eastern coast of Australia is beautiful,” writes William Hatfield. “So a ride like that trip to Barron Falls suffers like the best dish served last at a noble feast.”

The Barron has gathered the flood of the Tropic Rain-God over a watershed thousands of miles square, beginning at the Hugh Nelson Range and the Herberton Crater, draining one of the highest rainfall areas in Australia, and absorbing scores of streams to its bosom.

These thundering cascades of water sound the most thrilling note in the whole of the glorious Australian symphony. There is even something wildly, grandly magnificent in the very name.

But who could write the libretto of this fundamental music or choose the words for the cosmic chorus that must accompany it in explanation. . . . The roar of the falls sounds like deep basses on the organ pipes of Nature intoning an elegy for a world whose origin is lost forever in the Night of Time.

Not completely lost, however, for geologists can tell us something of its origin.

Dr. F. W. Whitehouse, Geology Department, University of Queensland, has it that the Tableland in the lower reaches of the Barron River has running through it great vertical bands of quartzite, roughly parallel with the seaboard. In early times, it seems, the river tumbled over the edge of the Tableland in a seething cascade about the position of the present mouth of the gorge. The force of the water wore the softer rocks down until it carved back to the first of the quartzite bands. Then its work became slower, for it had the harder rock to carve through, and for ages a waterfall similar to the Barron must have remained there. But when at last the river wore through the bands it carved the gorge rapidly again until it came to the second of the hard bands. So the process has gone on for aeons of time, cutting alternately hard and soft rocks until at present the Barron River tumbles over the thickest of these bands into the great gorge below. It will be ages before the water wears through the quartzite, but even when it

does there are other hard bands behind it. The upper waters of the Barron, above Mareeba, it has been submitted, may have flowed towards the north-west as a tributary of one of the streams which enters the Gulf of Carpentaria, and not easterly into the present lower reaches of the river. Nearly, if not all, of the main Barron Gorge was carved by the out-pouring of river water. . . .

The inutterable immutability of Time!

Once glimpsed the gorge and falls will be found provocative beyond most vistas, even if the traveller is an experienced one.

KURANDA AND THE BIG SCRUB.

*"Here gather birds and other airy things
That dip and clip the water with their wings—
The dragon flies their flighty loves pursue,
And gauze-winged insects wrought of sapphire blue."*

—M. Ada Hamlyn-Harris.

ONCE on the Tableland at Kuranda (1,080 feet) another new world is revealed—a deep-bosomed Temperate Zone rising more than 3,000 feet to a tropic sun.

This extensive upland region of approximately 600,000 acres, comprises three Tablelands—Ather-ton (313,000 acres), Evelyn (111,000), and Palmer-sten (157,300).

On the Great Plateau, extending interminably to the rim of the sunset, is to be found some of the most picturesque country in Australia, and a salubrious climate throughout the year.

Those of you who have not come under the spell of the Big Scrub can hardly vision it. To see it at its best, to behold its virgin beauty, and grasp its fertility as field and forest, one must journey on to the Tablelands.

The soft enchantment of richly green jungles and forests, crater lakes like tarns of violet water,

Phone: 2676.

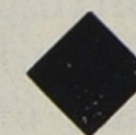
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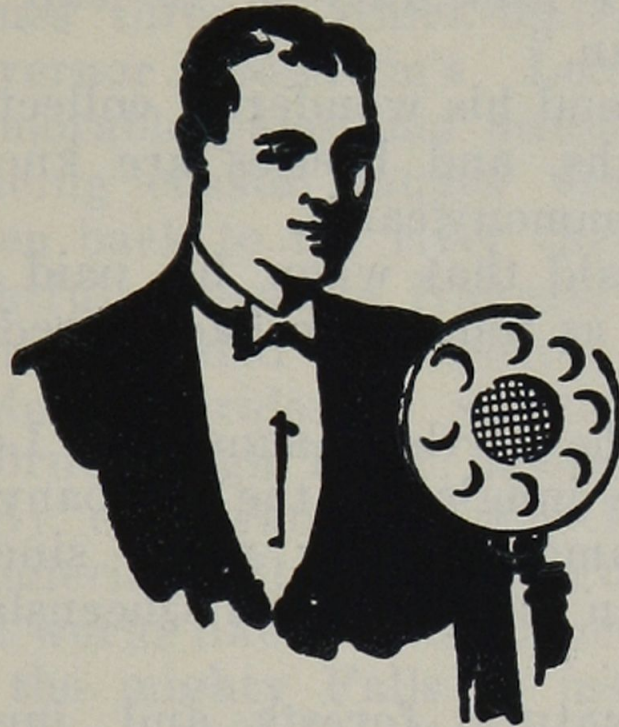
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fern-fringed banks of crystal streams, waterfalls like bows of promise, swelling emerald pastures, and blood-red fields exposing their incomparable richness. . . . And from certain vantage points on the edge of the plateaux sublime vistas of peaks and ranges, fold on fold, fading from thunder-blue to nattier and then to saxe, paling and paling until in the distance there is only the delicate blue-grey mistiness where earth tints melt into sky tones.

No wonder that year after year, in ever increasing numbers, visitors from all over the Commonwealth hasten to these Magic Northlands.

The Call of the North is no poetic fancy; it is real.

I am hearing it now!

Or is it that I am merely over-curious to visit beauty spots in the Kuranda district . . . ?

“The seal is off our blood, and the light is in our eyes;

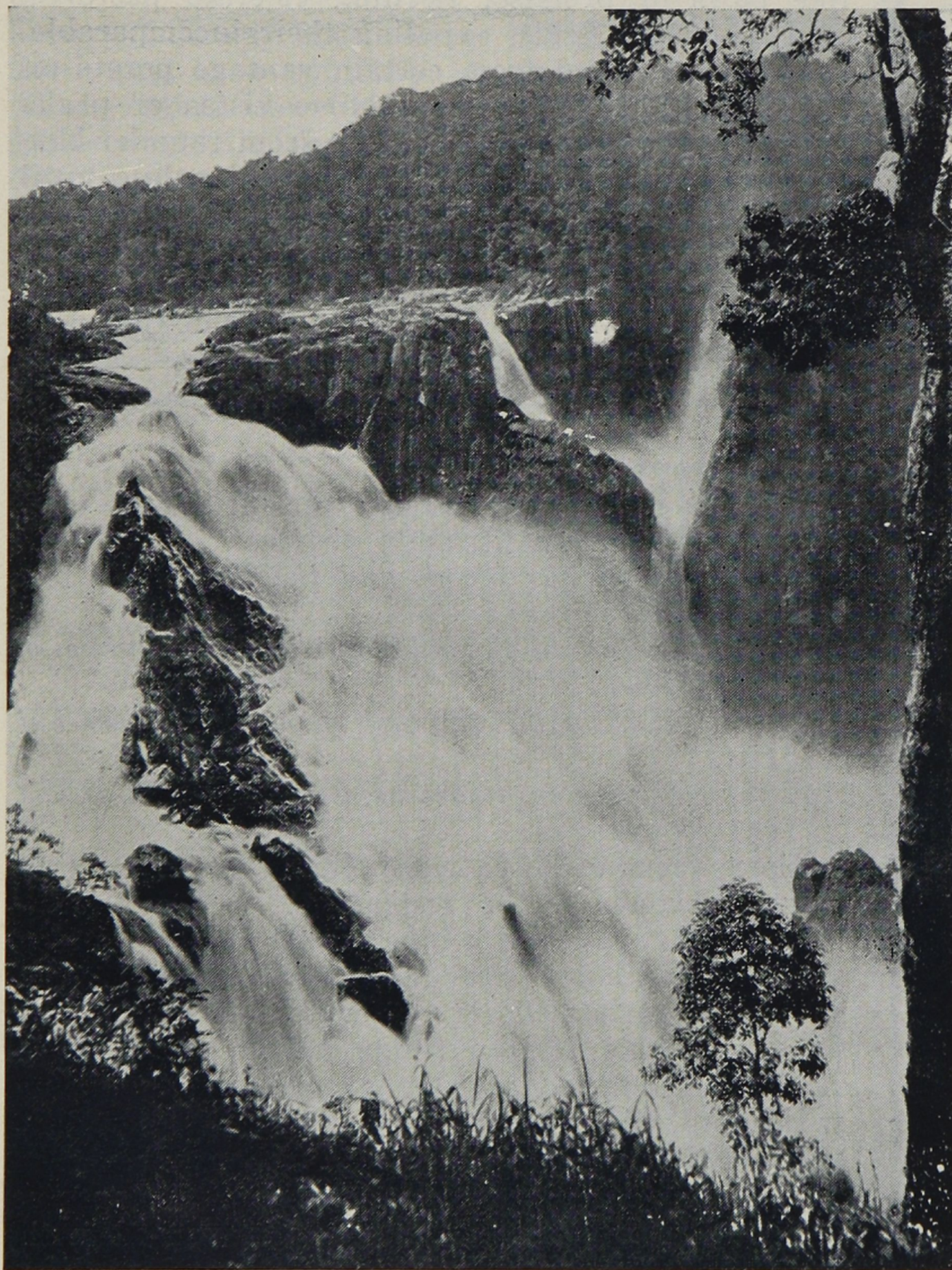
There’s sunshine on the hill, and there’s shadow in the hollow,

And the call is on the air, and we cannot choose but rise,

And the call goes on before us, and we cannot choose but follow.”

There seem to be so many things to visit. One must endeavour to be systematic.

But first a rest and a pipe within the cool, green shade of the hotel veranda—a veritable fernhouse, so richly garlanded it is—watching the scarlet flowers of the African tulips fall to the ground. And then luncheon, made extremely appetising with crisp salads and tropical fruits. Papaw, deep yellow, ripened on the tree, with a squeeze of lemon and a little sugar. Delicious. Or perhaps (as a special treat) set in jelly and flavoured with wine. Most delectable. Granadilla and passion-fruit, pineapples, pomelos, bananas, sour-sops, and



MIGHTY BARRON FALLS.

then a mango "with the flavour and aroma of orange and jasmine, mellowed into a poem by golden sunlight."

Afterwards one's first duty is to call on "The Butterfly Man."

Mr. F. P. Dodd and his wonderful collection of butterflies, moths, and beetles are known throughout the Commonwealth.

Thomas Wood said that when he paid the modest fee he felt as though he had tipped an F.R.S.

Happy days in the northern sunshine. Long strolls through the jungles in the company of kindred spirits (amazing how many sincere friendships one can make on this Queensland Journey).

There are the natural forests and jungle gardens at The Maze and Fairyland, the Barron Falls, King O'Malley's Chair, Lady Robinson's Lookout, Grey Mare's Tail, Devil's Pool, Dean's Lookout, and many other high-spots of scenic beauty in the vicinity of the Barron Chasm.

The riotous splendour of the North Queensland jungles and rain-forests is revealed to advantage by a stroll through The Maze.

"Yo ho, there!" and a little boat puts off to ferry us across the waters of the Barron.

Landing, we enter a natural arboretum by a sun-dappled path which leads "with many a bowery turn" among tall colonades of valuable cabinet timbers. Down cool, green aisles, with dense undergrowth on either side, and intricate tracteries of vines, creepers, stag-horns, and orchids hanging in festoons from the tree-tops. Giant feathery tree-ferns, "imbower'd vaults of pillar'd palms," and groves of wild bananas border a singing

stream which runs by a lovely bower of fan-palms, wherein teas are served. Make sure you offer a wish at the Wishing Pool. You are now in the Magic Northlands, remember! The path continues through thick-leaved ambrosial places to Governor Goodwin's Lookout, from where a memorable panorama unfolds on three aspects, embracing coastal ranges and extensive tablelands. Then back to the river through Lilian Dell—a delightful pleasance fragrant with flowering foliage and garlanded with purple and blue convolvuli.

Morning rides on sprightly hacks along the old Thornborough Road; noonday dips in the refreshingly cool waters of the Barron; care-free hours wandering idly down high-hedged tracks for all the world like English lanes; another visit perhaps to the mighty Falls to inspect the hydro-electric system, which supplies power to four shires, Cairns and other towns—how pleasantly one can holiday by the Barron-side.

Fairyland Tea-gardens are also situated on the far slopes of the river, and we again cross in a fairy barque—

*“And a glamour draws us on
To the Distance, rainbow spanned,
And the road we tread upon,
Is the road to Fairyland.”*

The boat glides into the landing bank overshadowed by vine-clad trees. Penetrating the filmy veil of greenness, we plunge into forest glades and dim jungle paths of half transparent malachite.

“Let your song be delicate,” for here is heard the madrigals of a hundred feathered choristers. Between moss-covered elms, cedar, silky oak, mahogany, and a host of other “luxury woods,” in and out among the dense wilderness and evanescent depths, flit tropic birds—“dear wee pixies of the dancing leaves.”

Teas are served amid picturesque surroundings, where brilliantly coloured butterflies idle among the orchids and foliage, and scrub pigeons sometimes alight with soft flutter of wings on the fringe of the clearing.

Wandering on, the path descends to Fairy Glen, a charming little spot by a bubbling stream besieged by maidenhair, flowering vines, plantains, and numerous varieties of tree-ferns. So eventually to the river's edge, seeing on every leaf a “glory caught from a woman's hair,” and across the stream which sings its Orphic song before plunging with suicidal scream over the gigantic lip of polished rock.

To seekers after health, rest, or other recuperative influences, Kuranda, on the threshold of the Great Plateau, offers all that could be desired.

And, like the ladies in Rosetti's “The Blessed Damozel,” the names of these highland retreats will echo in the memory like “sweet symphonies.”

* * *

CRATER LAKES AND TALL TREES.

*“Come out! Come out! the air is sweet and new,
And two score years and ten to-day are one-and-twenty;
Come out! Come out! the skies are clear and blue,
And all the land is rich with tropic plenty.”*

—Rod. Quinn

THE main tourist centres on the Tableland are Yungaburra (54), Malanda (62) and Atherton (47). These townships are situated at an altitude of about 2,500 feet, and offer good hotel accommodation, with service suitable for tourists. The principal sights are readily accessible by road or rail.



WILLIAMS' LAKE EACHAM HOTEL

EVERY MODERN CONVENIENCE

Situated at Yungaburra—right in the centre of things on the Atherton Table-land—visitors will find the Lake Eacham Hotel compares more than favourably with many a City hotel. All night Lighting. Sewerage, Running Water in every bedroom. Hot water service available at all hours and every modern convenience for the comfort of guests. A special Jazz floor has been laid in the lounge. No effort is spared to make a visitor's stay both comfortable and enjoyable. Yungaburra is the acknowledged centre for all sight-seeing of the Tableland. Motor Tourist Trips leave the Hotel for the famous Crater Lakes of Yungaburra (Eacham and Barrine), Millaa Millaa Falls, Herberton Crater, Malanda Falls and Jungle, Glen Allyn Falls, Ravenshoe, Cairns (via Yungaburra-Cairns Range Road). and tours through the Maize-growing and Dairying Districts.

Outdoor and indoor games may be indulged in at the Hotel. The extensive grounds afford the visitor a delightful putting green, and a garden of tropical beauty and atmosphere. Ring Bowls may also be played.

In conclusion, don't leave North Queensland until you have the Hotel's Boomerang "Stick On" on your luggage. These are not only well known all over this continent, but may be found in England, America and the East.

STAY AT THE LAKE EACHAM HOTEL AND ENSURE A HAPPY HOLIDAY

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The railroad from Kuranda runs through a strip of dry pastoral country, and then out upon miles on miles of fertile red soils, typical of the Great Plateau.

These blood-red lands, these emerald fields, where prime dairy cattle graze knee-deep in lush paspalum, these tall-standing rain-forests, sparkling sunshine, and exhilarating atmosphere—the quiet beauty all around—combine to create a charm which lingers through the years.

As Ted Brady's Irish friend put it: "Up here we are two or three thousand feet nearer Hiven."

Maize has replaced sugar-cane—acres and acres of waving tassels. Temperate-zone fruits are amongst the sun-kissed harvest of the orchards.

Happy days, bowling over the Tablelands in the big tourist coaches with the keen breeze blowing on our faces, and the green brocade of field and farm and forest flashing by on either side.

The vine-jungles are richer, more riotous; the rain-forests taller. And a "livelier emerald twinkles in the grass."

These red, red lands! In some areas the soil is more than 40 feet deep.

Happy, care-free days idling by a waterfall, fern-draped and cool, listening to the music of cascade and cataract. . . . spendthrift hours lying on the grassy slopes of Mt. Quincan, watching the clouds follow each other continuously across the empyrean dome of the sky—"the cloud the clouds chase," as Meredith wrote in the daintiest and completest of his lyrics . . . or boating on the surface of a crater lake, jungle-fringed, placid, silent, and just a little mysterious. . . .

The beautiful crater lakes of Eacham and Barrine, are among the most popular scenic attractions of a tour of the Great Plateau. Beautiful in themselves, they have been made still more attrac-

tive by the native legends which have been woven around them.

The blacks knew these lakes as "Yeetcham" and "Barrang," according to the late Archibald Meston, and could not be induced to enter **their** waters. They have a curious legend about an immense cedar log which, on occasions, passed from one lake to the other by a subterranean passage. One day they believe it will become a gigantic crocodile, out of whose jaws will step a mighty legendary blackfellow called Murgalainya. This blackfellow, it seems, when alive on the earth away back in the alkaringa times, had his camp on Murgalainya Booroomba, the north peak of the Bellenden-Ker Range. The huge stinging trees which once grew profusely around Eacham **were** supposed to guard the debil-debils in the lakes. After dark the blackfellows could not be induced to venture within ten miles of the lakes!

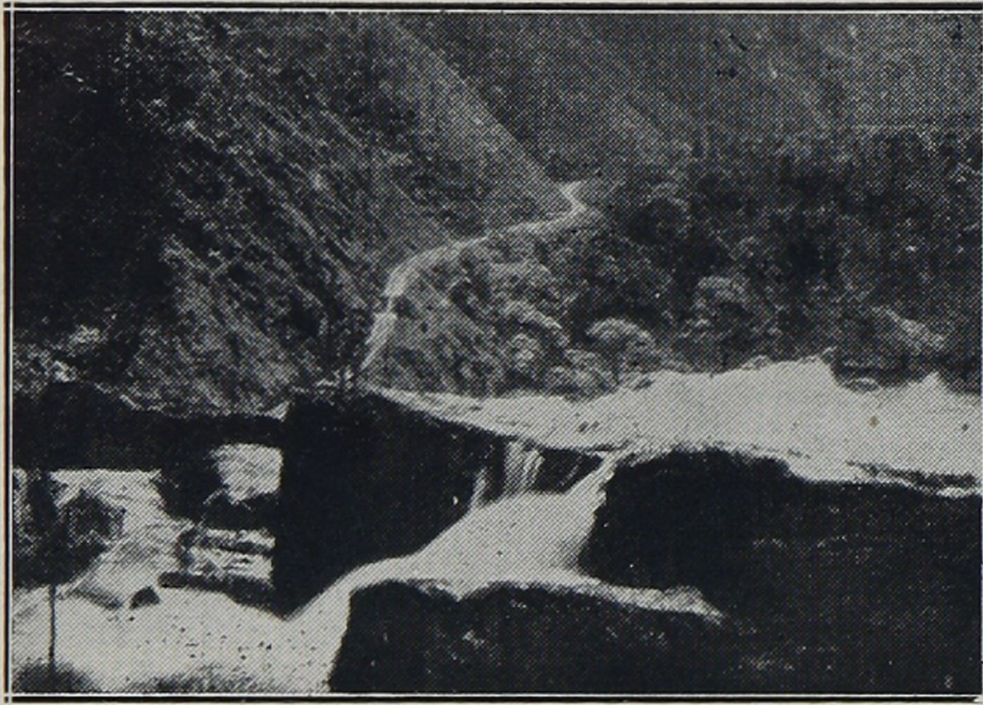
As Victor Kennedy has written:

*"In gloom or colour of evenfall
They rise from silver and sheen—
The mystic, mythical, magical
Wraiths that story Barrine."*

It seems to be the general belief that no bird will alight on the waters, nor fish swim therein, and that the lakes have never been fathomed. How many times have I heard: "Eacham and Barrine—the crater lakes, you know—never been fathomed; absolutely can't get to the bottom. Surface never varies, flood or drought. No fish, no bird life. Just eerie stillness. Something queer about them."

Of course, these and other strange tales, not all of them emanating from the aborigines, mark you, are not substantiated by fact. Alas, the unromantic scientist has dissipated the mystic veil which for so long hung over Eacham and Barrine!

But these Lakes of Enchantment are sufficiently



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alluring without the aid of mysterious legends and "travellers' tales", picturesque and romantic though they be. . . .

Lake Eacham is situated four miles from Yungaburra, on the line of parting of the Johnstone and Barron Rivers. It is 846 chains long and 38 chains broad, with an area of 130 acres. The lake surface is 2,478 feet above sea-level, and crater walls are 100 feet higher. The depth is 226 feet.

In a little motor boat I skimmed over the surface of this tranquil sheet of water, "aquamarine and azure and jacaranda blue," and experienced its quietude, its peaceful beauty. The matted jungle falls steeply to the water's edge and long "monkey ropes" trail from high up among the tree-tops, forming fairy swings for the water nymphs. Picturesque umbrella trees, with long antenna-like flowers, scarlet splashes of flare-trees, eugenias with flowered foliage, and the majestic heights of

maples, beans, oaks, pines, and other cabinet timbers are plumed with orchids, staghorns, and trailing vines.

The little craft circled the lake, disturbing teal and other water-fowl, nosed into an inlet, turned out into the middle of the lake, and then returned to the pontoon. It was an unusual and delightful experience.

"A sapphire jewel in a rich jade setting!

*How shall words paint this lovely Lake Barrine?
Close your tired eyes, all joyless things forgetting
And list the lapping waves—the lake shores fretting.*

Then lo! the wonder of this world in green!"

Lake Barrine lies about three miles north of Lake Eacham, and is by far the largest of the caldera lakes. The length is 60 chains, breadth 30 chains, and area 256 acres. The lake lies within a fork formed by Congo and Maroobi Creeks, both

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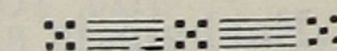
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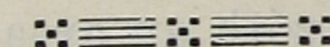
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LAKE BARRINE.



ming in a crater-full of cold, crystal-clear water; row round the lake exploring tiny, jungle-shaded coves; or read a book in the warm sunshine. Afternoons might be given to strolling along green ways through the rain-forest identifying ferns, orchids and trees. At evenfall, as the light is slowly drained from the sky, you might watch the wood-ducks turn black against the silver of the lake. In the stillness sounds carry far . . . such sounds! Dancing at night, and bridge or

Barron waters; but there is an overflow drainage to Toohey Creek, which flows to the Mulgrave. The level of the lake is 2,400 feet, some 70 feet above Eacham's level. The enclosing walls are 90 feet above the surface.

A chalet is built on the very edge of the lake. If you wish for a really unique interlude in your Queensland Journey, sojourn awhile by this lake-side Eden.

In the mornings you can have the thrill of swim-

other amusements. A row on the lake before retiring, perhaps, listening to trussling, tinkling waters, whisperies in the jungles, and earrand-lings playing across the lake.

There are several other examples of volcanic activity on the Tablelands—such as Mt. Hypipamee, Mt. Quincan ("evil spirit"), Bromfields' Crater, and Lynch's Crater. To quote F. Jardine (in the Royal Geographic Journals): "The volcanic cones occurring on the Barron-Johnstone

divide clearly demonstrate from their characters extreme phases of volcanic activity. . . . A remarkable feature of the volcanoes is the undissected character of the cones, and the almost perfect state of preservation of the craters. Undoubtedly these, together with the extrusions in the Upper Mulgrave and Russell Rivers, Greenhill and the Mulgrave corridor, represent the final paroxysms in vulcanism in the area."

JUNGLE AVENUE—AND A TREE-CLIMBING KANGAROO.

*"Tropic forests where vines swing olive-spans from
tree to tree,
Where the wind in creaking branches mocks the
murmur of the sea:
Where pale-faced orchids cluster, and the tulip-bud
pricks red,
And a honeycomb of leafwork shuts the blue out
overhead."*

SO wrote the late Mabel Forrest, the most representative Queensland singer since Essex Evans, whose lyrics, fragrant from her garden of verses, will for all time live with her people.

At Jungle Avenue, Malanda, you will find still further evidence of the wonders of the Tablelands.

Here is a veritable wonderland of jungle and forest flora. And while having tea you will be able to inspect examples of aboriginal implements and weapons. The guide gives interesting sidelights on their uses. That nulla-nulla, for instance, is made from very hard penda ("hit 'em night time come b'long"), and that blanket is made from the bark of a certain kind of fig-tree. Woomeras, fish spears, stone music sticks ("all same piana"), eel-traps, and dozens of other examples of workmanship are displayed.

The walk through the Jungle is a sheer delight

from beginning to end. The ferns especially are bewildering in their number and variety. Here is the somersault-fern, mentioned previously, which grows upside down; plants which begin as trees and develop into vines; bootlace, coral, tassel, riband, mare's tail (the stem of which the natives use for knives), and dozens of other fascinating specimens. You will also see the Adam and Eve penda, a venerable tree which towers among the other forest giants, its gnarled roots rising serpentine above the ground and growing into each other; enormous strangling figs, the greatest enemy in the jungle; and the huge mounds of scrub-turkey nests.

On our jungle walk we met Jackie Cattlecamp and Jackie Parkey, who gave extraordinary displays of tree-climbing.

Let me explain that Jackie Cattlecamp has a bald patch on the top of his head, thin legs, and a wide smile. Why his name? Well, as a young man he used to mind camp for Drover Fred Williams.

After watching him walk up a vine the size of a man's thigh, some hundred feet into the top-most branches of a forest monarch, it came rather as a shock to learn that he is 66 years of age. These two natives are also very skilled at climbing trees by means of a looped vine.

But all this time as we wandered down dim jungle avenues we were preparing for the show attraction of the afternoon—the piece de resistance, as it were. We were to see a tree-climbing kangaroo!

This was going to be good. Something right out of the box.

Cattlecamp and Parkey had gone ahead with the dogs. Soon we heard them whooping, and turned in their direction. From away up among the trees came yells and weird cries. They had

found a kangaroo in the branches of the tree. We stood some distance away from the base, and waited while the abos. from adjoining tree-tops caterwauled and threw sticks into the foliage. A slight movement. A rustling among the leaves. A long tail—and then down the tree trunk came the kangaroo, backwards. Renewed yelling and beating of branches, and throwing of sticks from the near-by trees. The 'roo leaped on to the trunk of another tree, and then back again. Frenzied shouting by the abos., and down came the 'roo another few feet, full into view. We hoped it would

stay there long enough to enable us to study it more closely. But the dogs tethered at the base of the tree could be silenced no longer, and they let loose with excited yelps. The quaint little roo, thinking it high time to be off, jumped the twenty feet to the ground and bounded like a flash through the undergrowth. All over. Cattlecamp and his cobber descended, laughing uproariously. It was well worth seeing. An extraordinary little creature.

TULLY FALLS AND THE CASCADE COUNTRY.

*“Falling, calling, sleeping, leaping,
I am the Child of the Tropic Rain-God;
Seething, falling, ocean is calling,
Rolling along to its bosom I go . . .”*

OUR Queensland Journey would not be complete without seeing the Tully Falls on the fringe of the Evelyn Tableland, some twenty miles south-east from Ravenshoe. It is the opinion of several writers and world travellers that these magnificent cascades are superior in scenic splendour to the Barron Falls.

I stood on a vantage point overlooking the falls and watched the blue dusk slowly steal into the gorge, creeping up through the cedars and silky-oaks, the tree-ferns and liana jungles, right to the foot of the falls and in among the twirling clouds of spray. I have seldom seen anything so beautiful.

Surely it is the finest waterfall, the most thrillingly beautiful cascade in the whole of the Tropic North—a land excelling in water delights. The grandeur of the mighty chasm through which the Barron agonises and then serenely flows to coral-ine seas was impressive in a grandly spectacular way.

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But the Tully waters, shooting over the sloping brow in long sap-green tresses which, aerated, widen out into milk-white cascades, are impressive in a more majestic manner. Majestic—that is the word, surely. The grandeur of the Barron; the majesty of the Tully.

Nehemiah Bartley, writing many years ago in his classic, "Opals and Agates", declared: "It is to North Queensland that we must go for a full combination of well developed width and depth in a waterfall."

The Tully fulfills in my estimation all the qualities which go to the making of a truly beautiful waterfall.

The Falls are 962 feet high. The main channel of water strikes the first of the large rocky barriers in a seething cauldron of spray, shoots off at an abrupt angle, crashes on to the second mass of black rocks, momentarily pausing in a wide deep pool before making the final plunge to the rugged floor of the gorge. The slowly churning waters, bottle-green in contrast to the foamy white of the cascades, resemble the tremendous surge of ocean against a rock-bound coast. At the bottom of the falls clouds of spray rise and almost obliterate the gorge. Moisture drips continually from the foliage. The gorge itself is wildly beautiful, and almost choked with a riot of tropical luxuriance. Exquisite ferns, some just unfolding tender fronds and whorls, adorn the precipitous sides. So very fresh and young, so intensely green. Deep clefts within the walls of the gorge are barely discernible through the exuberant foliage. From innumerable gullies which indent the forested crests spring filmy bridal veils, weeping falls, and long trailing wisps of filtered silver which, before dropping those thousand feet, trail into mists and fine spray.

And these cool crystal waters hustle on and on

through miles on miles of wild tropic beauty, singing round mossy rocks in fluid lisps of green, silvering the brows of innumerable falls, sometimes imprisoned between precipitous cliffs for long distances, but ever breaking into the sunshine again as they reach the golden littoral and join in the "innumerable laughter of the waves."

About five miles from the timber township of Ravenshoe are the Millstream Falls, said to be the widest in Australia. Certainly they are among the prettiest falls in the Cascade Country. A large volume of water, 300 feet wide and 80 feet high, constantly flows into the small lake at the foot of the falls. The Little Millstream, Beatrice, and Millaa Millaa Falls, are also in the district. Do not miss them.

HERBERTON'S TIN AND TEMPERATE CLIME.

TOURISTS will also find much of interest and enjoyment in the district at the terminus of the Ravenshoe line. After leaving Atherton the railroad climbs the Herberton Range, passing Carrington Falls en route.

Herberton for Temperate Clime! Situated at 2,890 feet, the district is noted for its salubrious climate. That is one of the chief reasons why a large residential school has been established here. The Queensland railways reach their highest point at Tumoulin (3,162 feet).

Herberton was once a thriving mining centre. The field was opened by John Newell and others in 1879 after the first Palmer rush had petered out, and tin was found in payable quantities near the present site of the township and by the banks of the Wild River. Crushing began in 1879, and during the succeeding seven years this Tableland township experienced its "roaring days". It is a

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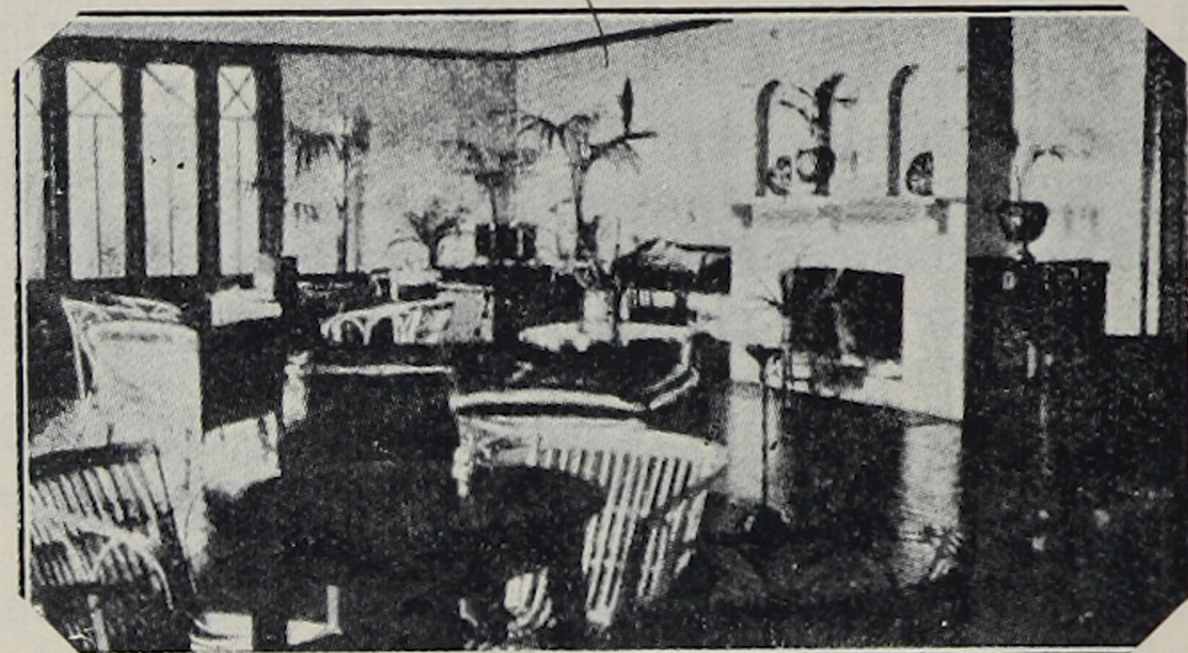
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most interesting experience to visit one of the mines.

The Herberton-Mount Garnet-Kooboora district may be described as Queensland's great tin belt. Tin lodes in great numbers have been worked practically all along this belt. They include the famous Vulcan lode at Irvinebank and the equally famous Great Northern mine at Herberton. At present there are no large-scale producers, but the contribution of numerous small "shows" makes a very respectable total. Tin "scratching" in the watercourses provides a living for a large number of prospectors, but the Herberton deep lead produces the bulk of the alluvial tin, while the Nettles Creek sluicing plant near Mount Garnet is also a consistent producer.

The attention now being paid to the development of mineral resources in the northern areas of Australia, and particularly of Queensland, gives promise of valuable possibilities in the exploitation of the natural resources as yet untapped or only scratched. The evidences of scientifically directed examination of the country by aerial survey and geophysical determination point to a full justification of faith in the existence of substantial wealth in these resources.

Atherton and environs never fail to charm visitors. The surrounding country, verdant and undulating, produces large quantities of maize.

From the summit of Halloran's Hill a splendid panorama is unfolded over illimitable fields and pastures which a few decades ago were heavily timbered.

Originally the township was a camping place for the bullock drays and pack-teams of the Herberton miners and timber-getters. Probably there are still old-timers who remember Tom Peake's Barron Valley Hotel. The incomparable timbers were first exploited, then the cleared land was devoted to maize and fruit growing, dairying and general farming.

CHILLAGOE'S CAVES AND COLOSSI.

VISITORS will not find the road to Chillagoe beautiful; but it will prove unique, bizarre, fascinating in the completeness of desolation, compelling in the weird aspects of a world upended. The country presents features not to be found elsewhere on the Continent; and locked away in its stony treasure chests are nearly every mineral known to mankind.

From the train windows these waterless, sunblasted lands look as though cyclopean armies had marched and fought over a gigantic battlefield. We see enormous masses of rock rising abruptly from the plains in petrified contortion, bearing semblances to living shapes—weird, fantastic, colossal—which cumbered the earth when yellow Chillagoe metals were being fused into molten quartz.

Surrounded by immense limestone bluffs, the more interesting caverns are a few miles along Station Creek. The Royal Arch, Herculaneum, Ellen and Pompeii are close to the road to Zillmanton within the radius of about two miles from the crossing over Chillagoe Creek. Visitors should arrange for guides and transport. The Royal Arch is the largest cave, with a length of 170 feet, breadth of 130 feet, and height of 50 feet. Passages lead into several extensive chambers. The Ballroom, Whale's Mouth, Bridal Chamber, Temple of Idols, Fig Tree, Potato Patch, Shark's Fin, Goose's Neck, and the Australian Alps are among the better-known attractions.

None of the caves which penetrate the limestones of Queensland have not been systematically explored. Some may yet prove as interesting for their imbedded organic remains as the Wellington Cave in New Zealand. The limestones of the Chillagoe and Mungana districts are remarkable for the number and size of the caves rather than for the beauty of the crystalline formations.



OSWALD'S TRACK AND THE PIONEERS.

*"O brave pioneers!
Our paeon of praise
May fall upon ears
Unattuned in the days
Of pleasure and ease, yet your record is written
Where none may erase."*

—Alex. Melrose.

WE have now almost terminated our Queensland Journey over the Great Plateau, after visiting

THE SCENIC RANGE ROAD.

most of the outstanding scenic attractions. We have seen on all sides glowing evidence of the industry of the agriculturists — farmers and dairymen who are steadfastly maintaining that glorious heritage handed down to them by the pioneers who less than half a century ago conquered the Big Scrub. It is indeed a glorious heritage, a heritage of which the nation is justly proud.

As I motor over these verdant undulating Tablelands on my way down to the coastal plain I pass through portion of the Palmerston-Culpa country, known once as Oswald's Track. The maps will show you a dotted line marking Oswald's pack-track, winding up from the Johnstone River district, past the Chunga bora-ground, through Jordan Creek scrub, through the wilderness past Mt. Father Clancy—even to-day blank spaces on the map—climbing along spurs to the summit of the range and then on to Ravenshoe. But to most his exploits and those of

other intrepid pioneers are only memories. One recalls the wistful lines in "Tom Groggin," by Mary Lang:

"I was so long ago—

Surely the fathers of these oldest here

Were children, when I lived. I built a house

And made a fence and ploughed a field. To-day

A name is all of me that lingers here . . ."

And so it is with many an old identity on the Great Plateau. In Ravenshoe they will tell you tales of bluff old Harry Chatfield, popular driver for Cobb & Co's. coaches—"a character if ever there was one!" Anecdotes at Herberton hark back to the days when Newell Bros. discovered tin and constructed a blast furnace from a hollow log to try out a sample of ore.

At the other point of the Tableland triangle Atherton residents will recall, among others, the pioneer whose name the town honours—John Atherton, who with his two young sons travelled stock overland from Rockhampton and squatted at Emerald End station.

And when visiting the Boonjie Plateau I was pointed out landmarks which recalled the days when Christy Palmerston, one of the most picturesque characters of them all, blazed the early trails. Many of you will recall being charmed by the singing of his daughter, Rosina Palmerston, a member of "The Dandies" at Cremorne Theatre several years ago.

Here are a few brief extracts from one of Palmerston's diaries—fascinating journals which give some indication of the hardships with which this intrepid prospector and explorer had to contend: ". . . Leaving Kootaka depot in charge of one civilised aboriginal and many myalls, we followed the delta of north and south Johnstone rivers for a distance of about 27 miles and attained a height of 1,500 feet over a grade almost unnoticeable. The

whole journey was through huge jungle trees, standing and upturned, and wicker-worked with lawyer and bamboo canes to a denseness which can never be imagined by those who have not traversed it . . . my "boys" could be fairly tracked by blood that oozed from the land leeches clustering about their ankles like basket-work . . . I poked out a few dishes of dirt from between the granite boulders . . . hostile natives ambushed us all the morning . . . this morning I found myself sealed to the blankets by clots of blood . . . my "boys" report that a distant tribe waylaid and massacred two of them, carrying away the bodies for cannibal purposes . . . the rain has ceased but the atmosphere is livid with sulky clouds. . . ."

The diary (a copy of which was lent to me by Mr. W. J. Collinson), recounts a gold prospecting expedition to the heads of the Johnstone, Russell and Mulgrave rivers, from July to November, 1886—as absorbing a chronicle as you could ever wish to read.

The road which penetrates the Boonjie lands (where I saw the remains of water-races constructed by Palmerston) reminds me of an anecdote:

"What," asked an English member of the party, "is the reason that so many planks are loose on the bridges?"

"They're all kept loose in Queensland," said the driver. "It's so that when the cars go over them the planks rattle and all the white ants are shaken out."

But there is an excellent system of arterial roads on the Tablelands, and further road construction is steadily being pushed forward by the Main Roads Commission. Road building is a vital factor in populating the tropic belt. Access roads tap the East and West Palmerston lands, of which 10,000 and 6,000 acres respectively have been made available for selection.

THE RANGE ROAD—AND JOURNEY'S END.

*"Far to the North there lies a land,
A wonderful land that the winds blow over,
And none can fathom or understand
The charm it holds for the restless rover."*

WHERE a few decades ago the pack-trackers laboriously climbed the escarpment of the Great Plateau, now one of the finest scenic highways in the Commonwealth, the Gillies Range Road, connects Cairns and the littoral with the highlands.

This scenic highway provides a fitting finale to the Far Northern section of your Queensland Journey, and leaves lasting impressions of tropical luxuriance, impressive mountain ranges, and far-sweeping valleys.

In the early days main communication between the Tablelands and Cairns was conducted through the Barron Gorge—at first by pack-teams and later by railway. Many are the tales of exciting adventures "over the Bump" before the advent of the "iron horse"—the days when children were carried in gin cases strapped on the teams!

As the years passed the pack-teams went out of commission, and all traffic passed through Kuranda and the Barron Gorge by rail. A railway strike in the early 'twenties, however, caused considerable dislocation to trade, and the Tablelanders agitated strenuously for road communication with the coast. Just at that time the Main Roads Commission was instituted, and as a result of representations made to Premier W. N. Gillies, constructional work began in 1922. Four years later the Range Road, with a grade of 1 in 20 and costing £11,000 per mile, was open for traffic.

Gillies Highway winds its sinuous course down the eastern face of the Tablelands for twenty-one miles,

terminating at Gordonvale. From Yungaburra you will sweep through undulating dairying and agricultural country, branch off at Lake Barrine for a while, and then continue on to meet the jovial Keeper of the Top Gate. Every one of the 612 turns in the road from gate to gate unfolds fresh vistas of transcendent beauty. From Heale's Outlook (2,000 feet) we obtain an open vision of the world. The beautiful Mulgrave Valley, surging sugar-plantations, little townships clustered around crushing mills, a serried array of ranges and peaks, and valleys shadowed in purple, all add to the panoramic delights. Winding down in easy gradients with the white road coiling serpentine far below, we pass several giant kauri pines.

Once through the Lower Gate the big tourist coach gathers speed and flashes past plantations and farms, the confluence of the Little and Great branches of the Mulgrave River, and then on to Gordonvale, with the sweet smell of molasses in the late afternoon air.

Cairns is reached a short time later. And so terminates a decidedly wonderful and unusual experience.

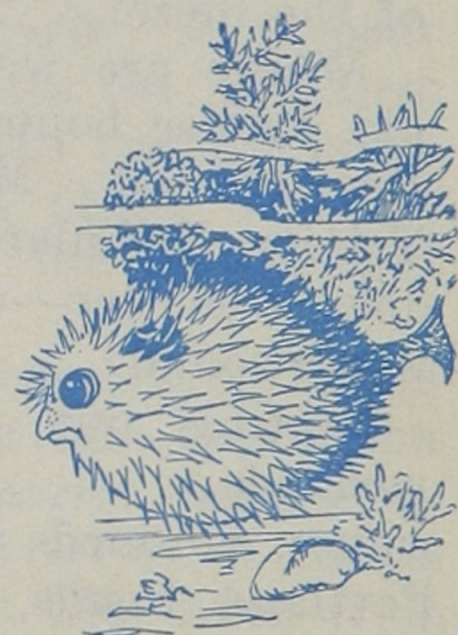
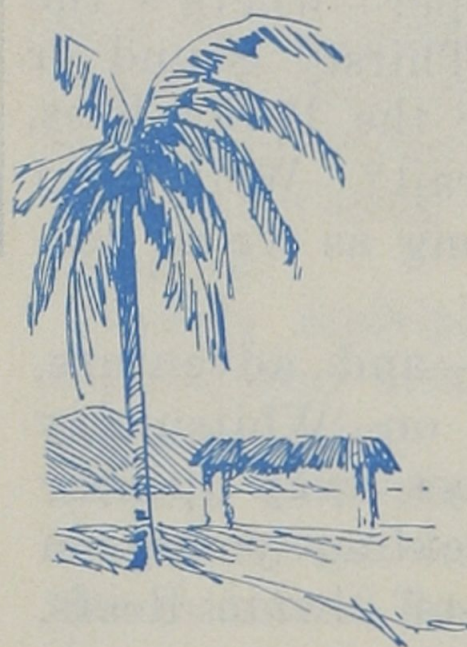
Those alluring vastitudes—the green infinity of earth and the blue infinitudes of sky—will long remain among the most memorable features of a tour of North Queensland.

And so we may conclude this Northern section of our Queensland Journey with a quotation by Frank McColl:

*"'Tis me with a dream of far stars in my eye
On a road winding forth,
Dark red in the dusk of the range brooding night,
To the fields of the North,
Where sugar-cane, lifting from valley and slope
Ripe lips to the sun,
Yields a season of toil and portion of hope
When my journey is done."*



*No world you ever dreamed could vie with this,
Where crystal waves the coral beaches kiss.
A world fantastic of barbaric hue
Where finny creatures stab the glittering blue.
This miracle of colour—vivid—gay.
What kinship has it with the Everyday?*



GREAT BARRIER REEF . . .

"Isles of Romance"



ALT spray dashing over the bowsprit and the masts dancing a dizzy pirouette against a bright blue sky; sunlight scintillating on the wind-whipped waves and a frigate-bird planing in our wake; iridescent seas turning to sap-green over the reefs and shoals, the creak of block and tackle, and the rhythmic throb of the diesel. . . .

Where are we bound for, skipper—where's the old hooker bound for now? To Thirsty Sound or Bramble Cay, Man and Wife or the Percy Isles, Trinity, Tribulation, or Torres Strait? Well, what does it matter—what matter so long as we're outward bound!

Beating out for Coral Seas—and adventure, romance. . . . Turtles sleeping on Whitsunday waves, sun-birds in scarlet coral-trees away up near Portland Roads, dugong cows suckling young in Shoalwater Bay, luggers working off Swain Reefs, moonlight corroborees amid cocoanut groves on Palm Island, big-game fishing in the Bunkers, coral gardens, tropic sunsets, and the boom of the mighty surf on the Outer Barrier weaving the spell of the

Lorelei. . . . Aye, we'll go once more a-roving. Once more we'll rove the Barrier Seas.

Following in the wake of the early mariners and traders, ever on the alert for treacherous reefs and shoals; exploring little-known isles and unchartered places; nosing into long pine-forested inlets like fiords; lazing on some lonely coral strand marvelling at the beauty of chameleon seas turning to blood-red and then to opal as the setting sun flees before the evening star. It's all wonderful, strangely exciting.

And so we're out again, a few hours out from port, bound for the Barrier regions and where the noddies build their nests.

* * *

The Great Barrier Reefs and the Isles of the Long Lagoon constitute the most fascinating marine playground in the world.

No other region has so rich—certainly none has more interesting—marine life than these northern waters, reefs and islands.

And the island-studded and sheltered regions between the Outer Barrier and the coast form an ideal waterway for cruising. As Mr. Randolph Bedford has written:

"There are Australians who do not know their

own country; who have no conception of the luxurious North, and who pursue the tropics to Colombo at great cost, suffering the seas of the Australian Bight and the oppressive ten days across the stale, greasy swell of the Indian Ocean to Ceylon when, at half the expense and in luxurious ease always, North Queensland, the reef, and the beauties of the mainland await them."

Sometime during your Queensland Journey make certain to visit these blessed regions. If possible cruise in a small ketch or schooner for an extended period. But on no account should you tour this Northern State and fail to sojourn on one or more of the island resorts.

Accommodation on the islands, climate, cuisine, general services, facilities for fishing, cruising, exploring the reefs, and other recreations are all that could be desired.

Gladstone is the point of embarkation for Heron Island, a coral cay in the Capricorn Group. Lindeman Island, in the Cumberland Group, is reached from Mackay, or by liner. Day Dream Island is in the Molle Group adjacent to Whitsunday Passage, and is reached via Proserpine or by liners which anchor in Molle Channel, a cable's length or so from the island. Hayman Island is reached either by sea, or by rail to Proserpine, and thence by motor coach and launch. Magnetic Island is a few miles off the shores of Townsville, and Dunk Island is reached via Tully.

* * *

The Great Barrier Coral Reefs border the northeastern coast of Australia, and extend in a series of reeferies and islands for 1,250 miles from Bristow Island, near New Guinea, almost to Breaksea Spit.

This gigantic breakwater is the largest coral structure in the world, the next largest being the

reef which frames New Caledonia. The area within the Barrier comprises some 80,000 square miles, and is strewn with reefs and isles.

Coral is found as far south as Moreton Bay; a species even occurs in Port Jackson. But the reef building corals require two conditions for successful growth—the water must be unpolluted, free from mud, and it must be of a certain temperature. The coral polyp cannot live in a temperature below 60° F., or at a depth of more than thirty fathoms. The ideal depth is fifteen fathoms of warm crystal-clear seawater.

As the sea to the north gradually becomes warmer reef-building corals appear, so that at Lady Elliot Island we find a broad platform of solid coral half a mile in circumference on which a lighthouse stands.

Here is the southernmost beginning of the Great Barrier Reefs. A few miles further north the coral islets assemble into an archipelago, the Bunker Group, which passes into a larger group called by its latitude the Capricorn Islands. It is near here that a current sweeping in from the boundless Pacific divides into two streams, one turning north to Torres Strait along the Grand Canal, and the other providing a 3-knot current for south-bound shipping.

Corals multiply rapidly in these warm tropic waters, and most of the islands within the region are coral-girt. The Outer or Barrier Reef commences with the loosely scattered series of Swain Reefs, whose outer edge is about 150 miles from the mainland and some fifty miles wide, and continues north in a series of more compact reefs to Torres Strait, approaching nearer the mainland.

It is well to remember that the Great Barrier Reefs are not a single complete structure like, for instance, the Great Wall of China, but a series of

"reeferies," an infinite maze of individual reefs different in size, shape and spacing.

The Continental Shelf which forms the foundation for the Barrier Reefs is bounded on the seaward side by the hundred fathom line, the position of which in Queensland is exceptional, for instead of being parallel with the coast, it is for the most part divergent from the coastal trend. Consequently the Continental Shelf varies greatly in breadth—from about fifteen miles at Cape Melville to 160 miles near Cape Manifold. An interesting physiographic point is that as the edge of the Shelf approaches the coastline from the sea, the highlands converge upon it from the land.

The Outer Barrier which fringes the open Pacific rises abruptly from the bed of the ocean, a mile or more beneath the surface. On it the gigantic breakers, the culmination of the terrific swell which sweeps across this greatest of oceans, crackle and smash in constant fury. The surface of these reefs when bared at low water spring tides is smooth, compact as cement and almost devoid of life. This is the mighty rampart which protects the inner reefs and renders the channel between the reefs and the mainland so calm that it has been aptly termed Australia's Grand Canal and forms the highway for shipping between the ports of China, Japan, the Malay Archipelago and those of Eastern Australia.

The outermost reefs are the lowest of all. They are exposed for a short time only to the lowest of spring tides. The inner reefs are somewhat higher—probably due to the lessened fury of the sea—while in still more protected waters sand and shingle are able to accumulate upon the reefs and an island may then appear. Here again there are various grades. The outermost of all are no more than shingle banks continually altering with the

wind and the sea. Behind these are low coral cays covered with coarse grass which binds the shifting sand. During the summer months these islands are the nesting-place of countless sea-birds.

When these low coral islets form a more or less complete ring of dry sand enclosing a lagoon they are termed atolls. Cays are solid islets of sand, coral debris, etc., without a lagoon, and are often thickly wooded with pisonia trees and coarse vegetation. At low tide the exposed reefs are sometimes miles wide, teeming with a fascinating wealth of marine fauna.

Nearer the mainland extend a series of mountainous islands for several hundred miles from Keppel Bay to Lizard Island. The entrancing beauty of these "Islands of the Blest," especially the Whitsunday and Cumberland Groups, is one of outstanding features of a northern cruise.

These islands are very different from those of, for instance, the Capricorn Group, as they were originally portion of the Continent proper—the "drowned" peaks of mainland ranges, with similar flora and fauna. Most of these islands of Continental origin also possess fringing coral reefs.

In the far northern section of the Barrier are also true coral islands, known as "low wooded islands." They are all crescent-shaped, with the convexity facing south-east, from whence comes the trade wind which has moulded their shape.

Finally, at the northern extremity of the Barrier, the outer opening of Torres Strait, there is yet another group of islands, possibly the most beautiful of all. Here long ago volcanic forces threw up a small group of islands, the Murray Islands and Darnley Island.

* * *

And these gigantic Barrier Reefs have been built up during aeons and aeons of time by an animal

varying in size from a pin-head to as large as a hand—the coral polyp—a lump of animated jelly almost exactly like a sea anemone.

As animalculae float past and touch the polyp they are secured by tiny poison darts, stung to death, and pushed into a sac of the stomach by long waving flower-like arms. Lime is secreted and deposited around the polyp, and thus the coral skeleton is formed, slowly building a gargantuan marine cemetery which links the arches of the years with mighty calcerous columns.

The exquisite beauty of the living reefs, the bewildering variety of the life on the marine landscape, is a constant source of wonder and delight.

One can never, never forget the Barrier regions. . . . The ozone-saturated air spiced and washed clean by the vast expanse of Pacific seas; the opulent, languorous warmth; the flamboyant splashes of colour, and delicate pastel tints; opaline waters softly splashing on silver beaches, or breaking with musical tinkle on coral-strewn strands; submarine bowers of unbelievable loveliness—lucent gardens of Neptune which rival those of the Hesperides, the daughters of Oceanus.

Within these emerald, amethyst and pearl-studded waters oddly-shaped fish flash and flame—fish which have stolen their colours from tropic sunsets, their designs from Futurists and Cubists, and their raiment from Oriental mandarins—finny curves and arabesques of cardinal and cobalt, tangerine and turquoise, saffron and salmon, green and grey, and black and brown—fishes barred and banded, speckled and spotted, with frills and fur-belowes, penaches and pennons, tapes and tassels streaming behind them in transcendent sun-shot Coral Seas.

There is colour, colour everywhere on the Barrier Reef and the intra-reef zones. Sometimes the

tones softly blend into one another; sometimes they are startlingly, garishly distinct in their contrast.

Imagine an expanse of tranquil sea, deep mediterranean blue in colour, like a mobile plane on which islands stand out as verdant bosses; above, the sky like a gigantic canopy of blue silk shot through and through with the golden sheen of flooding sunlight; softly threshing coco-palms bordering sandy beaches like gleaming silver scimitars; rugged pine-clad heights above which sulphur-crested cockatoos wheel in screeching flight; fig-trees alive with brilliantly-coloured fruit pigeons; or blue-fringed cays quivering in eternal tropic light. . . .

Beche-de-mer, ranging in colour from a mottled creamy-white through various shades of yellow, orange, and brown to black; conical-shaped trochus shells; clams weighing up to a quarter of a ton—Cook's "gigantic cockles"; pearl-shell, found now only in deep water beds; green, loggerhead, and tortoiseshell or hawksbill turtles; species of sponges suitable for commercial purposes; oil from dugongs, leather from sharks, and some of the finest eating fish in all the Seven Seas—such constitute some of the economic wealth of the Great Barrier Reefs, as yet almost totally unexploited by Australians. Marine products from Queensland waters to-day are valued at only £320,000, but have the potentialities of millions.

In the lagoons and reef pools are to be found gorgeous anemones, exotically tinted; galaxies of sea-stars; snake-like synaptas; burrowing clams with superbly coloured mantles and rows of tiny black dots for eyes; shells and crabs and fish of every shape and size—some grotesque, madly conceived oddities; sea-urchins, tree-climbing fish, mantis shrimps, chitrons, and quaint sea-hares.

There is an endless variety of fantastically-

shaped corals—mushroom and cup corals on long stalks; brain corals with cerebral markings; nodular masses of organ-pipe corals; corals corrugated and fluted; corals delicate as fine lace, and huge “niggerheads”; flat coral tables, immense hemispheres, many-pointed antlers, shrubs, fans, vases, corals resembling swimming dogs—all with infinite variants of pigments taken from an artist’s palette.

There is no playground in the world so fascinating as the reefs and dream isles of the Great Barrier Reef.

And the historical romance in this wondrous tropic zone! High-pooped Spanish galleons and Dons of Old Castile; early Dutch, Portuguese and French sea-dogs; H.M. Bark “Endeavour,” coral-plugged and limping off Cooktown reefs; Dr. Solanda collecting rare plants on Palm Islands; Flinders and the “Investigator”; Edwards and the “Pandora”; Mrs. Watson and the Lizard Island tragedy; the schooner “Don Juan,” first of the “blackbirders”—every reef and bay and point recalls some romantic story of the sea—sometimes of shipwreck, disaster and death.

Romance—real, live, flesh-and-blood romance surrounds every mile of Queensland’s coastline. Can you hear such names as Half-tide Rocks, Repulse Bay, Orpheus Isle, Flying Fish Point, or Indian Head without feeling a thrill which sets the good red blood coursing through your veins? Or Herald’s Prong, Magnetic Isle, Molle Channel, Quetta Rock, the Cumberlands, Kennedy Sound, Pentecost, Weary Cape, or Providetial Channel? What visions these names, and a hundred others, conjure up—visions of great endeavour, quests of high emprise in the dawning of Australian discovery!

And in this Thousand Mile Lagoon—the Austra-

lian Main—with all its wealth of fascinating terrestrial and marine life, we can sojourn for endless Rip Van Winkle hours, breathing in the sweet influences of the region and drinking deeply an atmosphere that has passed through an alembic of golden sunshine and wild salt winds.

* * *

And so we’re outward bound, shipmate, with canvas drawing to the sou’-east trades—outward bound for the Barrier Reefs.

Japanese smoking trepang over mangrove wood fires; little white dinghies returning to luggers at the summons from the skipper’s shell horn; the happy laughter of the “boongs,” or a snatch of some age-old native love song; the silver trail of the “skip jacks” and the quietude of some sheltered haven where evenings fall peacefully “like tired eyelids upon tired eyes,” only more merrily than in Tennyson’s lotus-land. . . . Such are the pictures, and ten-score more, which seem to form only to fade away again into the creamy-green, effervescing wake of the schooner.

Check the stores, set a course, fill your pipe—and drink a toast, shipmate, for we’re outward bound!

* * *

AMID CAPRICORN CAYS.

*“I must down to the seas again, for the call of the
running tide
Is a wild call and a clear call that may not be
denied;
And all I ask is a windy day with the white clouds
flying,
And the flung spray and the blown spume, and the
seagulls crying.”*

—Masefield.



A CORAL GARDEN, GREAT BARRIER REEF.

[[F it's big fish you are hunting, take a tip and set your course for the Capricorn Cays.

Big fish—finny giants that set your heart palpitating and make your arms strain and ache; red emperors, true monarch of the deep, that weigh round about 45 lbs.; giant Spanish mackerel, best of the fighting fish, which tip the scales at 80 lbs.

But this is not a story about the big-game of the Barrier Seas. I'm just reminded of those thrilling battles with finny monsters as the old hooker shoulders her way northward through Hervey Bay bound for the southern extremity of the Great Barrier Reefs.

On the starboard Fraser Island sweeps away far to the south. Quite a long story could be told about the largest of islands along the eastern coast of Australia. The region was brought into prominence recently when the "Maheno" was stranded on the ocean side. It's still there, sinking deeper into the sands, constantly pounded and buffeted by relentless seas. The "Chang-Sha" and the Marloo" also came to grief on the shoals off Indian Head.

Fraser Island is a pretty place, a most interesting region in which to holiday. Splendid fishing grounds, extensive pine forests (for much of the island is a State forest reserve), lakes and lagoons, and far-sweeping beaches upon which league-long rollers crackle and smash in foamy turmoil, are among the main attractions.

Fraser Island and Wide Bay brings to mind the story of the wreck of the "Stirling Castle" on Eliza Reef in 1836. Briefly, it appears that after suffering untold hardships, and seeing her husband and members of the crew murdered one by one, Mrs. Fraser, wife of the captain

of the brig, was at long last rescued by an escaped convict named Bracefield, who was living with the blacks at the time of the wreck. He managed to elude the natives and convey the naked and almost demented woman to Brisbane, hoping to obtain a pardon. When near the settlement, however, he became frightened and returned to the Wide Bay tribe. Some six years later he was rescued by Andrew Petrie, pardoned, and received thirty guineas.

A vast expanse of deep-blue, dancing waters, and the schooner heeling over to a skittish sou'-easter; the distant lightship on Breaksea Spit; dolphins diving in graceful curves under the bumpkin—and then in the late afternoon a dark smudge ahead resolved into an islet, with a red-domed lighthouse rising high above the trees. Lady Elliot Island, the first of the Bunker Group of cays.

As evening closes in and the sun sinks down a vermillion path to an opalescent sea, the coral-anchor is dropped to the sou'-west of this tiny islet—a lonely lighthouse station some fifty miles from the mainland. Here, in three little cottages, three families dwell, far away from the hurly-burly, frets and cares of the cities. A happy, hospitable little community. Are they lonely? Well, the shops and theatres and bright lights. . . .

Away again, northward bound, sailing on a sea which flashes back to the early morning sun all the colours of the spectrum.

The day smiles happily. Spray from a light nor'-easter breaks in showers over the for'ard deck, drying almost as it falls. And so, a few hours later, Lady Musgrave Island is reached, and we are greeted by the sight of dense groves of pisonia, creamy patches of surf on exposed reefs, scattered "niggerheads" (indicating that these islands are within the cyclone belt), and the frenzied ovation

from a large colony of white-capped noddies. As the schooner moved into the lagoon through a gap in the reef blasted (so it is said) a number of years ago by Japanese traders, these pretty little seabirds rose in madly-beating clouds.

At evenfall the mutton-birds arrived home, and were also greatly perturbed at the intrusion. Mutton-birds are the most ridiculous birds imaginable. They won't be found here during the daytime or during winter months, but in summer the isles seem to be honeycombed with nests. To see them just before daybreak crowding along the runaways to the beach, all jostling and pushing for their places, sometimes six and eight abreast and making an unearthly din, is to witness a most unique sight. Take a tip: never sleep on Lady Musgrave Island when the mating season is on—that is, if you want to sleep!

These unbelievably stupid birds are very tame—indeed, far too tame. They think nothing of suddenly flying into your face, on to your shoulder, almost under your boots, into the buttered bread or a billy of soup. They will furiously dig holes anywhere and at any time, sending clouds of soil over food or bedding.

These mutton-headed mutton-birds have come to rather a splendid arrangement with the little dove-like noddies. The clumsy, mannerless, self-assertive mutton-birds burrow in the ground, which they honeycomb with their domestic establishments until it is most difficult to walk without being overturned. The noddies, however, nest in the pisonias, and they wait until the sea-going battalions of mutton-birds have departed before rising from their nests. And they are always tucked away again before the mutton-birds return home. This is a system of domestic economy which perfectly solves a problem which would otherwise arise when



Groper and King Fish
caught Heron Island.

HERON ISLAND

Great Barrier Coral Reef.

Heron is the only true coral island situated right on the Great Barrier Reef, which has accommodation for visitors. Situated in the midst of the Capricorn group of coral islands, near Gladstone, Heron Island is surrounded by over 20 miles of coral reefs, and a perfect beach set in a sea so bright and clear that it must be seen to be believed. Many other reefs

and islands just as lovely are in close proximity. The Capricorns have been acclaimed the most beautiful and interesting of all the coral islands along the Barrier. What a fascinatingly different sort of place to spend a holiday! There is no playground in the world so delightful as the Reef, and these dream isles of the Coral Sea. Heron Island offers a most delightful and novel vacation for parties of both sexes—big game fishing, turtle spearing and riding, swimming in crystal clear water, viewing coral gardens and multi-coloured fishes through glass bottom boats, boating trips among fairy islands and lagoons. Choose Heron Island for your next vacation—an ideal holiday at a moderate cost.

Illustrated pamphlet and further particulars free on application to the

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Gladstone, Q.		

two great gatherings of birds, totally different in most respects, inhabit the one small piece of land where every inch of space seems to be required for accommodation.

Gannets, goats and guano deposits on Fairfax seabirds of all kind on Hosking, mackerel off Boulton Reef—and so on to the Capricorns, of which Heron Island is the best known.

A tourist resort has been established on Heron Island, connected by regular launch service with Gladstone.

Here is an ideal holiday location set amid all the beauty and enchantment of the Barrier zone. There is such variety of enjoyment, such diversity of interest, that holidays on Heron Island—those “Sundays in a man’s life”—seem to speed past all too soon. And anglers can always rely upon catching big fish in these waters. It’s not necessary for the “season” to be right.

The remains of a turtle-canning factory can still be seen on Heron Island. Another was established on the adjacent North-west Island. The industry, which at first gave promise of success, languished several years ago owing to unfortunate circumstances.

Three varieties of turtles are found along the Barrier Reef—the green, loggerhead, and tortoise-shell or hawksbill. During the summer months female turtles come ashore in large numbers and lay their eggs in the sand. The green turtle is the most common, and the only edible variety. It is highly interesting to stroll along the beach after nightfall during the nesting season and watch the operations of these ponderous sea-creatures—so ungainly in appearance, and yet so skilled and “finished” in the process of nesting and egg-laying.

There are beautiful coral gardens on Masthead, weird pandanus forests on Wilson Island, the wreck of the "Cooma" on North Reef, and on most of the islands enormous colonies of gannets, noddies, mutton-birds (wedge-tailed shearwaters), Caspian terns, silver gulls and reef herons.

The "Cooma" (3,938 tons), once the pride of the interstate steamer service, came to grief on North Reef on July 7th, 1926. The black hulk with the two masts and funnel seems, from a distance, to be undamaged but strangely motionless.

North-west Island is the largest of the Group. At low tide the surface of the reef is exposed, and the outer edge falls away for fully two feet. Miniature waterfalls and cataracts shoot over this cemented rampart in spates of silver.

The marvellous prodigality of these Barrier waters, the infinite variety of life on the teeming reefs and in the lagoons! Every reef pool is a marvel of colourful and bizarre life; under every rock the lurking place of strange, fantastic marine creatures.

Giant sea anemones, olive green veering to brown, or sometimes bright blue, always attended by three handmaidens—a shrimp, a crab and an orange and black fish; finely tapering "pencil" shells, mottled brown and yellow, and the shorter and more round "olive" with delicate purple markings on smooth yellow enamel; five-rayed starfish; spider shells with the underside and interior a beautiful rose red; beche-de-mer, the French corruption of the Portuguese bicho do mar, also called trepang by the Malaysians: cowries spotted like the leopard; and all the delicate, pastel tones of the coral polyps which bloom in the night like rare flowers. . . .

And while the coral polyps, reef inhabitants and other marine animals and plants are industriously building, various burrowing creatures are con-

stantly endeavouring to wreck the marvellous structures.

Life is stern beneath these translucent waters. . .

Here among the Capricornian cays we seem to be on the threshold, as it were, of all the wonders of the Barrier Seas. Indeed, there is much to support the assertion that the Bunker and Capricorn Groups are the most beautiful of the isles which bejewel the "Four Hundred League Lagoon."

Not here to be found the grandeur of towering pine-forested peaks as in the Whitsunday Group and other islands of continental origin. But on Heron Island and the other coral-girt cays, lapped by opaline, tonic waters, we seem to be in closer touch with the teeming, fascinating life of the reefs and rock pools. Here the water seems to be even more translucent, to have a more invigorating caress, to harbour fiercer fighting fish, and greater number and variety of marine fauna. Even the sunsets—no, I'll never quite forget sunsets from Whitsunday peaks. But there is something so enormously clean about these Capricornian cays, drenched and soaked and quivering in eternal tropical light.

Wide wastes and spaces of cobalt-blue sea and robin's-egg sky. . . . The insistent music of waves and wings and winds. . . . And in the midst of this marine lotus-land we can spend memorable holidays—holidays which leave memories to gladden our riper years. Surcease, health and happiness are rare jewels on the string of Time.

* * *

There came the day when our cruise among these "Fortunate Isles" had to end, and the schooner was headed for Gladstone to replenish stores.

So one radiant morn we sailed away from Heron Island girt with silver strands, away from the bowers of the sea-nymphs, the mackerel, groper, trevally, emperor, snapper, and all the various



❖≡❖≡❖
 CAMPERS ON THE
 BARRIER REEF.
 ❖≡❖≡❖

species of reef fish.

A herd of dugong, a company of dolphins, perhaps the spouting of sea-shouldering whales, or the creaming of the sea where mackerel "worked" among the smaller fish turtles bobbing up every now and then, the silver trail of the "skip jacks," and always the company of swift and graceful birds. . . .

And so we sailed on and on into the sunset, the sails drawing to the aureate air, the old hooker heeling over and curveting, until we passed Facing Island and entered the placid waters of Port Curtis—one of the best natural harbours along the Eastern coast of Australia.

The memory of those Capricornian cays—brimming a bowl of lapis-lazuli, . . .

CRUISING AMONG THE CUMBERLAND ISLANDS.

*"I must down to the seas again, to the vagrant gypsy life,
To the gull's way and the whale's way where the
wind's like a whetted knife;
And all I ask is a merry yarn from a laughing
fellow-rover,
And quiet sleep and a sweet dream when the long
trick's over."*

—Masefield.

WE'LL be slipping her moorings before dawn, mate, and move quietly out with the tide. Once more we'll go a-roving, you and I. Outward bound—aye, outward bound for the land where corals grow. With the salt breeze keen on our faces, listening to the slap and swish against her timbers, the paling stars above, under us the drowned, swiftly beating out through the lightening dawn. You swaying by the rigging, gazing into the east, your collar turned up and your horny old hands dug deep in your pockets. And it's a smile I'll see on your weathered old face—for we'll be outward bound!

* * *

And so we continue our voyage north from Port Curtis, up to the Keppel Islands, round Cape Manifold, thread our way through the Northumberland Islands calling in to fill the water casks at the Percy Isles. Then up past Prudhoe Island to Mackay and off again across Hillsbrough Channel to Brampton Island—ever following in the wake of the "Endeavour."

Waving coconut palms, a shimmering silver beach, towering peaks on either side, and a calm expanse of water like a mobile plane of turquoise. . . . Maryport, Brampton Island.

Brampton Island is one of the group of isles forming the southernmost extremity of the Cumberland Islands which throng north to the Whitsunday Group. Carlisle, Cockermouth, Calder, Scawfell, Keswick and St. Bees are adjacent isles, named by Flinders after places in Cumberland-shire, England.

As I stepped on to the beach early the next morning for a bathe in the crystal-clear tonic waters of the splendid pool in front of the settlement, I beheld a truly lovely sight.

A lugger with all sails set was gliding into Maryport.

Later a string of little white dinghies shot out and raced for the beach, the "boongs" laughing and shouting. Their crafts beached, some dozen or so stood before us smiling from ear to ear, jabbering in native dialect.

They were members of the crew of the "Bin-a-bin," a well-known lugger skippered and manned entirely by natives attached to Saibai Island, a few miles off New Guinea.

And what a picturesque crew they looked! Some were garbed in little shorts roughly made from what seemed like material for curtains or women's dress lengths, and strong khaki shirts purchased at Townsville—the tails flapping in the breeze. Others wore the native lava-lavas and singlets. All the costumes, however scanty or odd, were brightly coloured. A burly, happy, well-behaved crew. A number of them had watergoggles tied round their heads, indicating that they were divers.

They spent the morning in many different ways—climbing coconut palms and competing to see who could first tear off the tough outer fibre from the nuts: spearing fish and turtles: filling water casks; hunting wild pigs; or lazing about yarning in their native tongue or pidgin English.

In the afternoon the dinghies sailed off in search of trochus. One native handled the craft while the other two dived for shells—from which our buttons and other articles are manufactured. Then back again to the lugger at evenfall, rowing to the rhythm of age-old folk songs.

That night the "boongs" performed a corroboree ashore—a spectacle as thrilling as it was unique. And their rendering of part songs and hymns would have been a credit to a city choir. There was something intensely dramatic, dynamic, about those primal dances. . . .

Before dawn the little lugger, her decks piled with sacks of trochus shell gathered from far distant reefs, sailed on northward.

Our hooker followed shortly afterwards.

Past the oddly-shaped Fingers and Thumb Islands, bare, isolated rocks off which are splendid fishing grounds; through the quaintly named Sir James Smith Group—Blacksmith, Tinsmith, Coppersmith, Goldsmith, Anvil, Hammer, Bellows, etc.—and at last we rounded Burning Point on Shaw Island and entered beautiful Kennedy Sound, which is formed by Seaforth, Lindeman and Shaw Islands.

"Lovely Lindeman": it is well named. We sojourned several days on this enchanted isle, absorbing the sweet influences of the place.

Islands are always and everywhere interesting, whether they be found like Kendall's "Kerguelen," Roy Campbell's "Tristan da Cunha," or Priestley's "Faraway" amid the solitudes of the ocean, or like Byron's "Isles of Greece" bejewelling an inland sea. How more beautiful a lake becomes if there is a tiny island in the middle of it. A river possesses a far greater attraction if it winds its serpentine course past an island. A thrilling word, island.

It is conceivable that the globe could have been without islands, but the resultant simplification of our geographies would have meant a tremendous loss in picturesqueness.

This stretch of the Queensland coast, between Mackay and Bowen, is unquestionably the most picturesque along the 13,000 miles of Australian shores.

Islands throng north from St. Bees and the other members of the Cumberland Group, away up to Port Denison providing a sheltered waterway of unparalleled beauty.

Lindeman Island, the Yarkiamba of the aborigines (the place of red-throated emperor) situated about midway between Mackay and Bowen, is near the entrance to Whitsunday Passage and the archipelago of islands through which it winds.

It is indeed a happy region in which to holiday. Swimming in translucent waters, cruising on magic seas, angling for all kinds of fighting fish, fossicking among the reefs and rock pools, gazing spell-bound through waterscopes at the strange, bizarre life on the marine landscape—these constitute but few of the activities of visitors to this coral-girt isle.

And from Mt. Oldfield, the highest point on the island, a transcendent seascape is unfolded extending from the southernmost of the Cumberland Group to the most northerly Whitsunday isle.

*"There is a world; men compass it through tears,
Dare doom for joy of it; it called me o'er the foam;
I found it down the track of sundering years,
Beyond the long island where the sea steals home."*

But at last we shook off the spell of Lindeman's enchantment and voyaged northward—bound for another insular Arden, Day Dream Island, in the Molle Group.

Past the leonine bulk of Cook's Pentecost Island,

DAY DREAM ISLAND TOURS

(WEST MOLLE IS.)

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D A Y D R E A M D A Y S
A R E H A P P Y D A Y S

the lighthouse on Dent Island, past a dozen other towering pine-clad isles, entered Molle Channel, and as a white breasted sea-eagle wheeled majestically above, cast the anchor on the coral beach and stepped ashore. The anchorage at this island resort is splendid at any state of the tide. Even tourist liners can anchor close inshore.

Day Dream Island, the meeting place of dreams nurtured by sunlight through the languid hours. . . It typifies all that is peaceful, restful, dream-like—for it is indeed an Isle of Dreams. Small it is, some 300 acres of loveliness, but what a magnificent setting is the Whitsunday region for this tiny jewel!

*"Who seeks the shore where dreams outpour
Their floods in Slumber Seas
Lives all night long within a song
Of murmuring mysteries."*

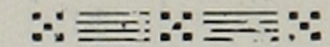
From the spacious lounge, glass-enclosed and snug in all weathers, we looked out over the tranquil waters of the Molle towards the mainland where the Coast Range loomed misty-blue. Islands to the north, groups and clusters to the east and south—Hayman, Hook, Haselwood, Henning, Hamilton, Whitsunday, Long, North, South and Mid Molle, and numerous smaller islands.

Thus Day Dream Island is situated in the midst of an island-strewn sea which has no counterpart in Australian waters. A lovable spot, where the sunlight is liquid amber and the air spiced wine. . .

But during the first week or so we had little time for day dreaming. If we were not out with happy parties fishing for kingfish, silver trevally, red emperor, and the innumerable species of reef fish, or fossicking on coral reefs and beaches, we were roving the Whitsunday Main and making landfalls on unexplored isles.



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LEAFE POINT, HIN-
CHINBROOK ISLAND,
GREAT BARRIER REEF



the interior we may hap-
upon some living fossil or
startled prehistoric mon-
ster shambling across the
glade. . . .

In a few weeks we
cruised fully 400 miles
throughout the Whitsun-
day Archipelago, all with-
in an eighteen mile radius
of Day Dream Island.

I can think of nothing
more delightful than
cruising among the groups
and clusters, lazing on
the spacious decks of the
auxiliary ketch "Day
Dream," drawing into
sunlit coves of peace and
swimming in pelucid

An island landfall! There is magic in the phrase. Who has not in imagination, at least, made a landfall with Joseph Conrad on a Pacific island. What feelings of interest and delight rise in the heart when we nose inshore and prepare to land! And if the island is uninhabited, how briskly do we leap ashore with the spirit of an explorer, looking for traces of human occupation, attracted by the plants, birds and animals that surround us, and not without the expectation that somewhere in

water, clear as glass; boiling the billy under the deep shade of a banyan; and then returning home with the tide in the late afternoon on iridescent seas. . . .

Quaint Whitsunday peanuts at Shute Harbour; an enormous banyan tree in an inlet off Long Island Sound; pine and palm groves on Pine Island, where the beach, covered with clam shells, resembles a pumpkin field; a lighthouse and possums on Dent Island, who have followed the Biblical injunction;

crocodiles and hoop-pine forests on Whitsunday, the largest of the Group and the heaven of the vanished tribes; towering Hook Island, and Nara Inlet like a Norwegian fiord; and South Molle, the island home of Henry G. Lamond, author of "Amatheia," "Tooth and Talon," "Horns and Hooves," and "Aviary of the Plains."

At the northern extremity of the beautiful Whitsunday Passage, where the mainland is just sufficiently at the "far horizon's end" to lend an illusion of isolation, is a little group of thickly-wooded islands, of which Hayman is the largest.

Here, amid all the beauty and enchantment of this wondrous island-studded region, a tourist resort also has been developed.

In common with many of the other islands in the Whitsunday Group, Hayman possesses an infinite variety of rare scenic beauty. Towering pine-

forested peaks, the riotous splendour of jungle-clad slopes, softly whispering casuarinas and pandanus palms along the silver beaches; while the jungles are a sanctuary for satin drongas, dainty sunbirds, nutmeg pigeons and a hundred other northern birds.

Adjacent to the settlement is an expanse of more than a thousand acres of coral reefs, exposed at low tide, and rich in marine life. Among the coral gardens, grottoes and forests, glide a myriad tiny coral fish—finny curves and arabesques of bizarre shape and colouring.

Splendid fishing can be obtained in the waters adjacent to Hayman Island. Game fishing is being investigated "out wide," while lighter gear angling is always available on the reefs.

Day Dream and Hayman Islands are enchanting marine playgrounds, easily accessible, which offer distinctive holiday attractions.

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Evening, and the sea in changeful samite, deep blue green, lit by the afterglow of sunset, breathes softly. Gulls suddenly take to the air and fly slowly across to the mainland—every evening regular as clockwork, altogether as though by some pre-arranged signal. The silver sickle of a crescent moon gleams in the pale sky which is now of that soft indefinable grey of Copenhagen china.

The skipper is at the wheel spinning yarns while we laze and dream on the deck. A chuckle, and then:

“Der vos a chap von time in Mackay who always used to say ‘Vell, d’yer you foller me . . . ?’ even in der most unusual situation. Von day he vos driving in a buggy mit two fresh horses when der swinglebar broke. Der horses careered away, and der he vos left right in der middle of der road, settin’ up before all der people. Very angry, he roared: ‘Vell—d’yer foller me—von minute a goin’ concern; der odder minute a—sideshow!’”

* * *

But there came a day when the winds and the waves and the gulls all seemed to call: “Well, do you follow me?” and were answered.

So outward bound, the old hooker swung nor’-east, once more to go a-roving.

SAILING THE SLUMBER SEAS.

*“There’s a sea that’s full of magic
Out towards the Sunshine Isles . . .”*

STRAINING her sheets, whitening her trackway to a milky strip dim with green bubbles and twisted watermeets, the hooker curveted and skittishly danced over these loping leagues of tropic sea.

Tiny Day Dream Island, dim in the dawn, with its lovely trees, bird life, coral strands, fringing reefs, and utter peacefulness, quickly fell away astern.

The sun god loosed his shafts of light from behind the Barrier and “shaft after shaft pursued the flying night.”

It must have been from bits of these pearly dawns that the eyes of Eve were fashioned.

*“Well do I remember those tropic dawns
Away up North of Capricorn. . .”*

The clucking, sucking of the sea and rattle of loose gear . . . dew on the coiled manila and silver beads hanging from the well-steved bowsprit and wooden after rail . . . dungaree pants and an old red jersey waving from the deckhouse . . . agitated patches of ocean where bonito were feeding “and

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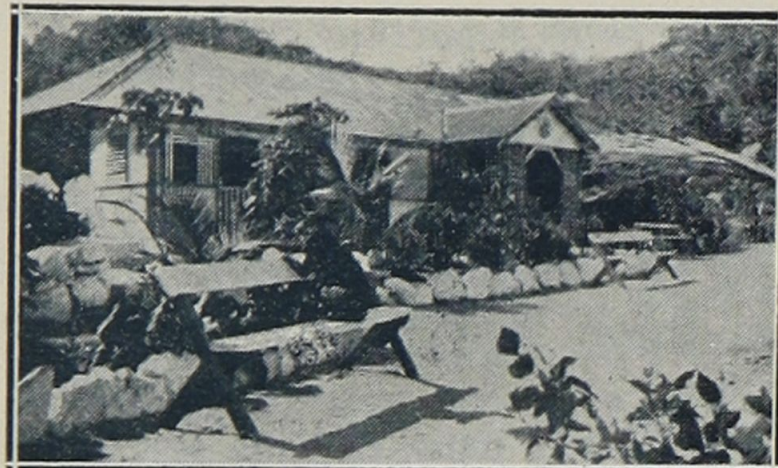
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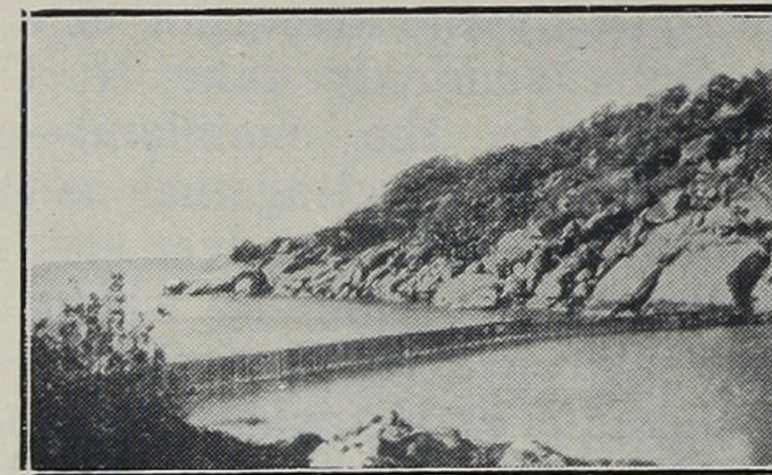
Alma Den.

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Townsville, North Queensland.
Superior Board & Accommodation.

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10/- per day, £2/15/- per week.

Mrs. HUGH GRIFFITH, Proprietress.



Shark Proof Swimming Pool.

drifts of silver arrows fell and rose as flying-fish took wing."

Is it to be wondered that we sang and cata-wauled shamelessly as the hooker flung spray across her bows and a fragrant aroma rose in wafts from the galley?

For we love the wind and the sea and the glorious, volatile beauty of the Barrier regions, and trimming sail, and a sweet cruising hull, and the thrill of a landfall and the sport of pilotage in coral-strewn seas, or shooting a sight maybe, and fighting a piece of weather if it comes up—and nothing else matters a damn.

Isle after isle fell away astern, and the morning glowed rich amber like a bowl of golden wine.

Grassy, Double Cone, Armit, Gumbrell, Olden, Saddleback, Echelby, Rattray, the long bulk of Gloucester guarding the entrance to Port Denison, round Cape Cleveland with Mt. Elliott pointing sharply heavenward on the far western horizon, and the City of Townsville spread out between The Strand and Castle Hill, and then to Magnetic

Island.

*"The little cares that fretted me,
I lost them yesterday
Besides these sunlit coves of peace,
Across the deep blue bay."*

Magnetic Island is situated about four miles off the shores of Townsville, connected by regular launch service. It is one of the most picturesque island resorts along the coast, and annually attracts numbers of tourists from Queensland and

HOTEL MAGNETIC, PICNIC BAY, MAGNETIC ISLAND.

2 minutes from shark-proof bathing enclosure.
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JAS. H. ROWSE, Propr.

the Southern States.

The island was named "Magnetical Island" by Cook under the impression that the variance in his compass was due to the influence of magnetic iron deposits. Called Daggoombah by the aborigines, it is almost triangular shaped and some twenty square miles in area. The highest point, Mount Cook, rises to 1,628 feet. Endeavour Creek is the largest of the several streams. A series of coves and bays—"little havens with weather-beaten bits of Cyclopean breakwaters"—indent the shores, each forming a playground of considerable charm.

There are pretty little settlements at Nellie Bay, Jeffrey's Bay, Alma Bay, and Horseshoe Bay, comprising separate cabins, community dining and recreation rooms, and modern conveniences. They are set amid groves of coconut palms, mangoes, tamarinds and other tropical trees.

"Alma-Den" at Alma Bay is a particularly appealing settlement, nestling among huge granite boulders, a riot of colourful tropical shrubs, and overlooking the sea.

Here are ideal conditions for really enjoyable holidays—splendid fishing, bathing all the year round in winterless seas, tennis (day or night), mountaineering, strolling along the scenic pathways from bay to bay, sun-basking on the sandy beaches, or merely dreaming away the languid hours under the cool shade of dark-foliaged mango trees.

P. S. REID, Ph. C., M.P.S., Q.,

CHEMIST,
PROSERPINE.

'Phone 58.

P.O. Box 46.

Magnetic Island, like Barrie's "The Island that Liked to be Visited," seems to possess a magical quality, an atmosphere of enchantment.

Voices seem to be softly calling from the beaches, from the forested hills, and a wild sweet magic tune runs through the tamarinds and palms.

Throughout the sunshiny day there are peaceful seascapes of hazy, mazy blue seas which on the horizon melt into the empyrean—

*"And at night the splash of fish and the tropic moon,
And in the threshing palms the languid tune
Of northern voices calling, the long low croon
Of steady trade winds blowing."*

Away again, sailing the Slumber Seas, to the Palm Group and dropped anchor in pretty Challenger Bay, Great Palm Island.

Although usually spoken of as Palm Island, the site of the largest aboriginal settlement in Queensland is on Great Palm Island, the largest of the group. It is situated 35 miles north from Townsville and about 12 miles east from Lucinda Point, with an area of 25 square miles. The Island was declared a reserve in 1914, but the present settlement was not established until 1918 after the disastrous cyclone which entirely demolished the settlement on the Hull River.

The aboriginal settlement is situated in a deep pocket at Challenger Bay and laid out in a uniform system of village streets beautified with avenues of coconut palms and mango trees. The administrative quarters and other buildings nestle amid vivid tropical scrubs, such as crotons and acalyphas, and papaws, granadillas, pineapples and bananas.

In the native village the homes are mostly built of plaited coconut leaves, thatch or other native materials, and each possesses a little garden of

tropical scrubs, fruit trees, vines, etc. In many instances the natives own their own poultry runs and piggery. To some extent the natives maintain themselves by obtaining employment on cattle stations, farms or plantations on the mainland, by community farming on the island, or by fishing for pearl-shell and other marine product in the adjacent waters.

During the winter tourist season Palm Island is a regular calling place for tourist liners. The visits ashore are regarded as among the features of a trip to the Wonderland of the North. The natives provide spectacular corroborees and interesting displays of dancing and action songs.

North from Palm Island, past Lucinda Point and the beautiful waterway dividing it from the mainland.

Hinchinbrook Channel and Whitsunday Passage are names familiar to most Australians, and reminiscences of a tour of North Queensland invariably include enthusiastic reference to at least one of these high-spots of scenic beauty.

It is the impressive heights of Hinchinbrook Island that provide much of the grandeur of the scenery—Mt. Bowen's altitude being 3,650 feet, Thumb 3,220 feet, Mt. Diamantina 3,150 feet, Mt. Straloch 3,020 feet, and several other peaks exceeding 2,000 feet.

Between these elevations rising abruptly from the water's edge and the majestic ranges on the mainland, is a comparatively narrow channel of very deep water, which mirrors the luxuriant tropical growth on the slopes and assumes a likeness to a land-locked inlet surrounded by rugged mountainous masses. Indeed, world travellers have seen in Hinchinbrook Channel a resemblance to the fiords of Norway and Seto-Naikai, the famed Inland Sea of Japan,

Lieut. King of the "Mermaid" named Hinchinbrook in 1819. Situated in Rockingham Bay, approaching within four miles of the Herbert River in the south and to a point opposite Cardwell in the north, Hinchinbrook National Park comprises more than 96,700 acres and is twenty-two miles long, consisting entirely of steep ranges, cone-shaped peaks, and table-tops clothed with a rich brocade of deep green tropical foliage.

Island after island, sailing northward on opaline seas.

Surely the Ionian Islands, famous in song from Sappho to Byron and Shelley, can be no more beautiful than the Isles of the Long Lagoon.

Goold Island, Cook's Family Group, Tam O'Shanter Point, small islets sprinkled close inshore, and so eventually to "The Beachcomber's" Isle of Dreams, Dunk Island.

*"Let me drift on silent seas of sleep
To that fair isle of dreams. . . ."*

Some words have lost their souls and become mere counters in the exchange of thought, with as little colour and fragrance as a pressed flower. But other words are irrepressible and refuse to obey the dismal process of desiccation.

The word "island" is one of these. What boy's heart does not leap at the sight of an island, as Wordsworth's did when he saw a rainbow, and E. J. Banfield's when he became the hermit and beachcomber of Dunk Island.

"This delicious isle, this unkept, unrestrained garden where the centuries gaze upon perpetual summer. . . ."

Dunk Island embraces an area of $3\frac{1}{2}$ square miles, with indented shores about ten miles in circumference, and rises 860 feet. Named by Cook after George M. Dunk, Earl of Halifax, First Lord of the Admiralty, this most far-famed frag-



❖≡❖≡❖
 GREEN ISLAND, GREAT
 BARRIER REEF.
 ❖≡❖≡❖

wealth of bird life about which the literary Crusoe wrote so lovingly.

Adjacent to Dunk Island, little more than an hour's run in a fast launch, are splendid big-game fishing grounds, which offer sport incomparable. Here even the tyro with rod or line can feel the thrill of landing fiercely fighting fish. And there is always to be enjoyed cruising among the nearby islands.

Bend on the coral-anchor, move cautiously over the reefs, and set a course for Green Island, a

ment of its kind along Australian shores is now being developed as a tourist resort.

And what a tropic paradise for an enchanted holiday! Bathing in tonic opaline waters at Brammo Bay; wandering among the riotous splendour of cool tropical jungles; exploring the isle in search of the wonderful treasures dear to the heart of "The Beachcomber"—the secret Cave of the Swiftlets, the lovely Cave of the Falling Star, the coral gardens and marine fairylands, and the

pretty little cay away out from Cairns.

The far-extending ramparts of the Coast Range rise sheer against the western horizon, wrapped in various subtleties of blue tones throughout the day.

This coastline between Ingham and Cairns, richly clothed in tropical splendour, offers unlimited scope for the sportsman with a gun and the big-game hunter of the seas.

Trolling for mackerel, "bombing" off the Barnards for red emperor, coral perch or other reef fish,

HOTEL TULLY, TULLY NORTH QUEENSLAND.

Tourists to and from Dunk Island are invited
to make themselves at home at Hotel Tully.

Every Convenience.
Moderate Tariffs.

MULLINS BROS.,
Proprietors.

C.T.A.
House

P.O. Box 10
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watching flocks of Torres Strait pigeons wing southwards, landing on the mainland for a day's shooting, ever on the alert for crocodiles on the river banks—and so eventually to Green Island and complete procrastination!

The Pacific so vast and vague; this beautiful cay so diminutive and definite.

Happy, carefree days. If there is one place in Australia more than another where one is tempted to renounce the big towns for ever, it must surely be this enchanted Isle of Romance.

Here is a lotus-land where we may dream on and on through the sunlit hours, ever lulled to sleep by the music of silver tides and the silken rustle of palms.

Green Island is about fifteen miles due east from Cairns, and is visited by launches which operate regularly during the winter tourist season. Visitors are able to view the wonders of the marine landscape by drifting over the reefs and gazing through glass-bottomed floats.

Drifting over the reef pools it is as though one floated in some new element that could not be

water (so clear it is), and yet it is not just air.

Corals of all shapes and colouring, zoophytes and fish of every possible tint, exquisitely beautiful, madly grotesque, are seen as in a garden wilderness of a fabled land. As Mr. Randolph Bedford has written:

“The lavish hand which tints the painted finch and splashed pigments on the bird of paradise, and paints the parrot fish a livery of scarlet, black and grey, has worked upon these corals, dying them in colour schemes the southern eye will at first call impossible.”

* * *

And now there is no sound but the faint brooding of the ocean, the soft whisper of the breeze in the long sand grass, the threshing of the palm fronds, the idle flapping of the sail.

The sun has sunk behind the far distant Great Plateau painting the western sky as red as a poinciana in bloom.

The scented breath of the camp fire blends with the pungent odour of sea-weed on the tide-bared reefs.

Soon innumerable fins will be seen quivering above the shallow water as fish press forward, impatiently awaiting the incoming tide over the edge of the reefs. I caught the sound, as though a shell were pressed to my ear, of the “lulling, mazy, coralline roar of numerous caverns filled with singing seas.”

Far to the north, to Torres Strait, and away down to the southern extremity of the Great Barrier Coral Reefs, the tide is slowly, quietly lipping against the shores of these Keys to Paradise.

“Ah me! My Isles, my Happy Isles!

The Isles that nurtured me;

My heart is fain to cross again

The leagues of deep blue sea.”

QUEENSLAND ACCOMMODATION HOUSE DIRECTORY.

NAME	ADDRESS	Number Accom.	Phone Number	TARIFF		Water Service		Sanitation	Light	Garage
				Daily	Weekly	Bed R.	Bath R.			
ALEXANDRA HEADLANDS. † Alexandra Hostel	Summer Winter	80	37	12/6	£3/10/- £2/10/-	C	H. & C.	Septic	E	
ATHERTON. *Grand Hotel	Winter Summer	20	80	17/- 15/-	£4/4/- £3/10/-	C.R.	H. & C.	Septic	E	Yes
BARGARA. *Hotel Bargara		20	7	10/-	£2/10/-	C	C	Pan	Gloria Petrol	Yes
Marlan Guest House		30	2	8/-	£2/2/-	C	C	Pan	E	
BEAUDESERT. *Beaudesert Hotel *Logan and Albert	Brisbane Street	20 24	4 7 & 109	12/- 10/-	£2/10/- £2/2/-	C.R.	H. & C. H. & C.	Septic Septic	E E	Yes Yes
BEECHMONT. Bon Vue Guest House		14	17	11/6	£2/10/-	C	C	Pan	E	
BELL. *Bell View Hotel *Bunya Hotel		16 16	5 6	8/- 8/-	£1/15/- £2/2/-	C.R.	C C	Pan Pan	E E	Yes Yes
BINNA BURRA. Binna Burra Lodge	via Beechmont		21	11/-	£2/17/6			Pan	Petrol	
BLACKALL. *Tattersalls Hotel		40	21	14/-	£3/3/-		H. & C.	Septic	E	Yes
BOWEN. *Grand View Hotel *Hotel Denison *North Australian Hotel *Queen's Beach Hotel	Queen's Beach	30 15 22	22 238 212	13/- 14/- 14/- 10/-	£3/3/- £3/3/- £3/10/- £2/10/-	C.R. C.R. C C.R.	H. & C. C C H. & C.	Septic Septic Septic Septic	E E E. E.	Yes
BRIBIE ISLAND. Elnido Guest House	Ocean Esplanade	24	15	10/-	£2/15/-	C	H. & C.	Pan	P. & K.	
BRISBANE. *Belle Vue Hotel *Globe Hotel	George Street Adelaide Street	75 40	B 3478 B 3158	Fr. 15/- 13/- 7/6	£3/3/-	H. & C. H.C.R.	H. & C.	Swge Septic	E. E.	
*Grand Hotel *Gresham Hotel	Mary and Market Streets Corner Creek and Adelaide Sts.	50 125	B 4903 B 2351	Fr. 8/- Fr. 18/6 Fr. 11/-	Fr. £2/10/- Fr. £4/15/-	H.C.R.	H.C.R.	Swge Swge	E. E.	
*Hotel Carlton	Queen Street	100	B 2941	15/- 10/-	£5/5/- £2/10/6		H.C.R.	Swge	E.	
*Hotel Cecil	George Street	70	B 1681- 1682	Fr. 16/- 10/-	Fr. £4/4/-	H.C.R.	H.C.R.	Swge	E.	

* Licensed † Unlicensed B & B—Bed and Breakfast E—Electric G—Gas K—Kerosene B—Benzine A—Acetylene H—Hot C—Cold R—Running

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NAME	ADDRESS	Number Accom.	Phone Number	TARIFF		Water Service		Sanitation	Light	Garage
				Daily	Weekly	Bed R.	Bath R.			
BRISBANE—Continued										
*Lennon's Hotel	George Street		B 3211	Fr. 19/6	Fr. £6/6/-	H.C.R.		Swge	E.	
*National Hotel	Queen Street	54	B 3433	Fr. 13/6	Fr. £2/2/-	H.C.R.	H.C.R.	Swge	E.	
*Palace Hotel	Corner Stanley and Melbourne Streets	50	J 2206		£1/5/-	C	H.C.R.	Swge	E.	
*Terminus Hotel	Melbourne Street		J 2514	5/6	Fr. £3/3/-	H. & C.	H. & C.	Swge	E.	
*Union Club Hotel	Queen Street	50	B 6585	12/-	£2/2/-	C		Swge	E.	
†Astor Private Hotel	Herbert Street	60	B 7753	6/6	£3/3/-	C		Swge	E.	
†Atcherley Private Hotel	Queen Street	95 Bed-rooms.	B 3024-	8/6	Fr. £2/2/-	C	H. & C.	Swge	E.	
†Canberra Private Hotel	Corner Ann and Edward Sts.	550	3025 B 2281	5/6	Fr. £3/3/-	H. & C.	H. & C.	Swge	E.	
†Chatham Private Hotel	61 Stanley Street West	50	J 4954	Fr. 7/6	Fr. £2/7/6	H.C.R.	H.C.R.	Swge	E.	
†Eton Private Hotel	Adelaide and Wharf Streets	65	B 1741	Fr. 12/6	Fr. £3/18/9	H. & C.	H. & C.	Swge	E.	
†Kensington Private Hotel	380-386 Ann Street	70	B 5605	Fr. 5/-	Fr. £1/11/6		H. & C.	Swge	E.	
†Kingsley Private Hotel	George Street		B 5213	6/-	£1/15/-	H. & C.	H. & C.	Swge	E.	
†Montpelier Private Hotel	Wickham Terrace	96	B 2917	12/-	£3/3/-		H. & C.	Swge	E.	
†Netherway Private Hotel	North Quay	80	B 4567	7/6	£2/2/-		H. & C.	Swge	E.	
†Selwyn Private Hotel	Wickham Terrace	91	B 1485-	10/6	£1/10/-		H. & C.	Swge	E.	
†York House (Private Hotel)	31 Melbourne Street	110	1486 J 3963	12/6	£1/1/-	C	C	Swge	E.	
†Log Cabin Rest House, Kleeveles	Riding Road, Hawthorne	8	JY 1266	5/6	£2/2/-	H. & C.	H. & C.	Swge	E.	
†Adelaide House	Adelaide Street	40	B 4577	Fr. 15/-	Fr. £3/3/-	H. & C.	H.C.R.	Swge	E.	
Anne Hathaway House	125 George Street	40	B 6180	Fr. 7/6	Fr. £2/10/-	H. & C.	H. & C.	Swge	E.	
Gamberly Guest House	Barker Street, New Farm	21	B 9050	Fr. 10/-	Fr. £2/10/-	C.R.	H.C.R.	Swge	E.	
Cliveden Mansions	Gregory Terrace	34	B 8378	12/6	Fr. £2/10/-	C.R.	H.C.R.	Swge	E.	
Glencairn Guest House	110 Hamilton Road, Hamilton	10	M 1794	7/6	£2/15/-	C.R.	H.C.R.	Swge	E.	
Harrow Guest House	59 Leichhardt Street		B 8462	10/6	£1/15/-					
Innisfail Guest House	Wickham Terrace, opp. Observatory	45	B 8780	6/6	£1/15/-					
Miora Guest House	385 Bowen Terrace, New Farm	30	B 6921	8/-	£2/10/-					
†Oxford House	Ann Street	75	B 3253	8/-	£2/2/-					
†Rosebank Guest House	159 Gregory Terrace		B 4916	8/-	£2/2/-					
†Selby House	Wickham Terrace	60	B 8374	6/-	£1/17/6					
†Whytecliffe Guest House	Albion Heights		M 1500	5/-	£1/5/6					
†Young Men's Christian Association	Edward Street	40	B 7816	5/-	£2/2/-					

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QUEENSLAND ACCOMMODATION HOUSE DIRECTORY.

NAME]	ADDRESS	Number Accom.	Phone Number	TARIFF		Water Service		Sanitation	Light	Garage
				Daily	Weekly	Bed R.	Bath R.			
BROWN'S BAY. Brown's Bay Tropical Resort		16	2019	9/-	£2/2/-	C	C	Pan	—	
BUDERIM MOUNTAIN. Floraville Guest House Ryhope Guest House		6 10	12 53	6/- 10/-	£1/15/- £2/10/-	C C	H. & C. H. & C.	Pan	G. G.	
BUNDABERG. *Grand Hotel *Metropolitan Hotel *Royal Hotel	Corner Bourbon & Targo Sts. Bourbon Street Bourbon Street	42 27	9 154 4	13/6 8/- 13/6	£3/3/- £2/2/- £3/3/-	C	H. & C. H. & C. H. & C.	Septic Pans Septic	E. E. E.	
BUNYA MOUNTAIN. † "Bunya Tavern "		20	6N	10/-	£3/10/-	C	H. & C.	Septic	Petrol	
BURNETT HEADS. *Light House Hotel		20	2	10/-	£3/-/-			Septic	E.	
BURLEIGH HEADS. *The Bluff Hotel *Hotel Burleigh Iluka Guest House Ocean Beach Guest House	Goodwin Terrace	30 40 60	1 3 33 8	10/- 12/- 10/- 10/-	£3/3/- £3/-/- £2/10/- £2/10/-	C C	H. & C. C	Septic Septic Septic	G. E. E. E.	
CABOOLTURE. *Club Hotel	Matthew Terrace	15	8	8/- and 10/-		H. & C.	H.C.R.		E.	Yes
CAIRNS. *Central Hotel *Commercial Hotel *Criterion Hotel *Grand Hotel *Hides Hotel *Hotel Pacific *Imperial Hotel *Strand Hotel † Belle Vue Private Hotel	Lake and Spence Streets Spence and Sheridan Streets Winter 21 Abbott Street McLeod and Shield Streets Summer Winter Esplanade Summer Winter Abobtt Street Summer Winter Esplanade Summer Winter 85 Esplanade	40 50 20 34 80 50 42 80 32	2003 2577 2075 2007 2186- 2187 2174- 2175 2801 2189- 2967 3025	12/- 14/- 15/- 12/- 12/- 17/- 20/- 17/- 20/- 14/- 15/- 17/- 20/- 8/-	£3/3/- £3/10/- £3/15/- £3/3/- £3/3/- £5/-/- £5/10/- £4/4/- £5/10/- £3/10/- £3/15/- £1/15/-	 C H.C.R. H.C.R. C C.R.	H. & C. H. & C. H. & C. H. & C. H.C. H.C. H. & C. H. & C.	Septic Septic Septic Septic Septic Septic Septic Septic Pan	E. E. E. E. E. E. E. E. E.	
CALOUNDRA. *Hotel Francis Burnsall Guest House Caloundra House Grand Central Guest House Surf House		100 14 48 30 20	3 5 4 15	11/- 10/6 10/- 10/- 10/-	£3/3/- £2/17/6 £2/15/- £2/15/- £2/10/-	C H.C.R. H. & C. C	C	Septic Septic Septic Pans	E. K. B. B. E.	
CHARLEVILLE. *Hotel Charleville		70	183	14/-	£4/4/-	H. & C.	H. & C.	Septic	E.	Yes

* Licensed † Unlicensed B & B—Bed and Breakfast E—Electric G—Gas K—Kerosene B—Benzine A—Acetylene H—Hot C—Cold R—Running

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NAME	ADDRESS	Number Accom.	Phone Number	TARIFF		Water Service		Sanitation	Light	Garage
				Daily	Weekly	Bed R.	Bath R.			
CHARTERS TOWERS.										
*Crown Hotel	Mosman Street	50	90	15/-	£5/5/-	C	H. & C.	Septic	E.	Yes
*Excelsior Hotel		35	45	14/-	£4/4/-	C	H. & C.	Septic	E.	Yes
CHILDERS.										
*Grand Hotel	Main Street	20 to 25	46	10/-	£1/15/-		H. & C.	Septic	E.	Yes
*Palace Hotel	Main Street	35	12	10/6	£2/10/-		C.R.	Septic	E.	Yes
CHINCHILLA.										
*Club Hotel	Heeney Street	20	2	8/-	£2/2/-		C.R.	Pans	E.	Yes
*Tattersalls Hotel	Chinchilla Street	20	4	12/-	£2/2/-	C	H.C.R.	W.C.	E.	Yes
LONGCURRY.										
*Post Office Hotel		50	11	14/-	£3/3/-	C.R.	C.R.	Septic	E.	Yes
COOLUM.										
Seaview Guest House	Summer	20	9	8/-	£2/10/-			Pans	B.	
	Winter				£2/5/-					
CUNNAMULLA.										
*Club Hotel		20	109	14/-	£4/4/-	H.C.R.	H.C.R.	Septic	E.	Yes
*Hotel Cunnamulla		37	44-2	14/6	£3/3/-	H. & C.	H. & C.	Septic	E.	Yes
CURRUMBIN.										
*Hotel Currumbin	Summer	70	139	10/-	£3/-/-	C	C	Septic	E.	
	Winter				£2/-/-					
Mrs. Herbert's Guest House	Summer	20	6	10/-	£2/10/-	C	H. & C.	Septic	E.	
	Winter			8/-	£1/15/-					
COOLANGATTA.										
*Hotel Coolangatta		58	236	14/-	£3/10/-	C	C. & H.	Septic	E.	
*Hotel Grande	Summer	60	27	14/6	£4/10/-	H.C.R.	H.C.R.	Septic	E.	
	Winter				£4/4/-					
*Kirrabelle Hotel		70	236	14/-	£3/10/-	H.C.R.	H.C.R.	Septic	E.	
*Queensland Hotel		70	117	10/-	£2/5/-	C	H.C.R.	Septic	E.	
Beach House		70	25	10/-	£2/10/-	C	C	Septic	E.	
Greenmunt		70	8	10/-	£2/10/-	C	H. & C.	Septic	E.	
Pen-y-Bryn		20	159	8/-	Fr. £2/2/-	C	C	Pan	E.	
St. Leonard's	Marine Parade	100	162	10/-	£2/10/-	C	C	Septic	E.	
	Summer			8/-	£2/5/-					
Stella Maris	Marine Parade	50	33	10/-	£2/10/-	C	H. & C.	Septic	E.	
DALBY.										
*Hotel Russell	Cunningham Street	35	171	14/-	£3/10/-	C.R.	H. & C.	Septic	E.	Yes
*Queen's Hotel	Stuart Street	50	101	10/6	£2/2/-	C.R.	C	Pans	E.	
	Summer			8/-	£1/15/-					
*Windsor Hotel	Winter	35	14	12/-	£2/10/-		H. & C.	Septic	E.	Yes
DUNK ISLAND.										
*Tourist Resort	Individuals			£1/-/-	£7/-/-	H.C.R.	H.C.R.	Septic	E.	
	Married couples				£10/10/-					

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NAME	ADDRESS	Number Accom.	Phone Number	TARIFF		Water Service		Sanitation	Light	Garage
				Daily	Weekly	Bed R.	Bath R.			
EMU PARK.										
*Grand Central Hotel		40	19	10/-	£2/5/-	C	C	Fans	E.	Yes
*Hotel Riviera		50	8	12/6	Fr. £3/3/-	H. & C.	H. & C.	Septic	E.	
*Pine Beach Hotel		70	37	12/-	£3/10/-	C	C	Septic	E.	
Zilzie Guest House		20		15/-	£3/3/-	C	H. & C.	Septic	E.	
ESK.										
*Grand Hotel		20	11	8/-	£2/2/-		H. & C.	Pans	E.	Yes
*Hotel Metropole	Ipswich Street	30	19	Fr. 8/6	Fr. £1/15/-		C.R.		E.	Yes
GATTON.										
*Federal Hotel		12	77	8/-	£1/10/-	C	C	Septic	E.	Yes
*Royal Hotel		20	29	10/-	£2/2/-	C	C	Septic	E.	Yes
GAYNDAH.										
*Royal Hotel	Capper Street	26	52	10/-	£2/2/-	C	C	Septic	E.	Yes
GLADSTONE.										
*Grand Hotel		50	4	14/-		C	C	Septic	E.	
*Queen's Hotel		30	98	8/-	£1/15/-	C	C	Pans	E.	
*Royal Hotel		28	42	8/-	£2/2/-	C	C	Septic	E.	Yes
† Wentworth Private Hotel		40	145	8/-	£1/15/-	C	C	Pans	E.	
GLEN APLIN.										
† Hotel Glen Aplin		31	10	8/-	£2/2/-	C.R.	H.C.R.	Septic	E.	
GLEN NIVEN.										
Fairview Guest House		8	Summit 44	6/-	£1/12/6	C	C		K.	
GOOMERI.										
*Boonara Hotel		30	2	10/-	£2/2/-		C	Septic	E.	Yes
*Grand Hotel		30	79	10/-	£2/5/-	C	C		E.	Yes
GOONDIWINDI.										
*Club Hotel		86	18	12/-		H. & C.	H. & C.	Septic	E.	Yes
*Victoria Hotel		100	7	14/-	£3/3/-	H.C.R.	H.C.R.	Septic	E.	Yes
GYMPIE.										
*Grand Hotel		18	49	9/6	£2/-/-	C	H.C.R.	Septic	E.	Yes
*Mining Exchange Hotel	Mary Street	30	532	12/6	£3/3/-	C.R.	C	Septic	E.	Yes
*Northumberland Hotel	Nash and Channon Streets	40	159	14/-	£3/10/-		H. & C.	Septic	E.	Yes
*Tattersalls' Hotel	Mary Street	30	57	8/6			H. & C.	Septic	E.	Yes
HAYMAN ISLAND.										
Tourist Resort	Via Proserpine	30		20/-	£6/6/-		H. & C.	Pans		
	After first week			15/-	£5/-/-					
HERON ISLAND.										
Tourist Resort					£8/-/-			Pans	B. & K.	
	After first week				£5/-/-					

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QUEENSLAND ACCOMMODATION HOUSE DIRECTORY.

NAME	ADDRESS	Number Accom.	Phone Number	TARIFF		Water Service		Sanitation	Light	Garage
				Daily	Weekly	Bed R.	Bath R.			
HIGHFIELDS. Bluff House				10/- 9/-	£2/10/- £2/5/-		H. & C.		B.	
INNOT HOT SPRINGS. *Innot Hot Springs Hotel	Via Ravenshoe, Mt. Garnet	20		8/-	£2/10/-	C.R.		Pans	G.	
INNISFAIL *Commonwealth Hotel *Exchange Hotel *Hotel Grand Central *Queens Hotel		40 30 30 22	452 42 348 354	12/6 14/- 14/- 16/-	£3/3/- £3/3/- £3/3/- £4/10/-	H. & C. C C.R. C.R.	H. & C. C H.R. C	Septic Septic Septic Septic	E. E. E. E.	
IPSWICH. *Hotel Grande *Palais Royal Hotel	Brisbane Street Brisbane and East Streets	43 22	203 60	10/- 10/-	£2/2/- £2/10/-	H. & C.	H. & C. H. & C.	Septic Septic	E. E.	Yes Yes
KILLARNEY. *Royal Hotel		25	12	10/-	£2/2/-	C	H. & C.	Septic	E.	Yes
KINGARROY. *Club Hotel		30	13	12/-	£3/3/-		H. & C.		E.	Yes
KURANDA. *Hotel Fitzpatrick *Kuranda Hotel		85 84	4 6	15/- 17/- 15/- 20/-	£3/3/- £4/4/- £3/3/- £4/10/-	C C.R.	H. & C. H. & C.	Septic Septic	E. E.	 Yes
LAKE BARRINE. Lake Barrine Guest House		39	25	12/-	£3/3/-	H. & C.	H.C.R.	Septic	E.	Yes
LAMINGTON NATIONAL PARK O'Reilly Guest House	Via Beaudesert, via Canungra	30	Kerry 14 S	9/-	£2/15/-		H. & C.		B. & K.	
LINDEMAN ISLAND. *Tourist Resort	Via Mackay After first week			18/- 15/-	£6/6/- £5/5/-	C.R.	H.C.R.	Septic	G.	
LONGREACH. *Commercial Hotel *Imperial Hotel		50 50	67 6	15/- 15/-	£4/4/- £3/3/-		H. & C. H.C.R.	Septic Septic	E. E.	Yes Yes
MACKAY. *McGuire's Belmore Arms Hotel *Grand Hotel *Hotel Imperial *Molloys Hotel *Taylor's Hotel *Wills Hotel		36 76 50 30 18 36	193 119- 854 75 89 246 77	Fr. 8/- 14/- 16/- 8/- 12/- 16/-	Fr. £2/-/- £3/3/- £4/4/- £1/15/- £4/4/- £2/16/-	C C C C H.C.R. C	H. & C. C C C H.C.R. H. & C.	Septic Septic Septic Septic Swge Septic	E. E. E. E. E. E.	

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				Daily	Weekly	Bed R.	Bath R.			
MAGNETIC ISLAND.										
*Magnetic Hotel	Picnic Bay	40		10/-	£2/15/-	C	C	Septic	E.	
Alma Den Guest House	Arcadia	25		10/-	£2/15/-	C		Septic	G.	
Arcadia Guest House	Arcadia	65		10/-	£2/15/-	C	C	Septic	E.	
MALANDA.										
*Malanda Hotel		50	1	15/-	£3/10/-	C	H. & C.	Septic	E.	
	Summer			18/-	£4/10/-					
MALENY.										
*Hotel Maleny		52	3	10/6	£2/10/-	C	H. & C.	Septic	E.	
MAPLETON.										
Elanora Guest House		24	11	9/-	£2/10/-	C	C		B.	
	Winter				£2/5/-					
MAROOCHYDORE.										
*Club Hotel		56	6	12/-	£3/3/-	C	H. & C.	Septic	E.	
Seaspray Guest House		55	12	10/-	£2/10/-	C	C	Pan	E.	
MARYBOROUGH.										
*Custom House Hotel		60		13/-	£3/13/6	H. & C.		Septic	E.	
*Hotel Central		35	103	11/-	£3/3/-	C	H. & C.	Septic	E.	Yes
*Post Office Hotel		19	289	8/6	£2/2/-	C	H. & C.	Septic	E.	Yes
*Queen's Hotel		60	506	8/-	£1/15/-	C	H. & C.	Septic	E.	Yes
*Royal Hotel		50	107	12/6	£3/10/-	C.R.	H.C.R.	Septic	E.	Yes
MONTVILLE.										
Belvidere Guest House		14	25	9/-	£2/10/-	C	H.C.R.	Pan	E.	
Elston House		60	2	9/-	£2/15/-	C	C	Pan	E.	
Mayfield Guest House		40	12	10/6	£2/17/6	H. & C.	H. & C.	Pan	E.	
MOOLOOLABA.										
Bondoola Guest House		16	4	8/-	£2/2/-	C	C	Pan	E.	Yes
MOSSMAN.										
*Exchange Hotel		40	10	13/-	£2/10/-	C	C	Septic	E.	
	Summer			14/6						
*Post Office Hotel	Winter	32	8	10/-	£2/2/-	C	H. & C.	Septic	E.	
*Queens Hotel		31	1	12/-	£2/10/-		H. & C.	Septic	E.	Yes
MT. MEE.										
Miamia		12	12	8/-	£2/-/-	H. & C.	H. & C.	Septic	K.	Yes
MT. SPEC.										
Boomerang Guest House	Via Townsville	16		10/-	£2/15/-	C	H. & C.	Pan	K.	
MUCKADILLA.										
*Muckadilla Hotel		35	7	10/-	£2/10/-	C	H. & C.	Septic	E.	
Newhaven Guest House		12		10/-	£2/2/-	H. & C.	H. & C.	Pan	B.	
MURGON.										
*Australian Hotel	Coffee Room	60	7	12/-	£2/15/-		H. & C.	Septic	E.	Yes
	Dining Room			8/-	£1/17/6					
*Royal Hotel		19	147	10/-	£3/3/-	C	H. & C.	Septic	E.	Yes

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NAME	ADDRESS	Number Accom.	Phone Number	TARIFF		Water Service		Sanitation	Light	Garage
				Daily	Weekly	Bed R.	Bath R.			
NOOSA HEADS. Hillcrest Guest House Laguna Guest House	Via Nerang	60	14	10/-	£2/15/-	C	C	Pan	E.	
			7	10/-	£2/17/-	C	C	Pans	E.	
					£2/15/-					
NUMINGAH VALLEY. Chiggigum Guest House		9		8/-	£2/10/-		C	Pan	E.	Yes
Oakey. *Commercial Hotel *Royal Hotel *Western Line Hotel	Main Street	20	21	12/-	£3/3/-	H. & C.	H. & C.	Pans	E.	Yes
		20	71	10/-	£2/10/-		H. & C.	Pan	E.	Yes
		16—20	3	10/-	£2/2/-		H. & C.	Pans	E.	Yes
PIALBA. *Hotel Vernon	Main Street	80	4	10/-	£2/10/-	C	H. & C.	Septic	E.	
PROSERPINE. *Grand Central Hotel		17	21	12/-	£3/-/-		C	Pan	E.	Yes
RAVENSHOE. *Club Hotel *Ravenshoe Hotel		24	36	12/-	£3/3/-	C.R.	H. & C.	Pan	E.	
		60	36	16/-	£3/3/-	C.R.	H. & C.	Septic	E.	
REDCLIFFE. *Hotel Ambassadors *Sea View Guest House	Strand House	100	7	12/6	£3/3/-	C	H. & C.	Septic	E.	
		80	10	12/-	£2/15/-	H. & C.	H. & C.	Septic	E.	
				10/-	£2/10/-					
		40	128	8/-	£2/10/-	C	C	Pans	E.	
					£2/5/-					
ROCKHAMPTON. *Carlton Hotel *Commercial Hotel *Criterion Hotel *Gresham Hotel *Grosvenor Hotel *Leichhardt Hotel *Supreme Court Hotel *Union Hotel	Corner Alma and William Sts. William and Quay Streets Quay Street William Street Alma Street Denham Street East Street	29	417	10/-	£2/2/-	C	H. & C.	Septic	E.	Yes
		60	87	Moderate			H. & C.	Septic	E.	
		84	69—70	16/-	£4/4/-	H. & C.	H. & C.	Septic	E.	
		65	862	10/-	£2/10/-	C	H. & C.	Septic	E.	
		50	52	11/-	£2/15/-	C	H. & C.	Septic	E.	
		120	2361	15/-	£4/4/-	H. & C.	H. & C.	Septic	E.	
		20	375	8/-	£1/10/-	C	H. & C.	Pan	E.	Yes
		8		10/-	£2/10/-		C	Septic	E.	
ROMA. *Commercial Hotel *Royal Hotel	Pier Avenue	40	286	12/-	£3/3/-	C	H. & C.	Septic	E.	Yes
		10	82	8/-	£1/15/-	C	C	Septic	E.	Yes
SANDGATE. *Seaview Hotel *Granbrook Guest House	Upper Esplanade	60	2	10/-	£3/3/-	C	H. & C.	Septic	E.	
		28	33	10/-	£2/10/-	C	H. & C.	Septic	E.	
					£2/5/-					
St. Elmo Guest House	Second Avenue		446	Fr. 8/-	Fr. £2/5/-	C.R.	H. & C.	Septic	E.	
SARINA. *Commercial Hotel		14	110	12/-	£2/2/-		C	Pan	E.	Yes

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				Daily	Weekly	Bed R.	Bath R.			
SCARBOROUGH. Hotel Scarborough		40	25	12/6	£2/15/-	C	C	Septic	E.	
SCARNESS. *Scarborough Hotel		60	7	8/-	£2/2/-	C	C	Septic	E.	Yes
SOUTHPORT. *Hotel Grand *Pacific Hotel *Southport Hotel	Esplanade Esplanade Marine Parade	100 98	384 401 15	14/6 15/- 14/-	£4/4/- £4/10/- £4/4/-	H. & C. H.C.R. C	H. & C. H. & C. H.	Septic Septic Septic	E. E. E.	
Chelmsford	Esplanade	60	14	Fr. 12/-	£3/3/- £3/10/-	C	H. & C.	Septic	E.	
Dudley Harpenden	Esplanade Scarborough Street	17 36	373 91	8/- 8/-	£2/2/- £2/5/- £2/2/-	C C	H. & C. C	Pan Pan	E. E.	
La Jolla Stanton House	Main Beach Esplanade	42 42	232 256	10/- 10/-	£2/10/- £2/15/- £2/10/-	C C	C C	Septic Fan	E. E.	
SPRINGBROOK. Chandos Guest House The Canyon Guest House		24 24	8 6	8/- 8/-	£2/10/- £2/10/-	H. & C. C	H. & C. H. & C.	Fan Fan	B. B.	
STANTHORPE *Commercial Hotel *Country Club Hotel		26	3	8/- 14/-	£2/2/- £4/4/- £3/17/-	C C.R.	C H. & C.	Fan Septic	E. E.	
*Landy's Hotel		40	9	14/- 12/6	£3/1/- £3/3/-	C.R.	H. & C.	Septic	E.	
*Sheehan's Hotel Essenden Boarding House Westholme Guest House		54 25 26	4 202 57	12/6 8/- 8/-	£3/3/- £1/1/- £2/2/-	H. & C. C C	H. & C. C H. & C.	Septic Septic Septic	E. E. E.	
ST. BEES ISLAND. St Bees Guest House.	Via Mackay	42		15/-	£3/10/-	H. & C.	H. & C.	Septic	C.	
SURFERS' PARADISE. *Surfers' Paradise Hotel Chez-Nous Guest House		18	338	Fr. 12/6 8/-	Fr. £3/3/- £2/2/-	C	C	Septic Septic	E. E.	
TAMBORINE MT. *Eagle Heights Hotel *Hotel Inglethorpe *Hotel St. Bernard Bona Vista	Eagle Heights Nth. Tamborine South Tamborine Eagle Heights	50 60 48	19 8 59 17	12/- 11/6 12/6 10/-	£3/3/- Fr. £2/10/- £3/3/- £2/10/-	H. & C. C C C	H. & C. C H. & C. H. & C.	Septic Septic Septic Septic	E. E. E. A.	
Bunginyah Guest House Mountain Crest Guest House	Eagle Heights North Tamborine	27 20	105 23	10/- 8/-	£2/10/- £2/7/6 £2/10/-	C C	H. & C. H. & C.	Fans Septic	A. P.	
Semloh Guest House	Eagle Heights	35	24	10/-	Fr. £2/10/-	C	H. & C.	Fans	B.	

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				Daily	Weekly	Bed R.	Bath R.			
TEWANTIN.										
*Royal Mail Hotel		80	2	10/-	£3/3/-	C	H. & C.	Septic	E.	
*Tewantin Hotel		50	3	10/-	£2/17/-	C	H. & C.	Septic	E.	
THULIMBAH.										
Rocklea Guest House		12		8/-	£1/15/-	H. & C.	H. & C.	Pans	G.	
THURSDAY ISLAND.										
*Hotel Metropole		15	10	12/-	£3/3/-	C	C	Pans	E.	
TOOGOO LAWAH.										
*Commercial Hotel		18	14	10/-	£2/2/-	C	C	Pans	E.	Yes
TOOWOOMBA.										
*Club Hotel	Margaret Street	40	4	15/-	£4/4/-	C	H. & C.	Swge	E.	
*Court House Hotel	169 Margaret Street	20	243	10/-	£2/2/-	C	H.C.R.	Swge	E.	Yes
*Crown Hotel	Margaret Street	35		12/-	£3/10/-	C	H. & C.	Swge	E.	
*Hotel Canberra	Russell Street	34	182	14/-	£3/10/-	H.C.R.	H.C.R.	Swge	E.	
*Hotel Gladstone	526 Ruthven Street		213	10/6	£2/10/-		H.C.R.	Swge	E.	Yes
*Imperial Hotel	Ruthven Street	45	113	13/6	£3/10/-	C	H. & C.	Swge	E.	
*Queens Hotel	Ruthven Street	25	82	15/-		C	H. & C.	Swge	E.	
*Western Hotel	Corner Ruthven & Russell Sts.	30	494	12/6	£3/3/-	C	H. & C.	Swge	E.	
Brynterion Guest House	Spring Street, Middle Ridge	12	99	8/-	£2/2/-		H. & C.	Septic	K.	
Fernlie Guest House	135 Hume Street	28	410	10/-	£2/10/-	C	H.C.R.	Swge	E.	
Kenilworth Guest House	Mount Lofty	54	961	9/-	Fr. £2/10/-	H. & C.	H. & C.	Septic	E.	
Maranoa Guest House	Tourist Road, Range	32	278	8/-	Fr. £2/2/-	C.R.	H. & C.	Septic	E.	
Roseneath Guest House	68 Neil Street	20	925	8/-	£1/15/-	C	H. & C.	Swge	E.	
Rutland Guest House	90 Margaret Street		916	10/-	£2/10/-	H. & C.	H. & C.	Swge	E.	
TOWNSVILLE.										
*Buchanans Hotel	Sturt Street	45	940	15/6	£3/10/-	C.R.	H. & C.	Septic	E.	
*Great Northern Hotel		50	101	10/-	£2/15/-	C	H. & C.	Septic	E.	
*Hotel Seaview	The Strand	55	1536	14/-	£3/10/-	C.R.	H. & C.	Septic	E.	
*Lowth's Hotel	Flinders Street	26	1350	12/-	£3/3/-	C	H. & C.	Septic	E.	
*Queens Hotel	The Strand	130	1295—6	17/-	Fr. £4/10/-	C	H. & C.	Septic	E.	
Y.W.C.A.	Denham Street	30	801	6/6	Fr. £1/7/6	C	C		E.	
TUGUN.										
*Tugun Hotel		21		10/6	£3/3/-			Septic	E.	Yes
TULLY.										
*Hotel Tully		56	10	13/6	£3/10/-	C	H. & C.	Septic	E.	Yes
URANGAN.										
*Urangan Hotel		40		10/-	£2/10/-	C	C	Pans	G.	
WARWICK.										
*The Criterion Hotel		60	42	14/-		H. & C.	H. & C.	Septic	E.	Yes
*Langham Hotel		45	280	14/-		H. & C.	H. & C.	Septic	E.	Yes
*Royal Hotel		30	384	12/-	£3/3/-		H. & C.	Septic	E.	Yes

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				Daily	Weekly	Bed R.	Bath R.			
WEST MOLLE ISLAND. Day Dream Resort	Via Proserpine After first week			20/- 15/-	£6/10/- £4/4/-	C	H. & C.	Pan	E.	
WINTON. *Hotel Central *North Gregory Hotel		25 50	8 12	8/- 15/-	£2/5/-		H. & C. C	Pan	E. E.	Yes
WOODY POINT. *Palace Hotel	Summer Winter	30	26	10/-	£2/10/- £2/2/-	C.R.	C.R.	Septic	E.	
Lorneleigh Guest House		40	29	8/6	£2/5/-	C.R.	C.R.	Pan	E.	
YEPPON. *Club Hotel		60	8	10/-	£2/10/-	C	C	Pan	E.	
Cairnside Boarding House	Summer Winter	24	12	10/- 8/-	£2/10/- £2/2/-	C	C	Pan	E.	
YUNGABURRA (N.Q.). *Lake Eacham Hotel	Summer Winter	75	15	14/6 18/-	£3/3/- £4/4/-	C.R.	H.C.R.	Septic	E.	

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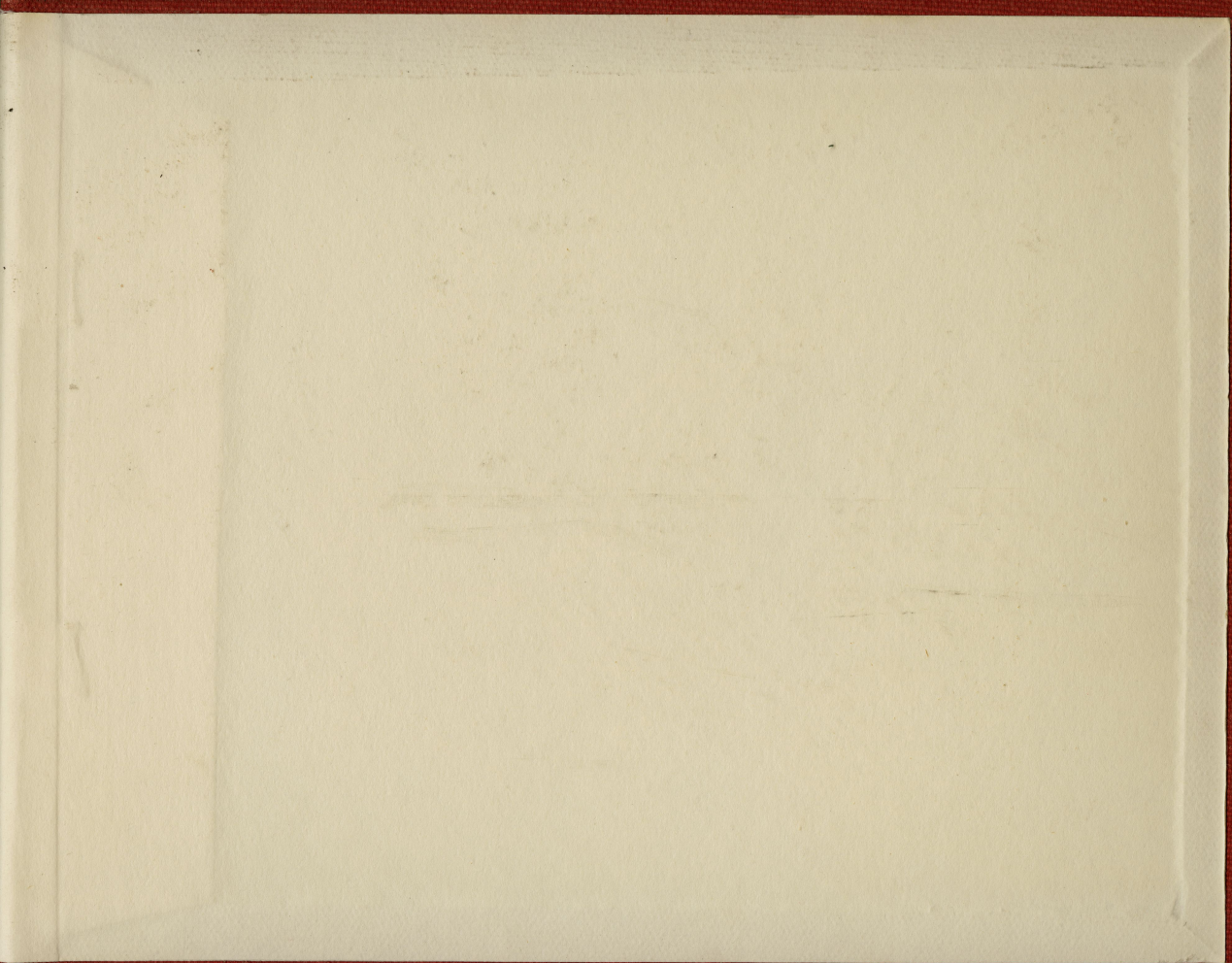
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